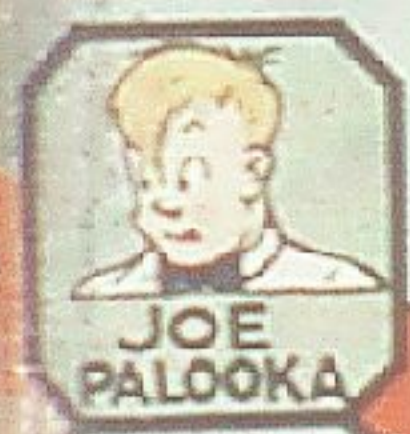




FEATURE FUNNIES

OCTOBER




I TOLD'JA
TO LET ME
CATCH IT,
UNCLE PHIL!



NO. 13 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



ALL 'US
CHAMPEEN
ATHLETES
EAT
CANDY!

WELL, GEORGE
BUNGLER, FOR
ONCE WE AGREE---
CANDY
IS A
REAL
FOOD!

CANDY
IS

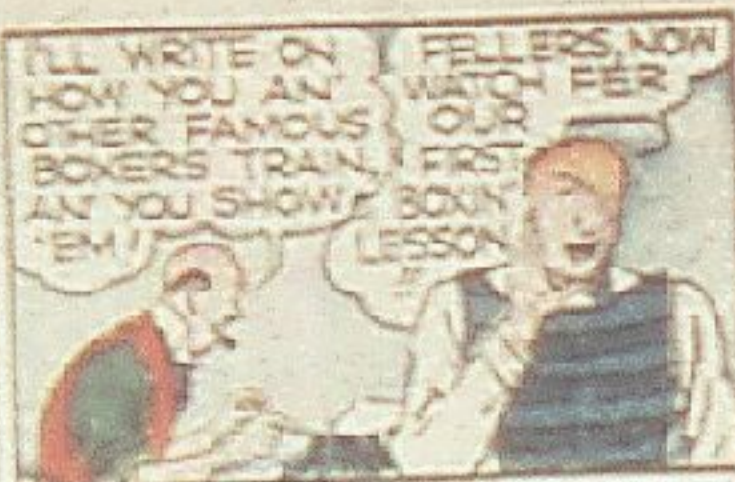
DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

I DO ENJOY
CANDY EVERY
DAY--IT KEEPS
ME FULL
OF PEP!

OH BOY!
BETWEEN
ME AND
YOU---
CANDY
IS MY
FAVORITE
DISH!

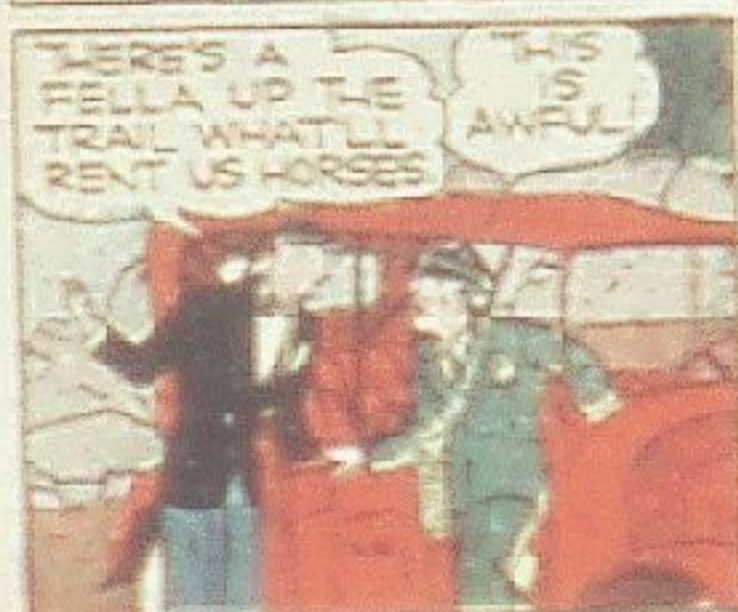
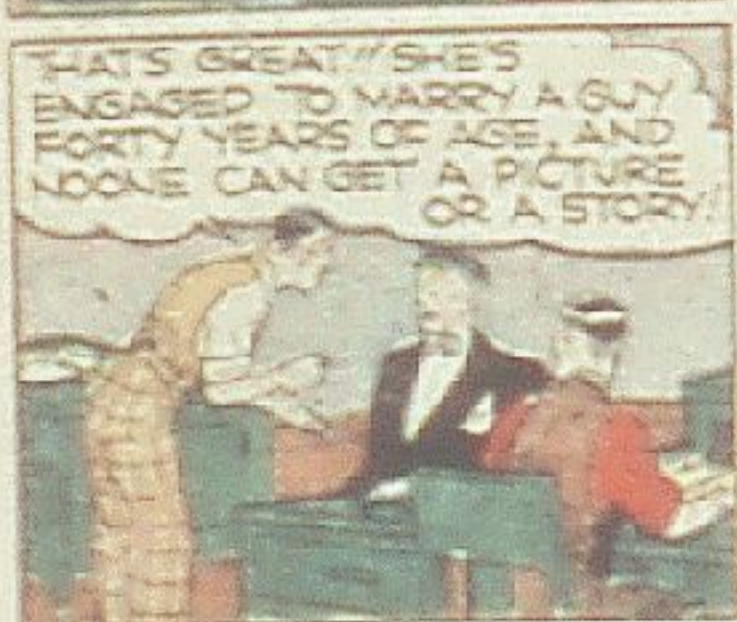
JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by KNOBBY WALSH



By HAM FISHER

JOE PALOOKA



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By
Knobby Walsh
Illustrated by HAM FISHER

DEAR
FELLAS--
THE ART
OF SELF-
DEFENSE
IS ONE OF
THE MOST
WORTHWHILE
STUDIES
IT BUILDS
MANY FINE
QUALITIES



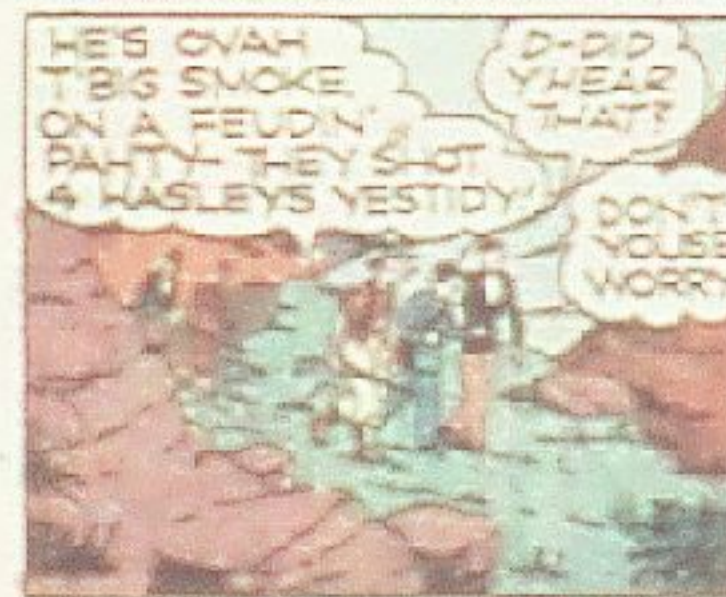
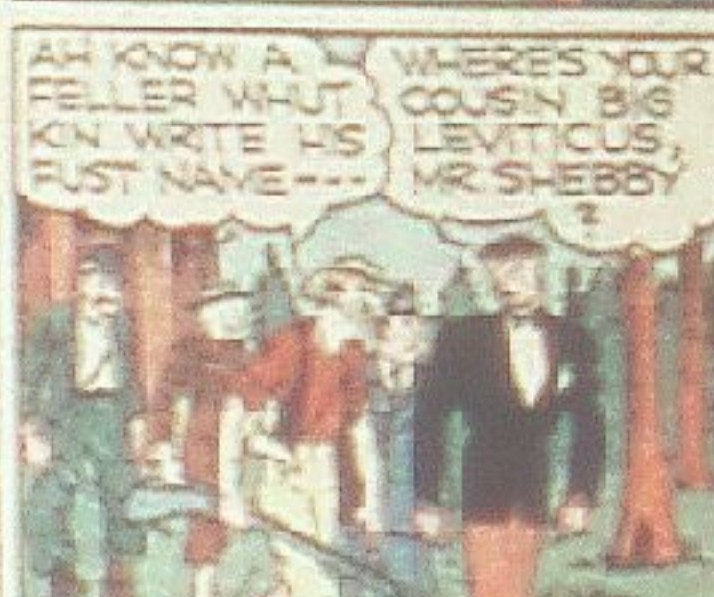
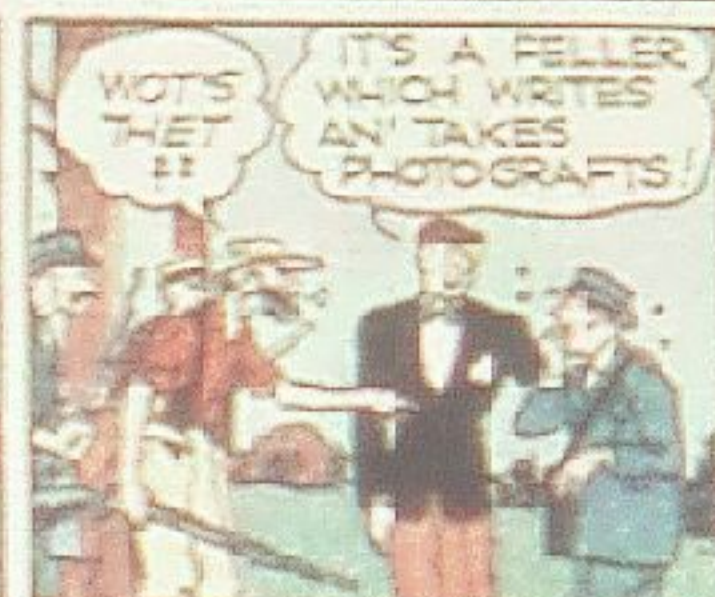
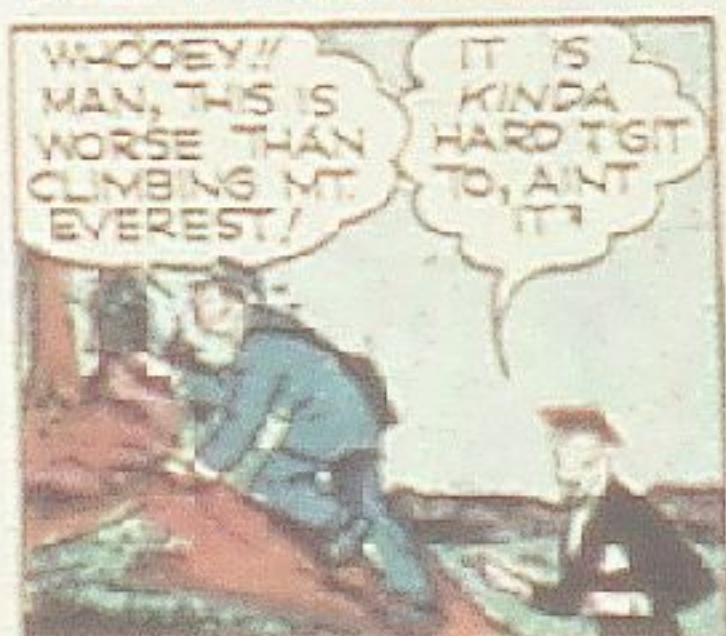
LET'S
START--
WITH THE
ACCOMPLISH-
MENT OF
A GOOD
POSITION
AND A
GOOD
DOING
SOMETHING



BEFORE
UPPER
DANCE
AND
SKIP
UPRIGHT
SLIGHT
WEIGHT
--TRY TO
ACQUIRE
GOOD
BALANCE

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



CONTINUED

Follow Joe Palooka and Knobby in the November issue--on sale September 30th.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

AMERICA'S FOREIGN LEGION.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE
HAD AMONG ITS OUTSTANDING LEADERS
MEN FROM 8 FOREIGN LANDS.

INCLUDED WERE:

VON STEUBEN - PRUSSIA
PULASKI - LITHUANIA
KOSCIUSKO - POLAND
THOMPSON - IRELAND
SULLIVAN - IRELAND
LAFAYETTE - FRANCE
ROCHAMBEAU - FRANCE
DE GRASSE - FRANCE
JOHN PAUL JONES - SCOTLAND
ALEXANDER HAMILTON - WEST INDIES
DE KALB - BAVARIA



LEMONADE SPRING -
NEAR CLOVERDALE, CAL.
ITS WATER, EXCEEDINGLY HOT,
CLOSELY RESEMBLES LEMONADE
IN FLAVOR.



THE
'JADE GREEN
PAGODA' -
50 INCHES HIGH -
IS COMPOSED OF
THOUSANDS OF PIECES
SO ACCURATELY
FITTED TOGETHER
IT CAN BE MOVED
AS ONE PIECE.
IT TOOK 4 YEARS
TO MAKE.



STAMPS OF AFGHANISTAN
WERE FORMERLY PRINTED
IN DIFFERENT
COLORS FOR EACH
CITY.



A RATTLESNAKE THAT BIT
CH. ALLEN AT THE TULSA, OKLA. ZOO,
SICKENED AND DIED 3 WEEKS
LATER. ALLEN RECOVERED.

ESPIONAGE



by WILL ERWIN
A Complete Short Story Starring "Black X"
ESPIONAGE, A DANGEROUS BRANCH OF THE SERVICE IN WHICH THERE IS NO TURNING BACK, NO RESCUE IF YOU ARE CAUGHT, NO GLORY IF YOU SUCCEED. THE FOLLOWING IS THE STORY OF... WELL, WE'LL CALL HIM THE "BLACK X", AND FOR OBVIOUS REASONS WE WILL USE FICTITIOUS NAMES THROUGHOUT. WE SHALL HOWEVER, USE THE ACTUAL TIME AND PLACE FOR THE INCIDENT WAS CLOSED.

ON SUNDAY EVENING DECEMBER 23, A LARGE AIRLINER LEFT NEWARK AIRPORT FOR WASHINGTON, D.C., WITH ONLY ONE PASSENGER ABOARD.



AT EXACTLY 8:26 PM E.S.T. THE RADIO OPERATOR AT THE AIRPORT WAS ROUSED FROM THE SLEEP HE WAS READING.

HOLY SMOKE, THEY'VE CRASHED!

WELL... CALONG NEWARK AIRPORT... WERE ON FIRE... WERE FALLING... CRASH

THE NEXT MORNING THE NEWSPAPER'S FRONT PAGE READ:

NEW YORK
AIRLINER CRASHES ON N.J.
ONE PASSENGER AND PILOTS MISSING
DEAD

Wages Are No
Col. Stamp Co
Roston, Says

THAT HEADLINE, WHICH YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, REACHED MANY PLACES, AMONG THEM...

FORTUNE SMILES UPON US... EH??

YA! AUGUST, HA, HA, HA, YA

GOOD, VERY GOOD!

WHO'S THERE?

HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?

RICHARD SPENCER! -GOOD! COME IN!

THAT PLANE CRASH IDEA OF YOURS WAS APPARENTLY WORKED. SO FOR THE TIME BEING RICHARD SPENCER IS DEAD... NOW TO YOUR ASSIGNMENT

WELL... SO THE PLANS FOR THE FUDATING AIR BASE HAVE BEEN STOLEN. THE PLAN THE KEY IS STILL IN YOUR POSSESSION. I MUST RETRIEVE THOSE PLANS

EXACTLY!

FROM THE MOMENT YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM YOU CEASE TO EXIST. YOU ARE ONLY 'X'. IF YOU ARE CAUGHT YOU CAN EXPECT NO AID FROM ME. THIS JOB MUST BE DONE BY YOU ALONE... GOOD LUCK!

PENNSYLVANIA STATION...THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD...A NOISY STAGE FOR THE COUNTLESS DRAMA PLAYED WITHIN ITS MARBLE CONFINES

A TRAIN HAS JUST PULLED IN, FROM WASHINGTON D.C. THE NATION'S CAPITOL



A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE CROWD LEAVING THE TRAIN AND SEARCHES THE FACES OF THE MOVING THRONG



AT LAST HIS GAZE FALLS ON A MAN WHO PUSHES HIS WAY HASTILY THROUGH THE SURGING CROWD...



HEY TAXI!



INSTANTLY HE IS FOLLOWED INTO THE TAXI...

EXCUSE ME, BUT IM JOINING YOU... MOVE OVER!!



AND HAND ME THE CASE WITH THE PLANS... IVE A GUN IN YOUR BACK

W- W- GULP? O.K.



THANKS!... I SAY DRIVER, STOP HERE MY FRIEND IS GETTING OUT...

YOU WON'T GET ANNY WITH THIS...



I WONDER WHY HE CHANGED CAGES WITH ME?... IVE GOT TO GET TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR HIM



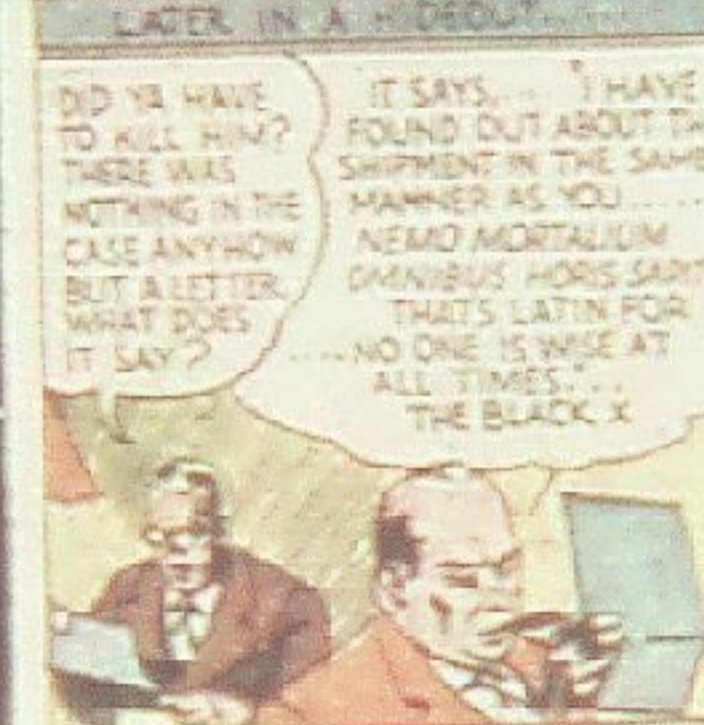
WHAT THEN ANOTHER HOLD-UP?

YES... AND I WOULDN'T REACH FOR MY GUN IF I WERE YOU! STEP IN THE ALLEY!!



AND... I'LL TAKE THOSE PAPERS

BANG!



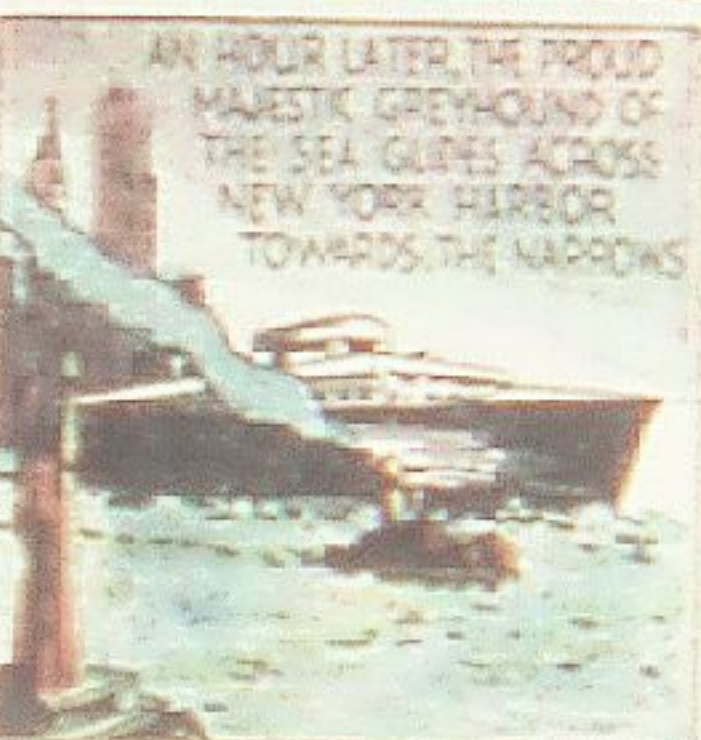
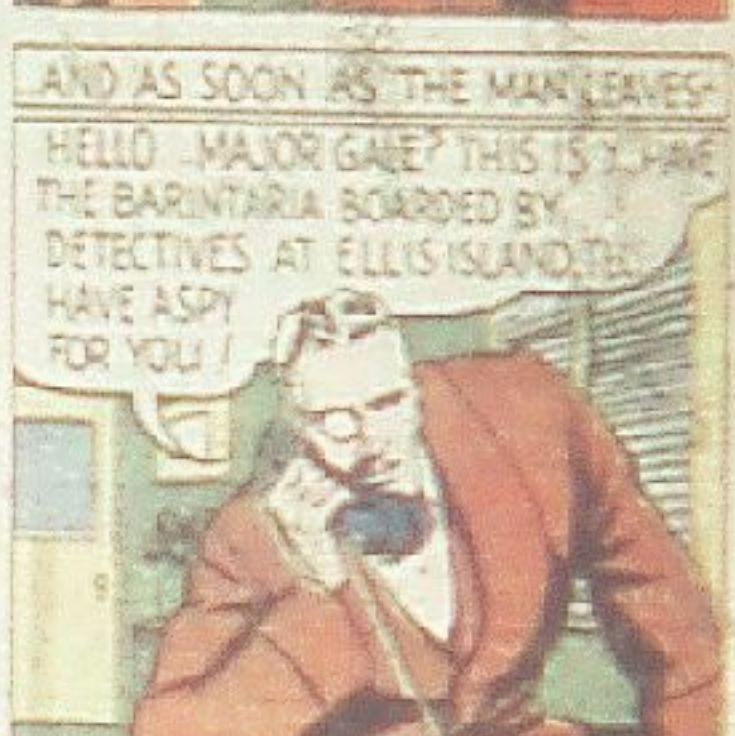
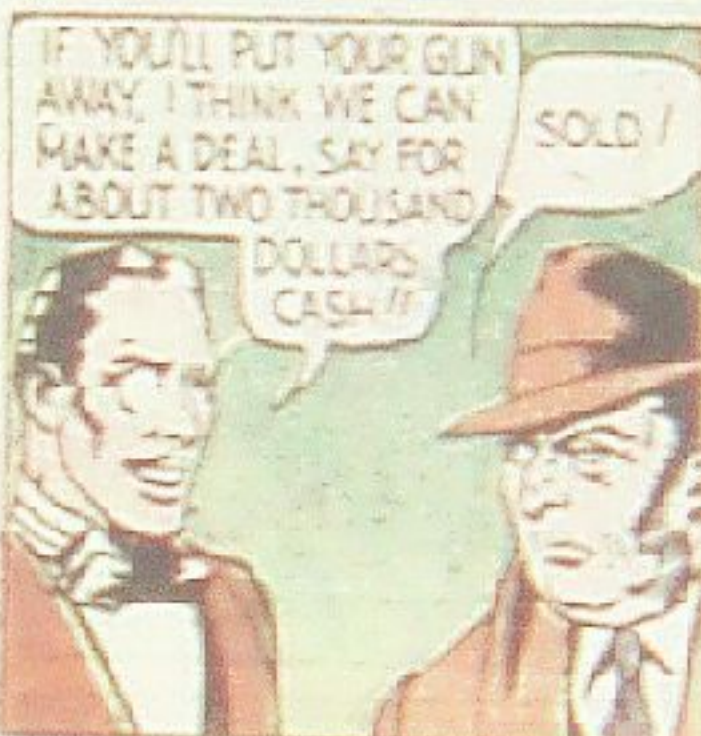
LATER IN A HIDEOUT...

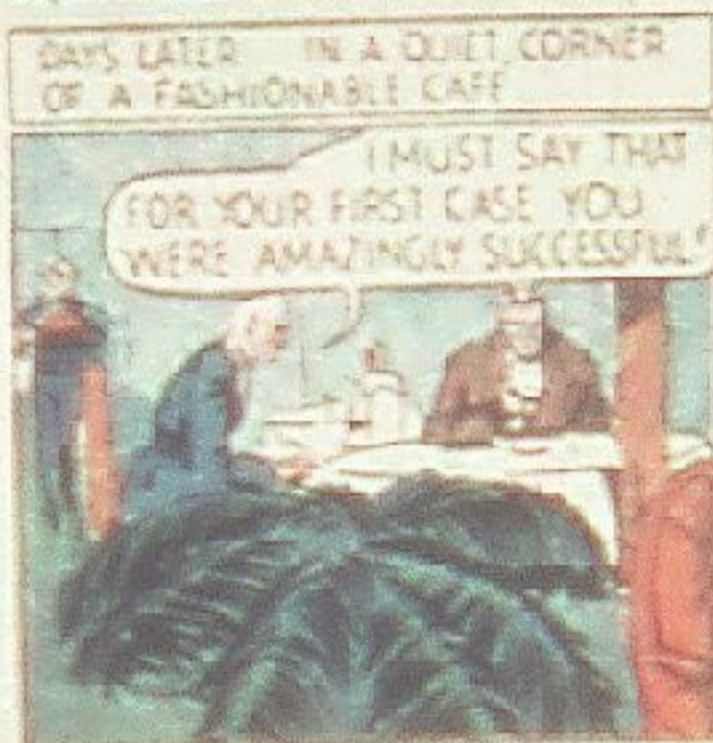
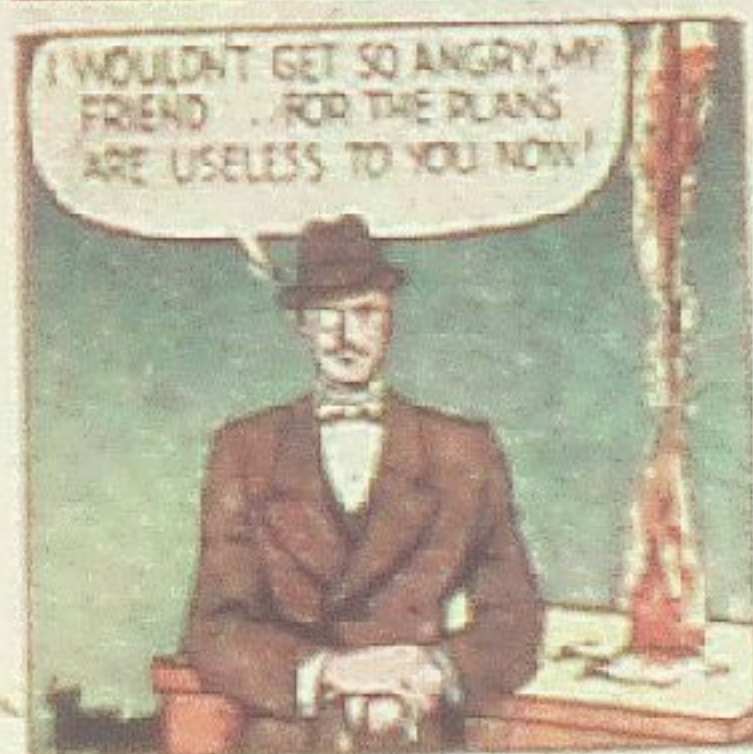
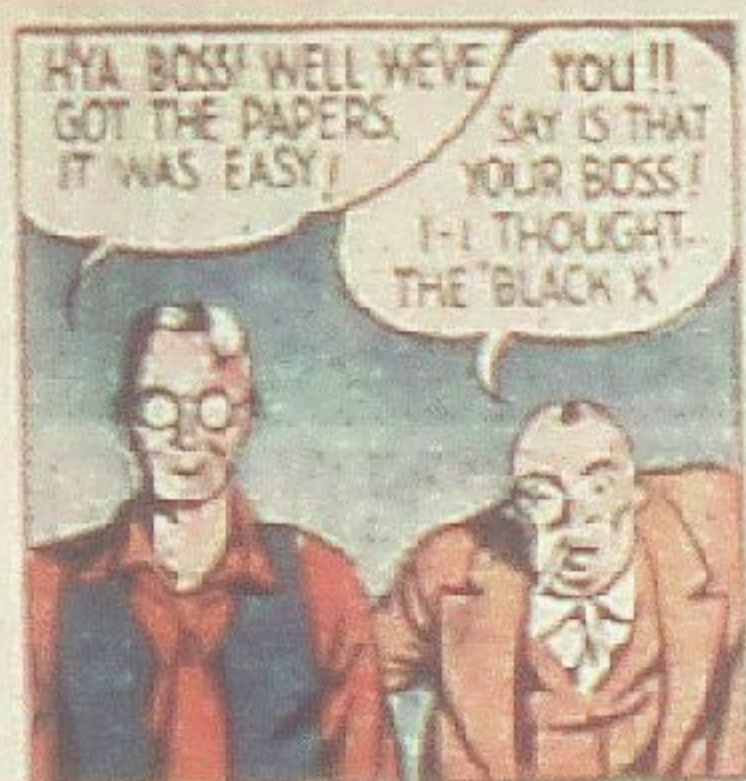
DID YA HAVE TO KILL HIM? THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE CASE ANYHOW BUT A LETTER. WHAT DOES IT SAY?

IT SAYS... I HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS SHIPMENT IN THE SAME MANNER AS YOU... NEMO MORTALIUM OMNIBUS HORIS SAPI... THAT'S LATIN FOR... NO ONE IS WISE AT ALL TIMES... THE BLACK X



THAT LETTER COMES FROM THE HOTEL ALRICH... I SAW THEIR WATERMARK ON THE STATIONARY... MEET ME ON THE BOAT... I'LL HAVE THE PLANS IN TWO HOURS!





Another episode of Espionage in the November issue—on sale September 30th.

LALA PALOOZA

VINCENT, HOW WILL THAT GADGET GET US IN THE STUDIO?

WHEN I GIVE THE COP A CIGAR, HE TAKES OFF HIS CAP TPUT THE CIGAR UNDER THE BAND--THE TOY RABBIT FALLS IN FRONTA HIM-- AN THE DOG GOES FOR THE RABBIT, PULLING THE BOXING GLOVE WHICH KNOCKS OUT THE COP--THEN WALK PAST

BUT SIS--HOW'RE YOU GONNA GET IN THE STUDIO T'SEE THE STARS? THEY'RE PRETTY PERTICKLER!

I'LL JUST TELL 'EM WHO I AM!

DRIVER--DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET TO SUPER-STUPENDOUS STUDIOS?

DO IT? WHY--MY WIFE IS EYEBROW-PLUCKER THERE!

I WANT TGO IN THE STUDIO--I'M LALA PALOOZA!!

I'M KATZ THE COP, AN YOU AINT GETTIN' IN!

SUPER STUPENDOUS NO ADMITTANCE

WONDER WHY THAT POLICE-MAN WONT LET ME IN--I JUST WANTA LOOK AROUND!

THAT MUST BE A PARTY OF SIGHT-SEERS--I GUESS THEY WONT MIND ONE MORE!

THIS CROWD MOVES TOO SLOW--I CAN SEE MORE BY MYSELF!!

CMON BUNCH GET MOVIN'!!

HEY YOU--GET BACK WHERE VA BELONG! AN PUT THIS ON!

BUT--MISTER--I'M--I--DONT--WAIT!!

IN YGO TOTS!!

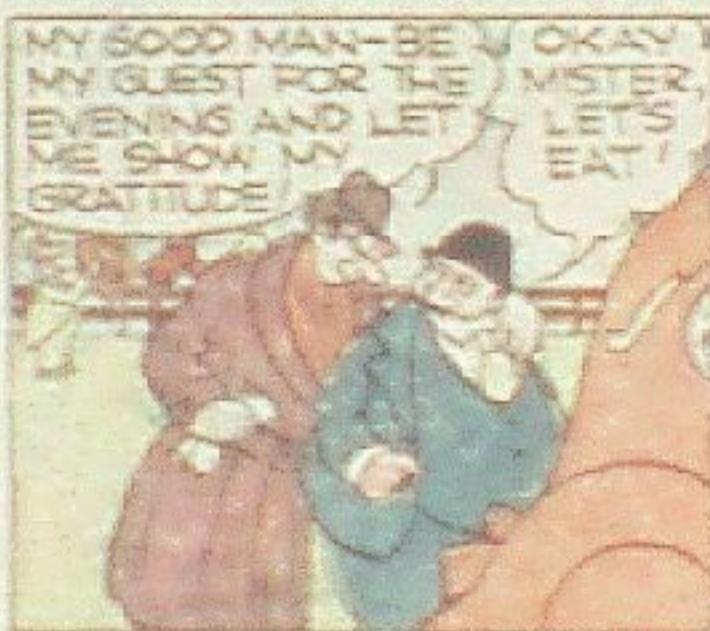
OKAY/CAMERA!! ROLL 'EM OVER EDDIE!

NOW--ALL BACK IN THE BOAT AGAIN FOR ANOTHER TAKE OF THE LIFEBOAT SCENE!!

ER--MR KATZ--WILL YOU PLEASE HELP ME TO GET OUT?

LALA PALOOZA

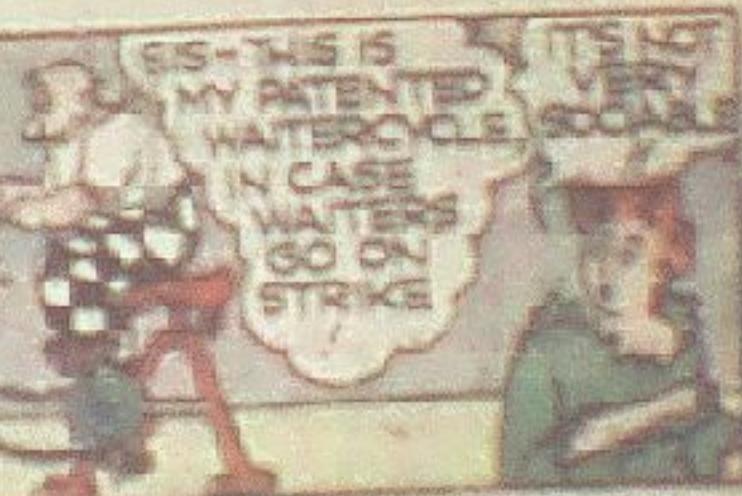
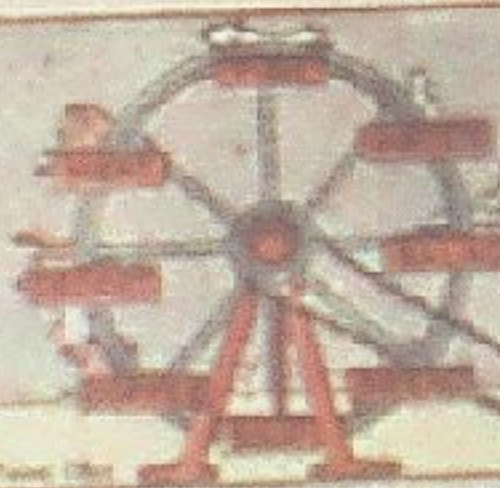
By KUBE GOLDBERG



Lala Palooza

By RUSSE GOLDBERG

Expanded 3-1 Page 1981



THERE'S DONALD VAN SPARKLE, THE MOVIE STAR! MUST GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!



YOU'RE OUTA LUCK SIS - HE DON'T GIVE AUTOGRAPHS

MISTER VAN SPARKLE - MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?



LADY - I MAKE IT A PRACTICE NEVER TO GIVE AN AUTOGRAPH!

SEE - WHAT DID I TELL YA SIS?



MAYBE I APPROACHED HIM WRONG - I'LL TRY AGAIN

MAY I HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE FOR MY LITTLE NIECE?



WOMAN! GET AWAY! YOU'RE DRIVING ME MAD!

HENRI - CAN I NOT EAT IN PEACE? IS THERE NO REFUGE FOR A MOVIE ARTIST?



ACH - I'M SO SORRY SIR!

MADAM - I VILL HAF TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE UNLESS YOU STOP ANNOYING MR VAN SPARKLE



I TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF SIS!

HENRI - LET ME HAVE THE CHECK FOR MY GUESTS AND MYSELF - THESE ANNOYANCES UNNERVE ME!!



I DONT BRING MY WALLET, SO I'LL SIGN IF YOU DONT MIND--



CERTAINLY MR VAN SPARKLE!!



HEY HENRI - WAIT!!

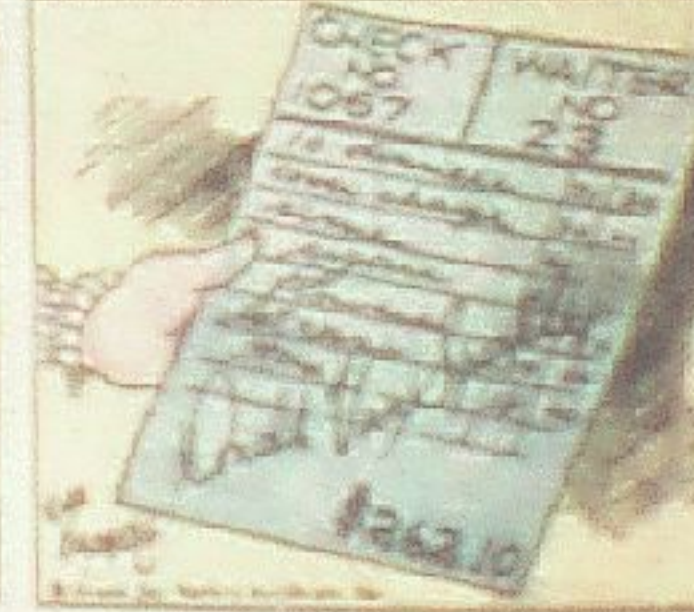
ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY EIGHT--ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE--



WELL VINCENT-- I GOT IT!!



I GOTTA BE SLOW SIS--



Lala Palooza

BY TUBE GOLDBERG

ALWAYS BUY FOOTBALL TICKETS IN THE SECTION WHERE POLITICIANS SIT-- WHEN THE CROWD IN FRONT STAND UP SHOUT "SIT DOWN"--FROG IS ALARMED--HE JUMPS AND STARTS PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SAYS

"HELLO SENATOR"-- SENATOR SHAKES THE FIRST HAND HE SEES, AND THE HOT ON JACKS YOU ABOVE CROWD AND YOU SEE SAME!



More of Lala Palooza in the November Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES--on sale September 30th.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

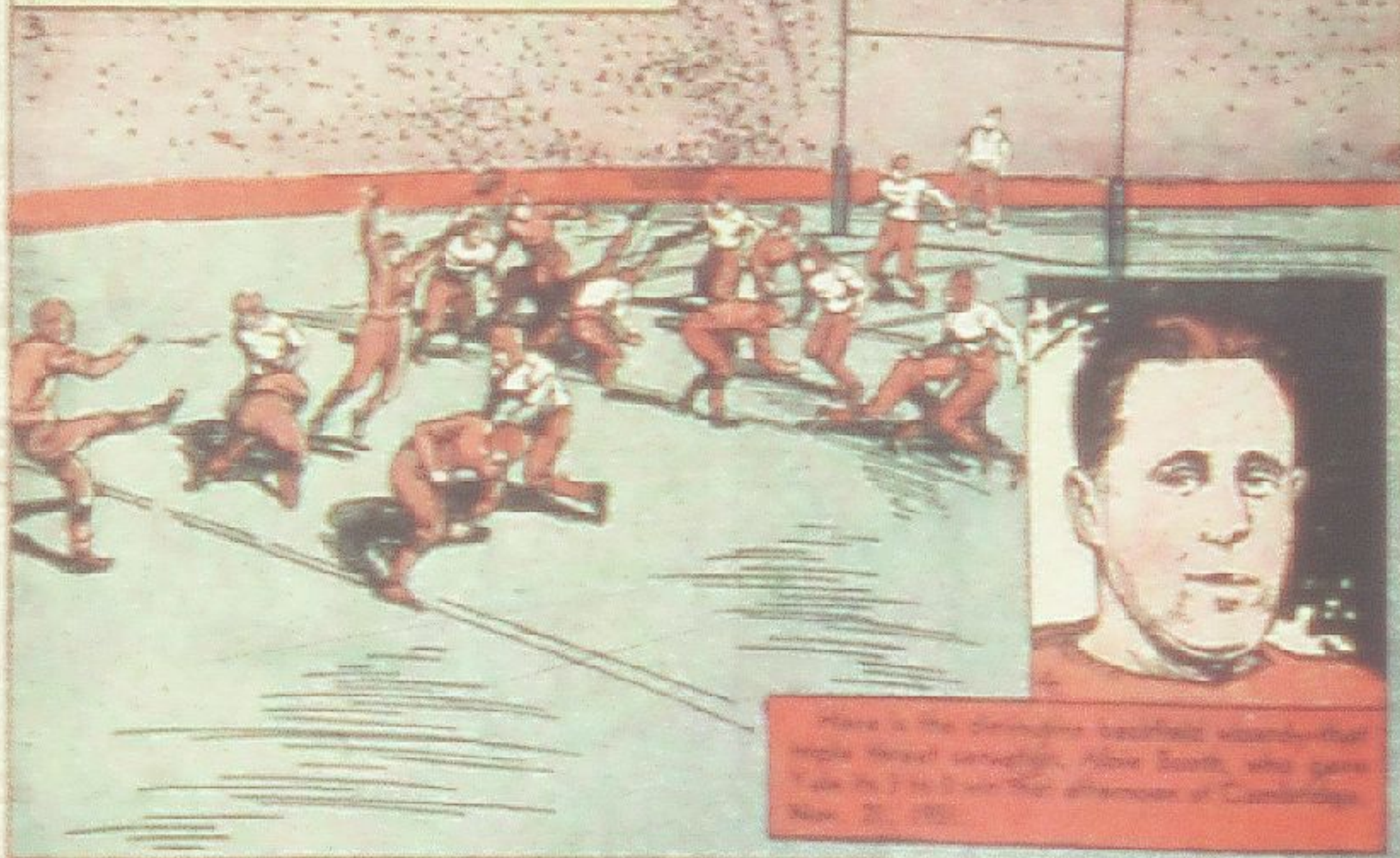
About
The 22-Yard
Kick
That Decided
A Titanic
Contest

For 57 minutes Yale and Harvard have battled to a scoreless tie. Now Harvard, back to the wall, has held on its own 4-yard line—Yale's fourth down and three to go.

The spotlight of the Yale attack has been little Albie Booth, brilliant field general, loaded with brains and dynamite. Botched up all afternoon, this is Albie's last chance!



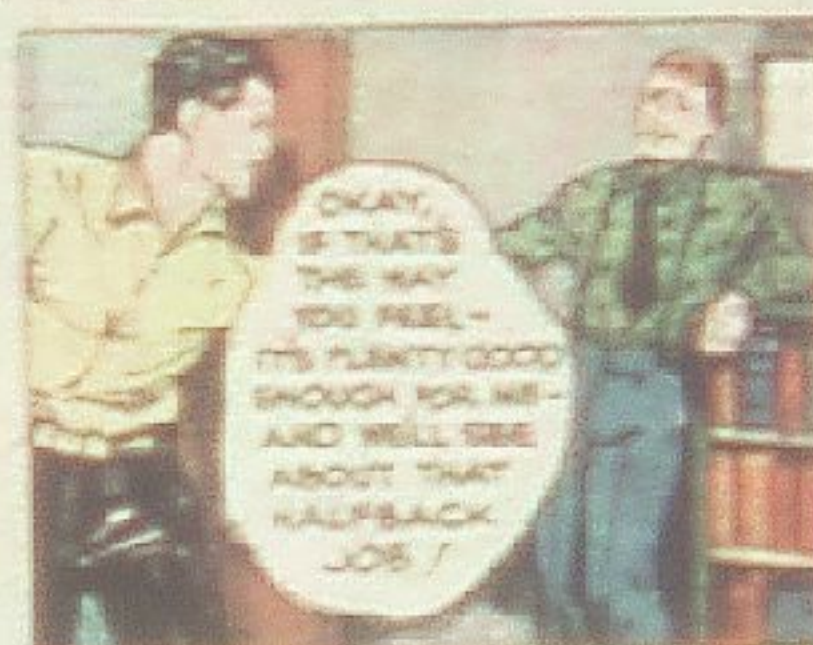
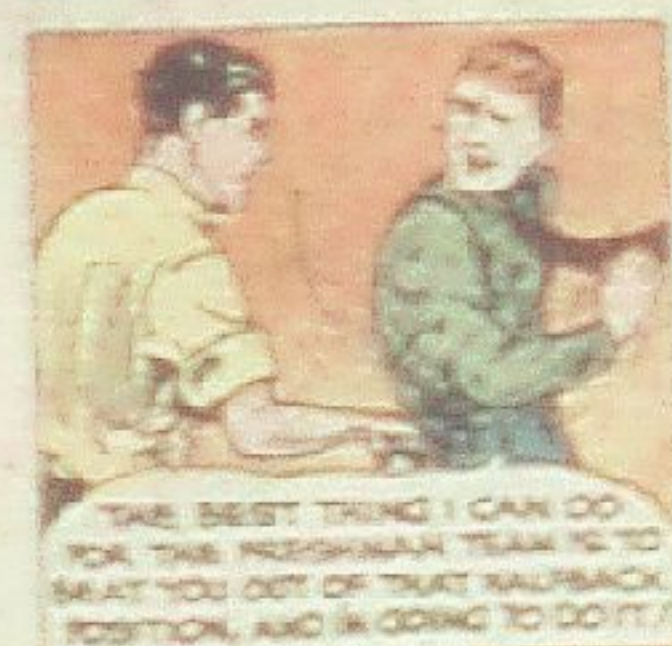
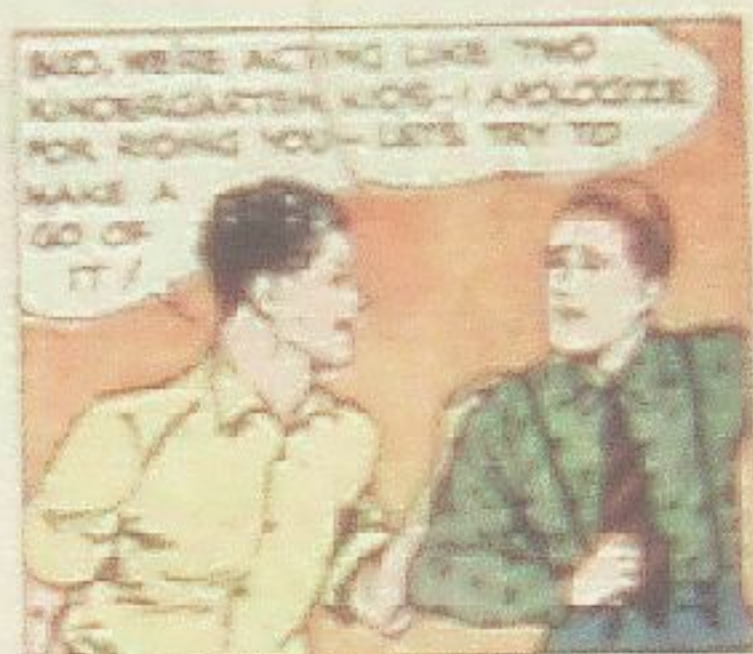
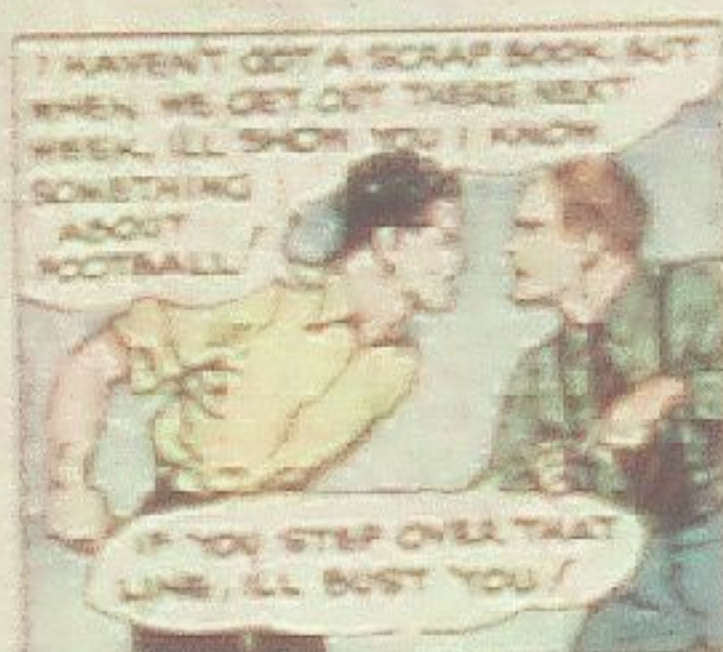
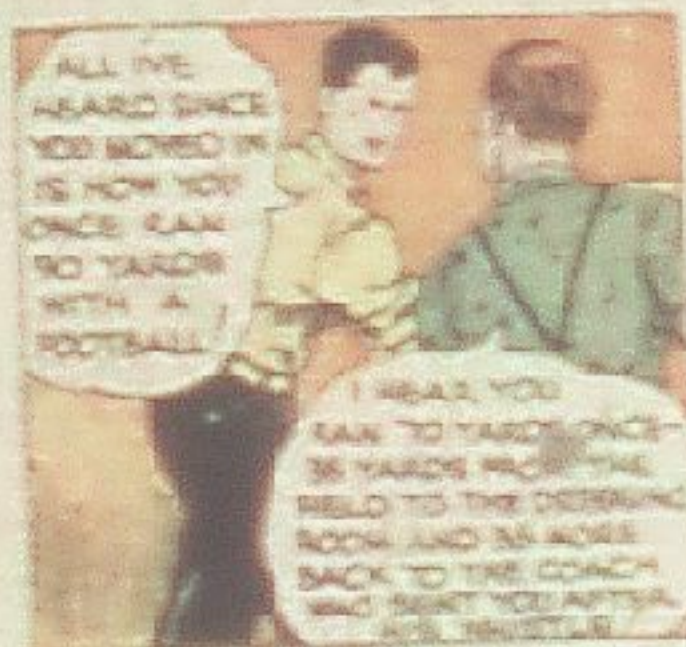
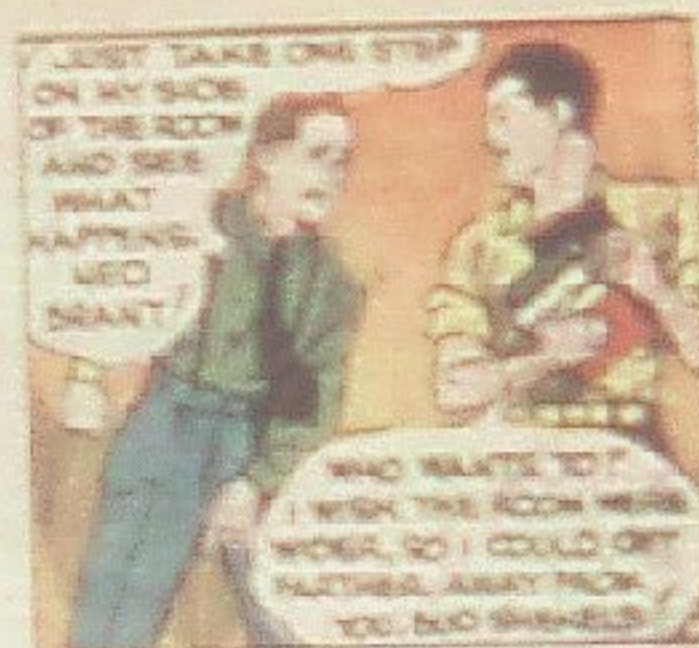
And Harvard knows it's time for Albie to turn on the heating field goal is what's looked for... With the snap of the ball the Crimson line leaps, blasts in to the Blue. The Blue holds a second—and it's long enough... Albie's kick from the 12-yard line is sailing high overhead to split dead center between the goal posts.



There is the handsome, confident, and somewhat mischievous Albie Booth, who gave Yale the 22-yard kick that afternoon at Cambridge, Nov. 27, 1932.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

FEATURE FUNNIES,
300 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is my dollar. Mail me **FEATURE FUNNIES** every month for one year.

Name _____

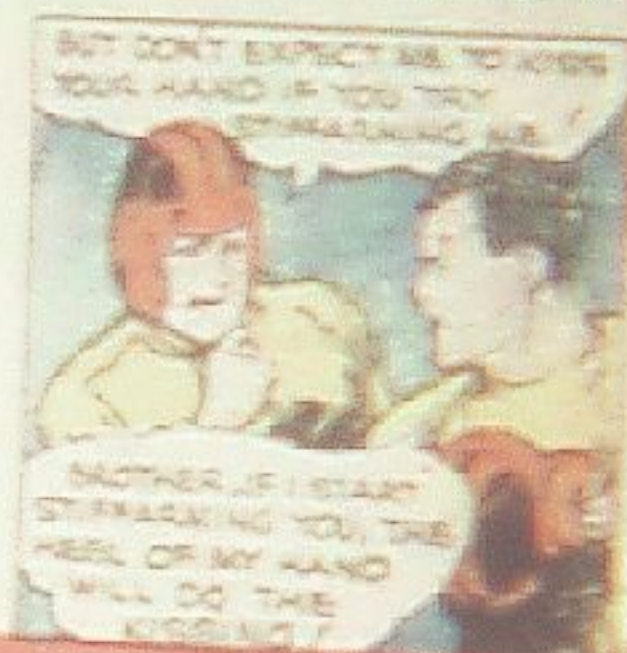
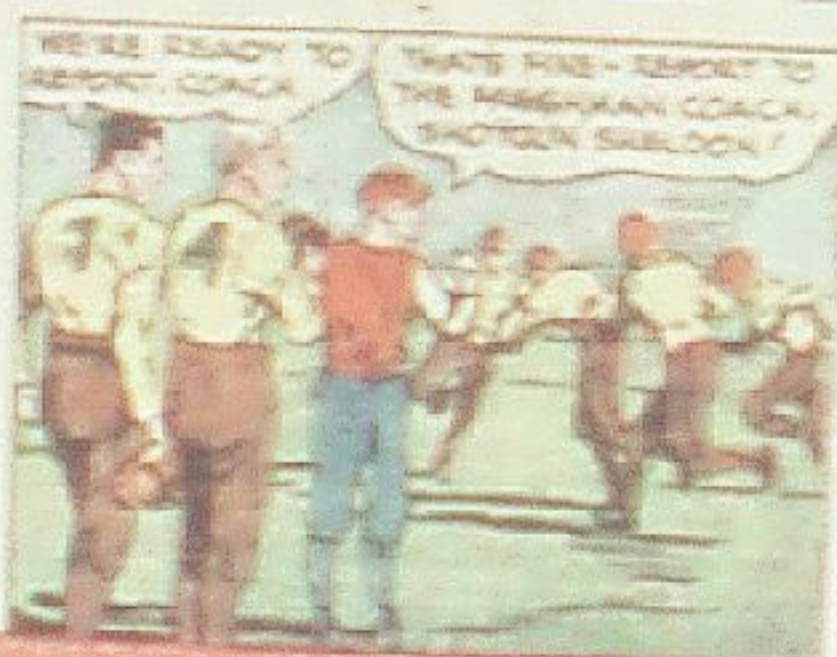
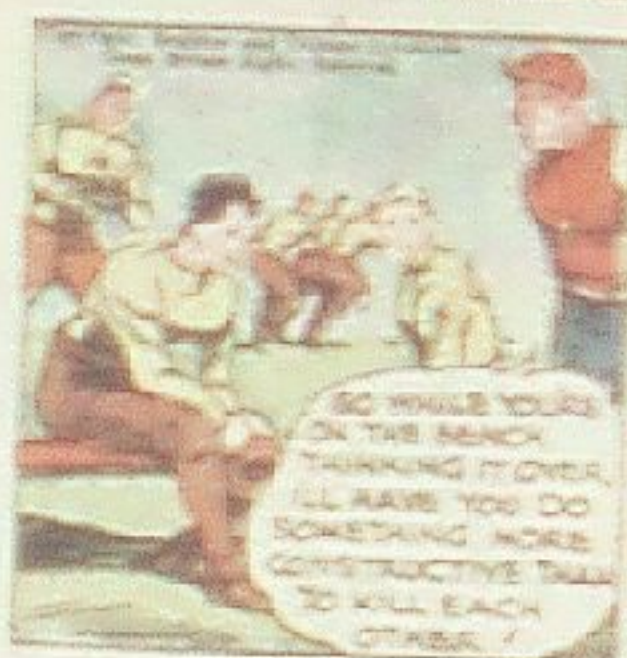
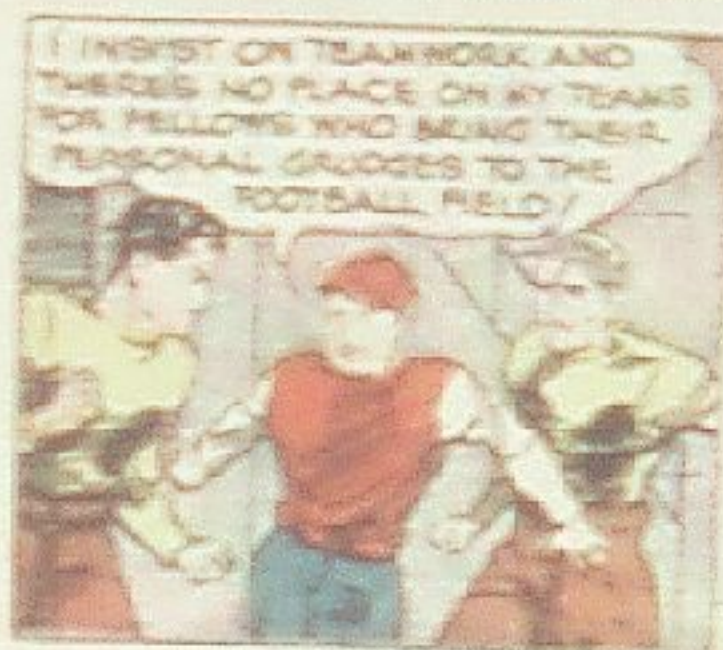
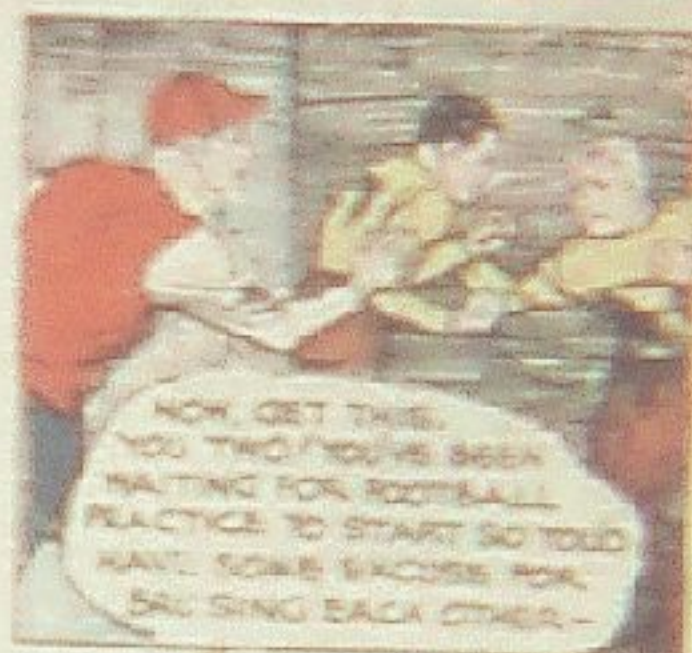
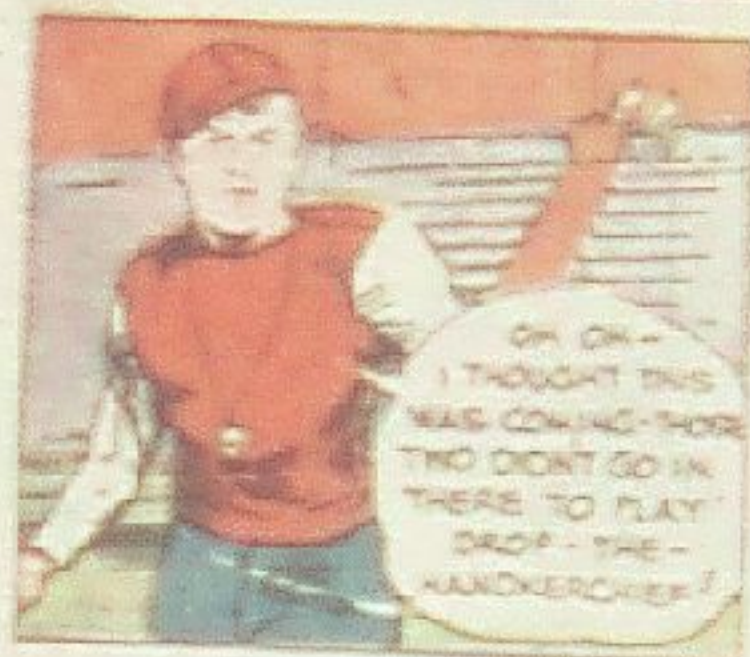
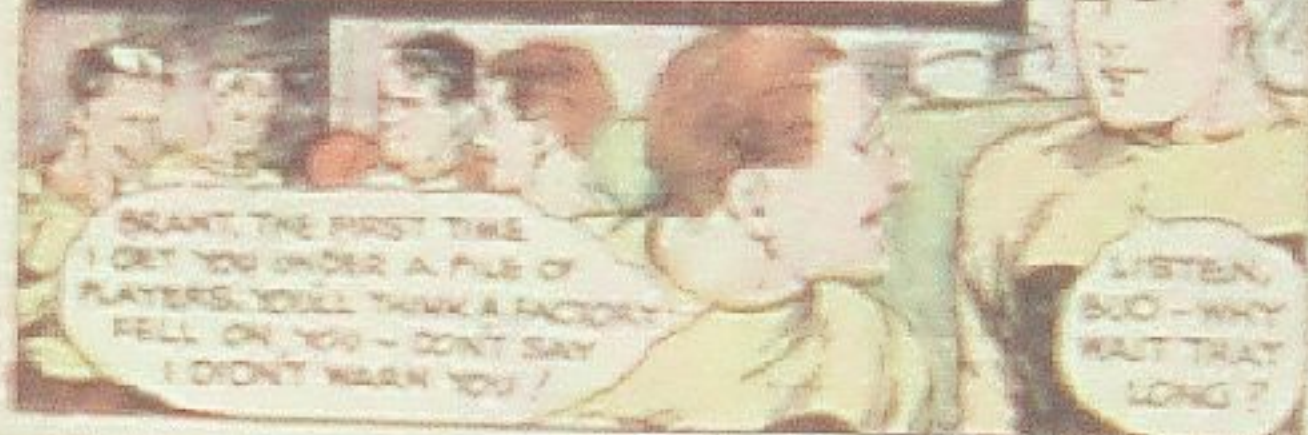
Address _____

City _____

Canada and Foreign **\$1.50**

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



KAPPA
ALPHA
(SOUTHERN
ORDER)

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE (NOW WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEWISTON, VIRGINIA, DEC 2, 1865, DURING ROBERT E. LEE'S 1ST TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

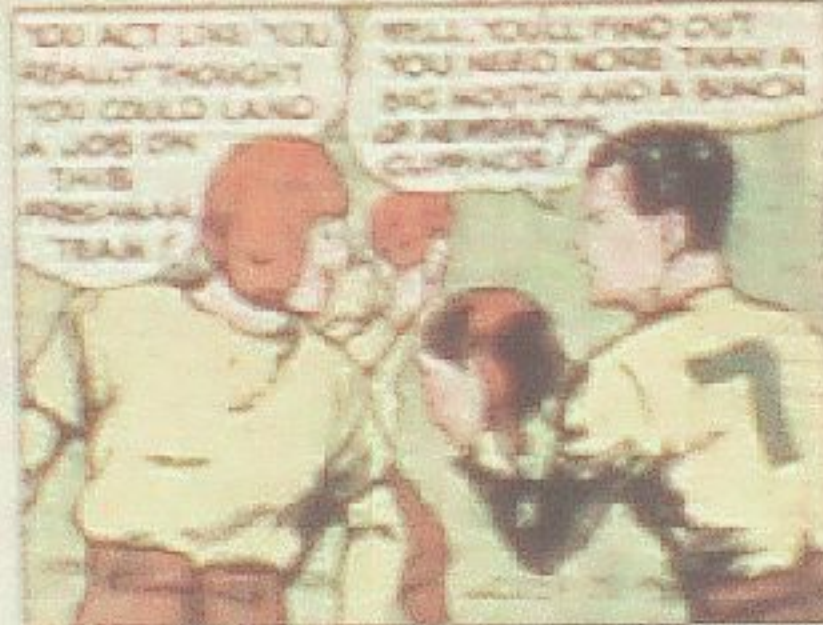
NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



ATTAHO TO CARRY THE BALL, BRANT?

THE QUARTERBACK CALLS THE SIGNALING WHEN HE CALLS ME. I'LL BE AROUND YOUR WAY!



YOU ACT LIKE YOU REALLY THOUGHT YOU COULD LAND A JOB ON THIS REDHEAD TEAM!

WELL, YOU'LL FIND OUT YOU NEED MORE THAN A BIG NOSE AND A BUNCH OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!



BRANT AROUND RIGHT END!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR - LET'S GO!

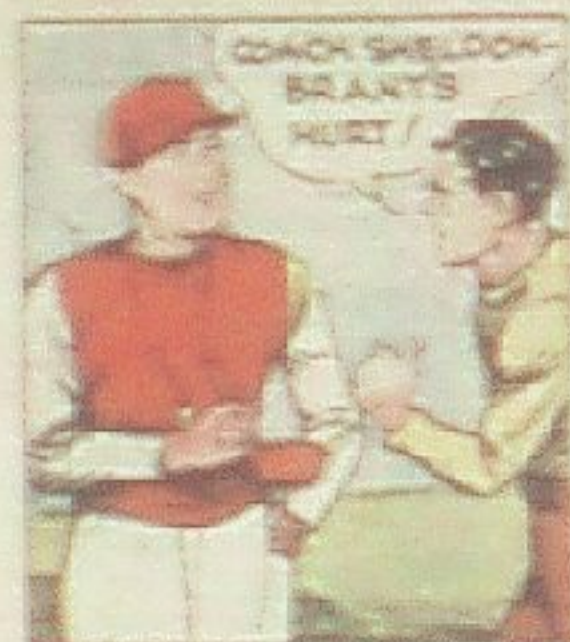


I TOLD YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU CAME MY WAY!

IN A MINUTE!



WHAT KIND OF A TACKLE DO YOU CALL THAT, SNEAKS? BETTER TAKE OUT A BARBERS LICENSE IF YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THE BALL CARRIER A SHAMPOO!



COACH SHELDOON - BRANT'S HURT!



HE'S A GENEROUS FELLOW, NO - WHEN SOMEONE OWES ME SOMETHING, I RETURN THE FAVOR DOUBLE!

YOU'VE GOT A BIG HEART, BUT IT'LL GET BREAK WHEN I COME GALLOPING YOUR WAY!



DID YOU GET SLUGGED IN THE EYE, NED?

JUST CAUGHT A STRAY BLOND COACH - IN AGL RIGHT!

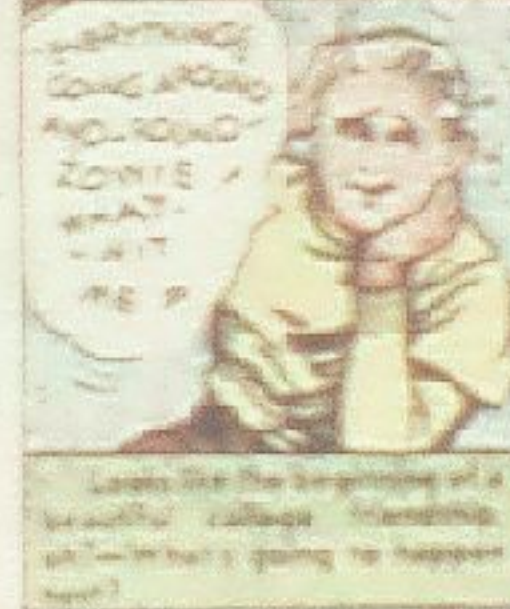


WE'VE GOT THE BALL NOW - LET'S MARCH! WE'LL GIVE EM THE OL -

MY BALL AROUND BRANT'S SIDE OF THE LINE! I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT CREAM PURE QUIT!



THAT'S THE STUFF, BRANT! WHEN THEY'RE HIT THAT WAY THEY FOLD UP LIKE A BRIDGE TABLE!



EVERYTHING COME AROUND AROUND ZONIE - WHAT - WAIT - HE P

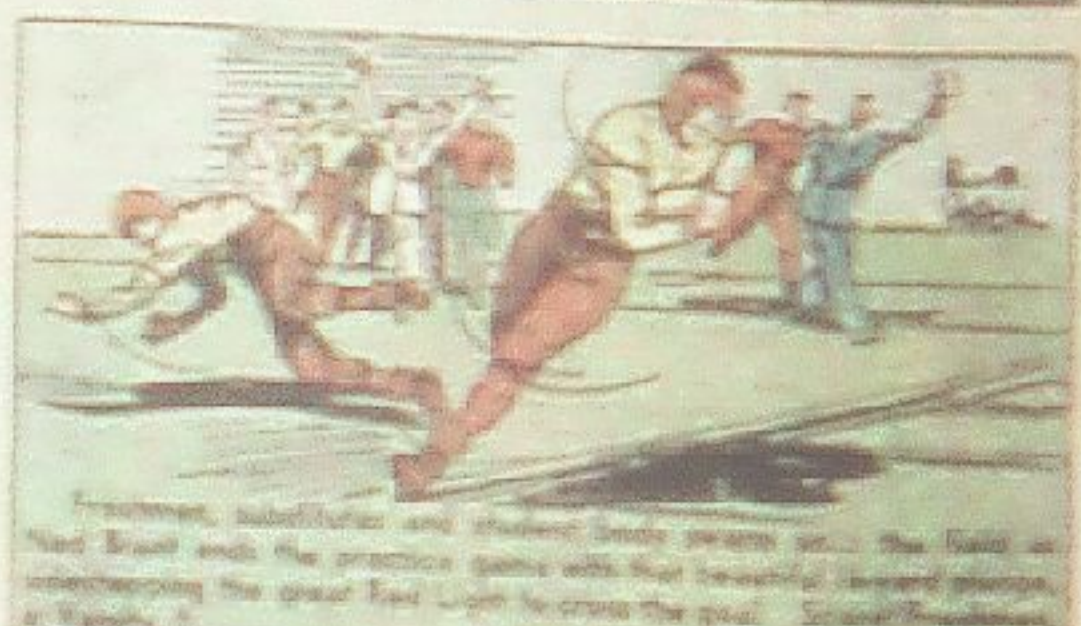
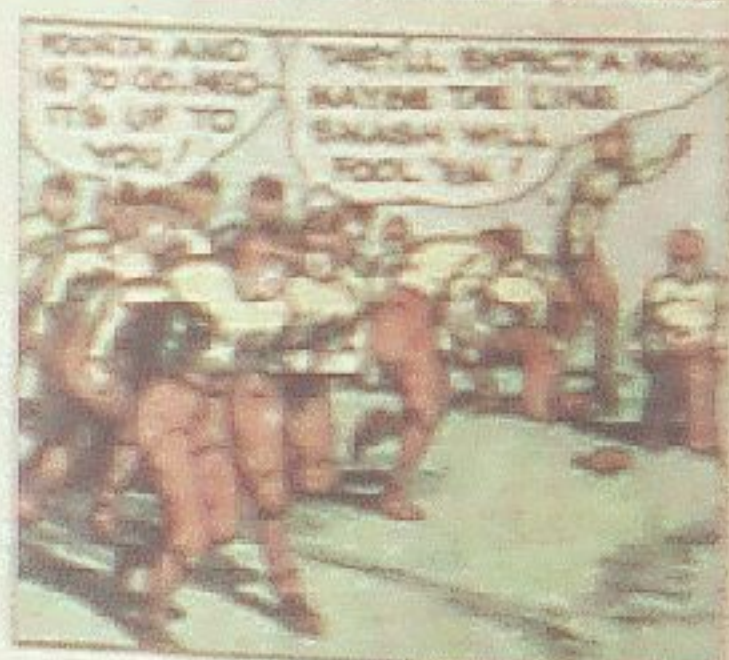
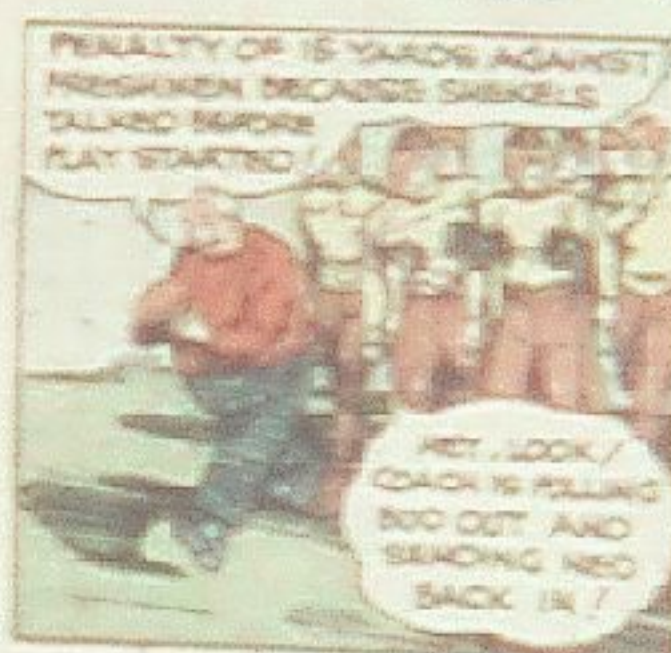
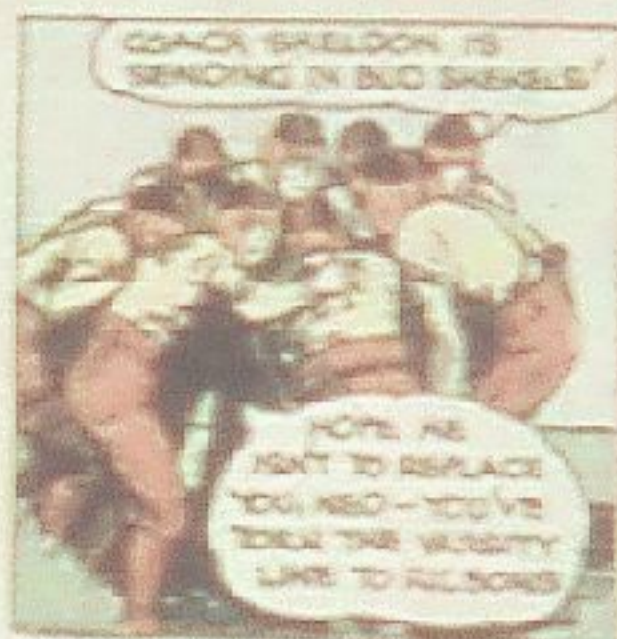
Looks like the beginning of a beautiful college friendship - what's going to happen next?

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



ALPHA
CHI
OMEGA

FOUNDED: AT DE PAW UNIVERSITY, OCT. 15, 1885. SEVEN GIRLS WERE CHARTER MEMBERS. HAS HAD UNUSUAL INTEREST IN FINE ARTS, AND ONE OF ITS PURPOSES IS THE FURTHERANCE AND CULTIVATION OF THOSE ARTS.



ALPHA
DELTA
PI

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED: AT WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, MAY 15, 1851, AS THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY. WESLEYAN WAS THE FIRST WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.



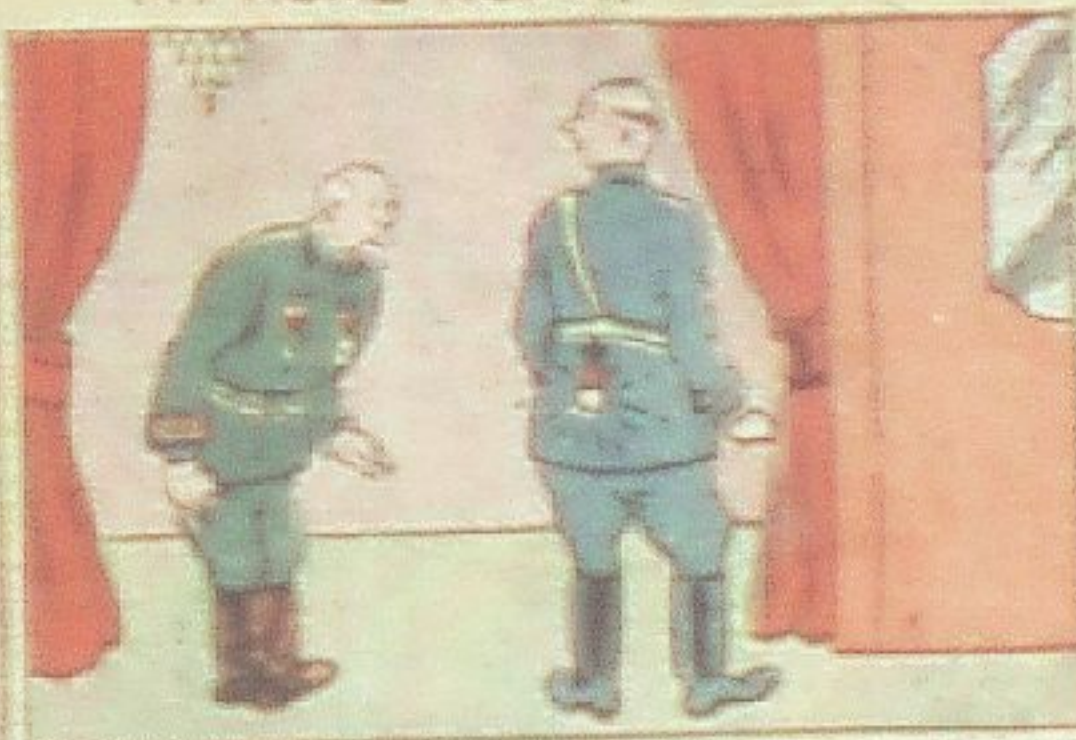
"I DON'T NEED A SAFETY-BELT--
I OWE HIM MONEY!"



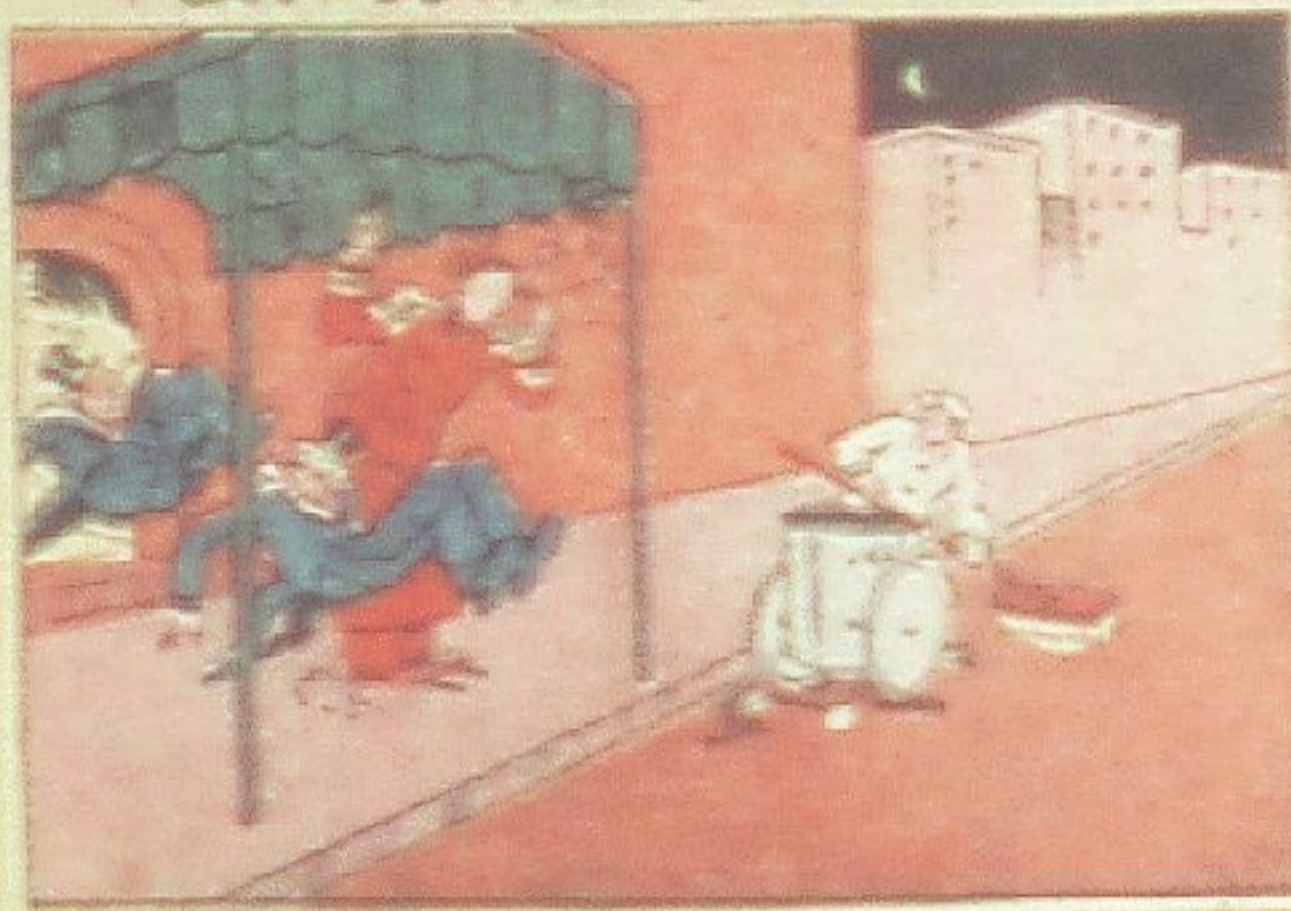
"I'M TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE IN MINING--AND I'M DOING
MY HOME WORK!"



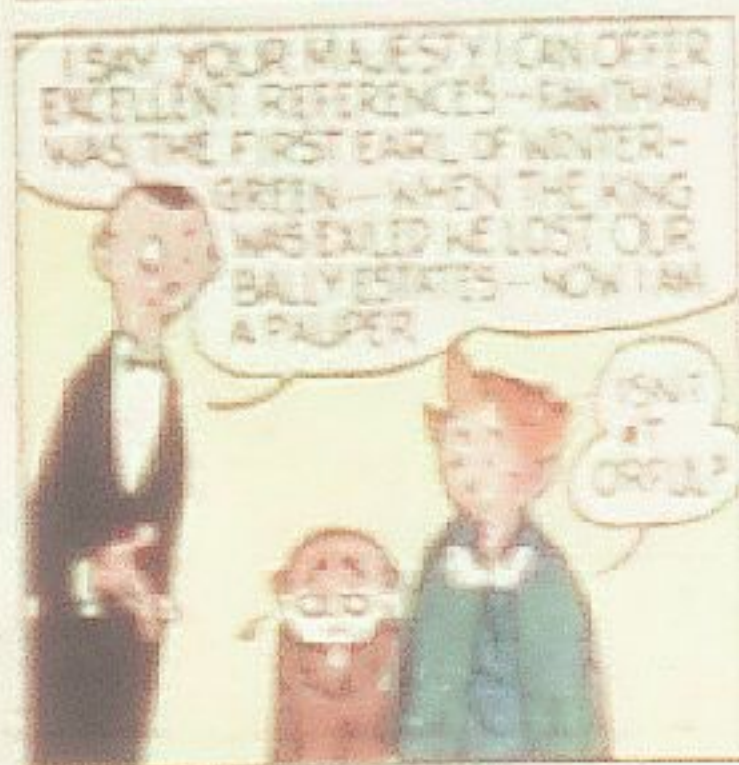
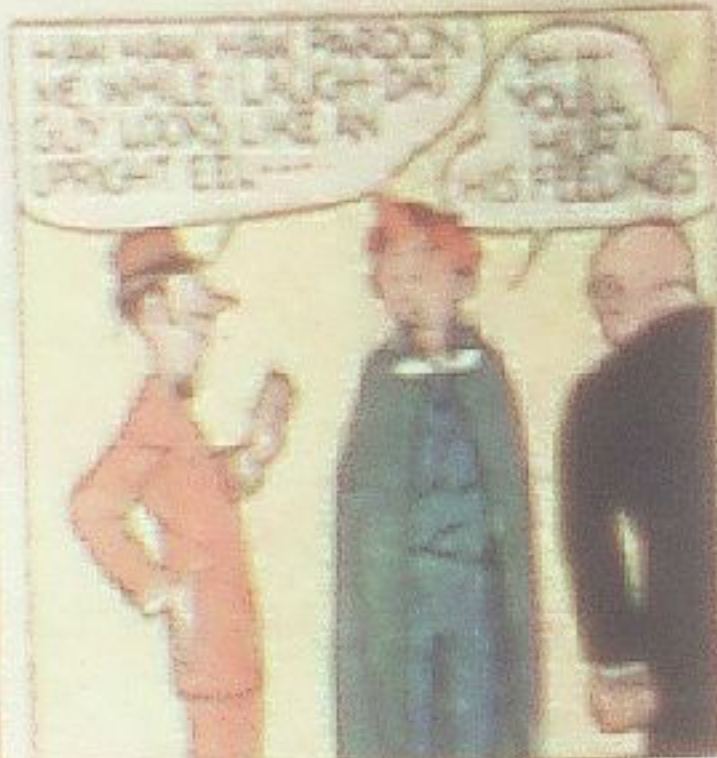
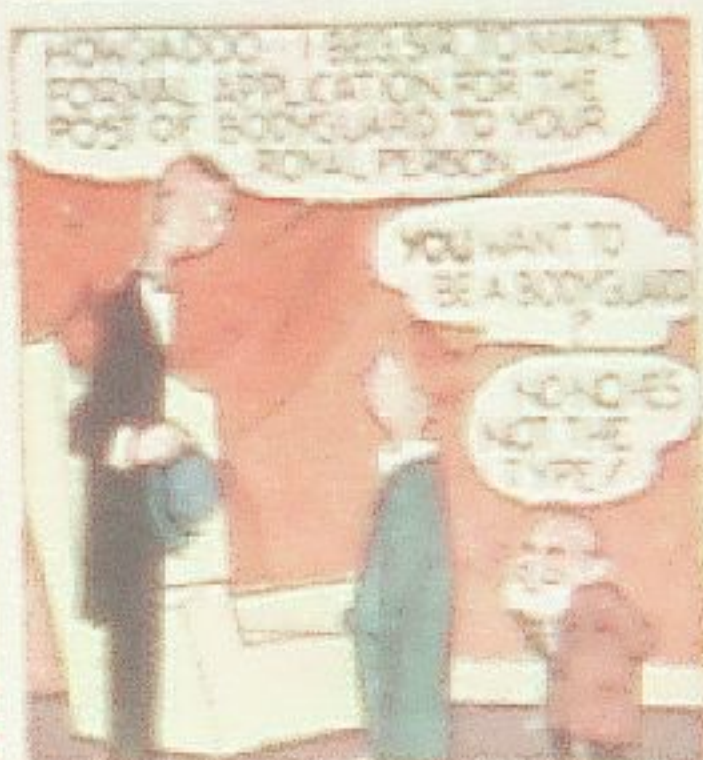
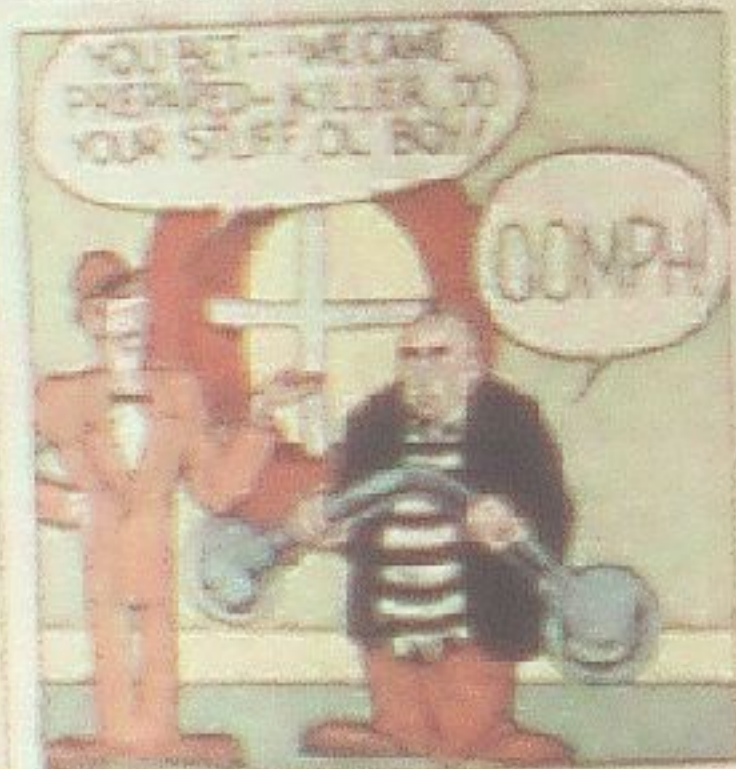
"I JUST WASHED HER HAIR AND
I CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT!"

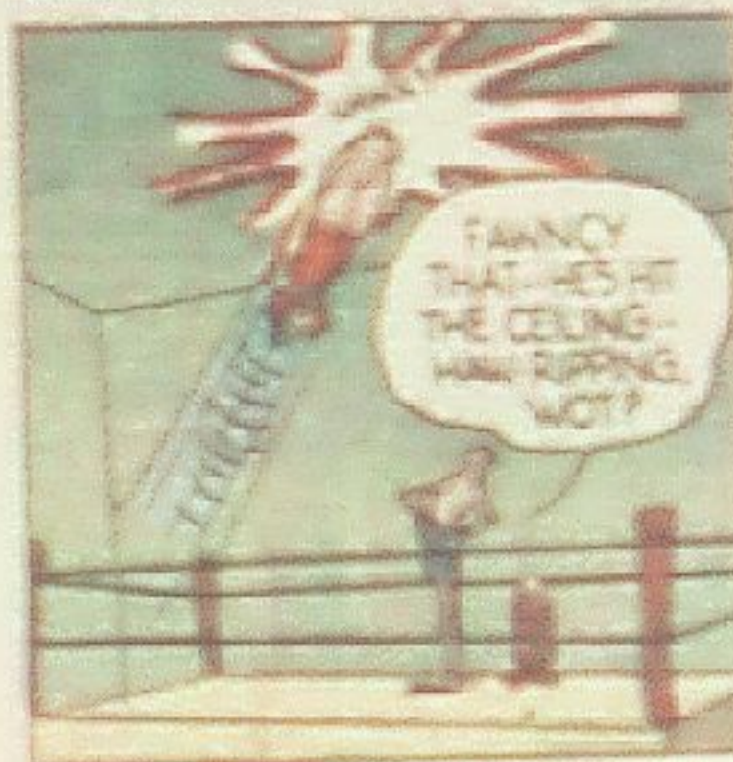
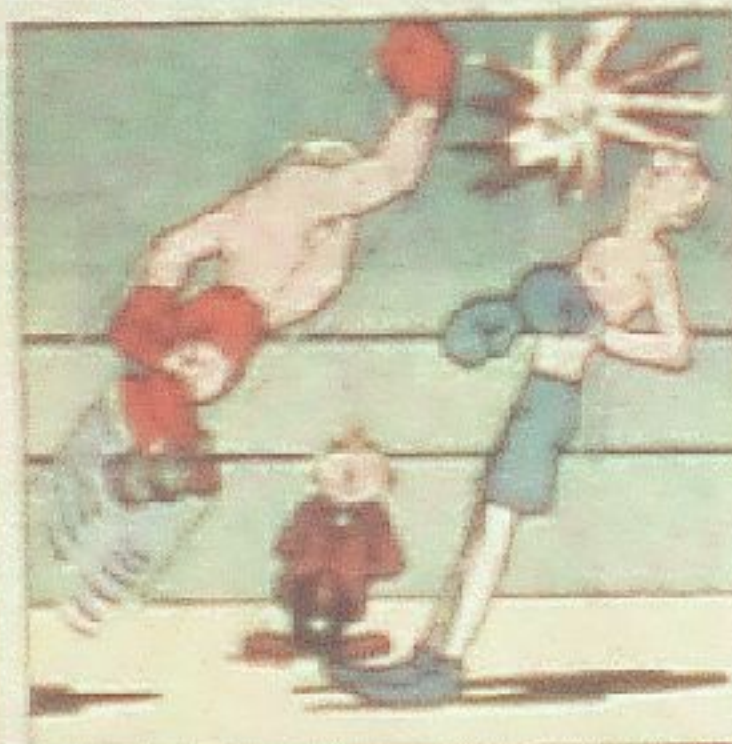
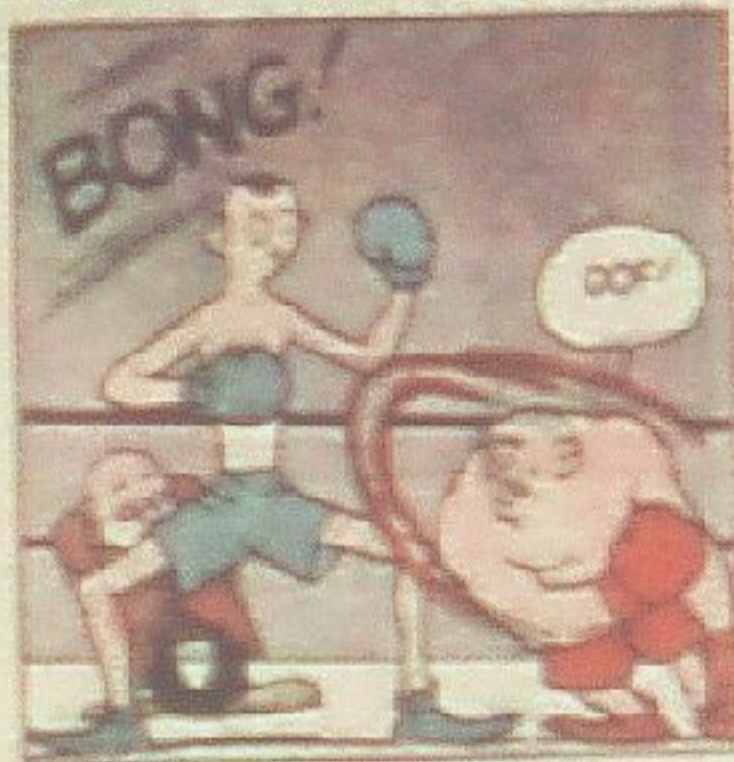
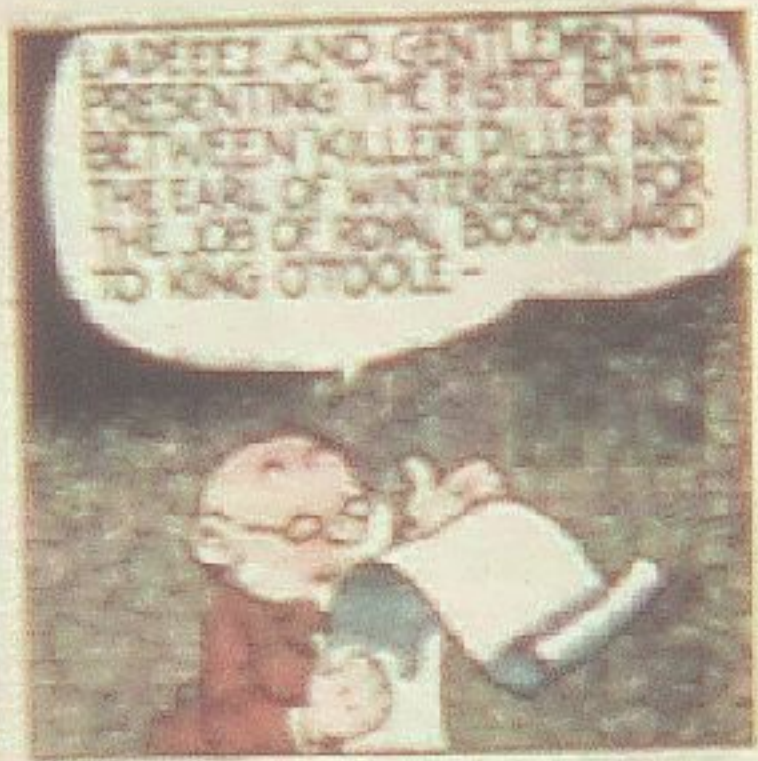


"I GOT THAT ONE FOR LEADING
A RETREAT!"

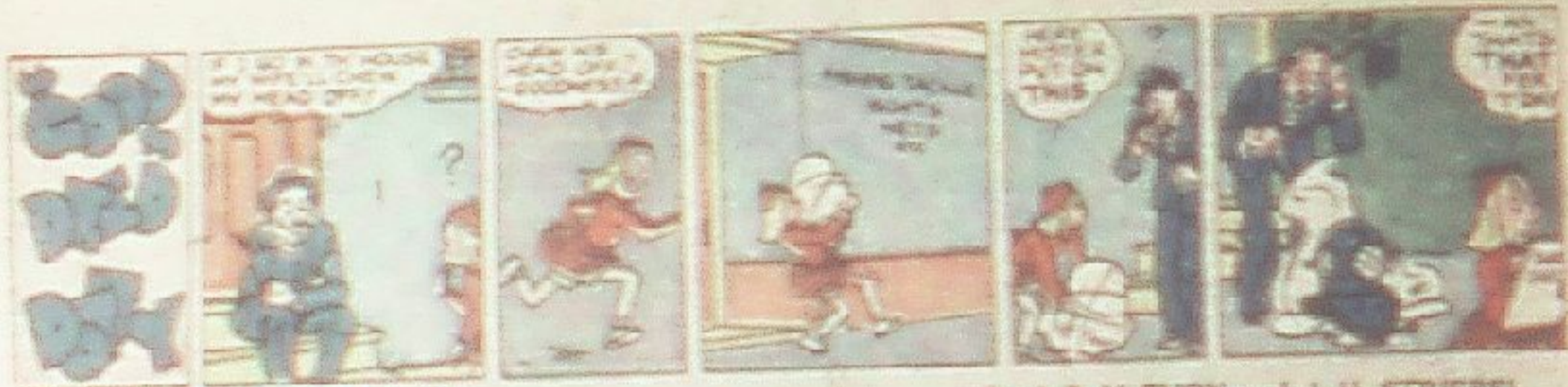


"GOODY!!--NOW WE'LL HAVE
CHOW MEIN!"



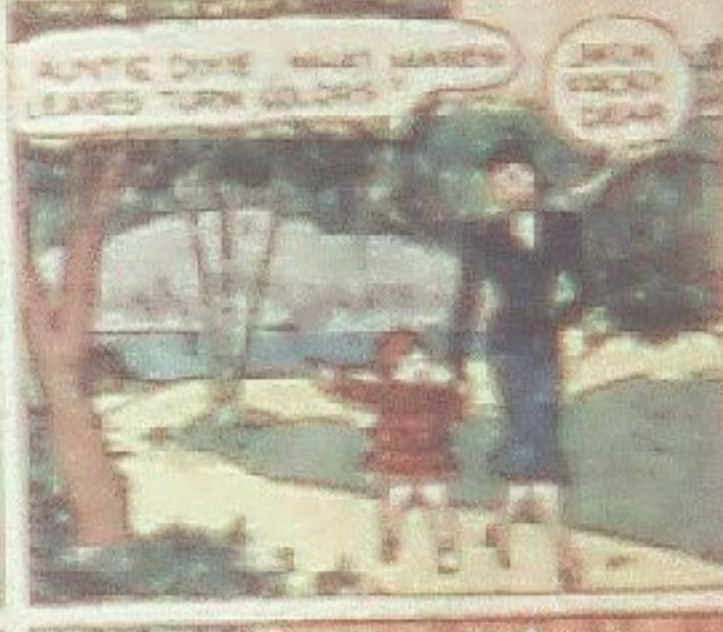


Another adventure of Archie O'Toole in the November issue—on sale September 30th.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the November issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale September 30th.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

— BY BERNARD BAILY —



LIONEL BARRYMORE



I BORN AND REARED IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE "THEATRE. LIONEL BARRYMORE IS A MAN OF INFINITE TALENT, ACTOR, MUSICIAN, COMPOSER, ILLUSTRATOR, DIRECTOR—THERE IS NO FIELD IN THE ART OF ENTERTAINMENT WHICH HE HAS NOT MADE AN OUTSTANDING MARK. THE BROTHERS OF LIONEL AND JONAS BARRYMORE COME OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN THEATRICAL FAMILY. LIONEL FIRST WAS STRUCK DOWN WITH HIS FATHER AS A BOYING CHILD OF FIVE.



HE WAS FOUND TO GO AWAY AND RETURN WITH WHICH HE DON'T THINK DEAR HE STUDIED FOR A WHILE IN PARIS WITH THE INTENTION OF BECOMING A PAINTER. UPON HIS RETURN TO NEW YORK LIONEL FOLLOWED THE CALLING OF HIS BROTHERS FOR MUSIC AND ACTING. HE WAS STRUCK DOWN WITH HIS FATHER AS A BOYING CHILD OF FIVE.



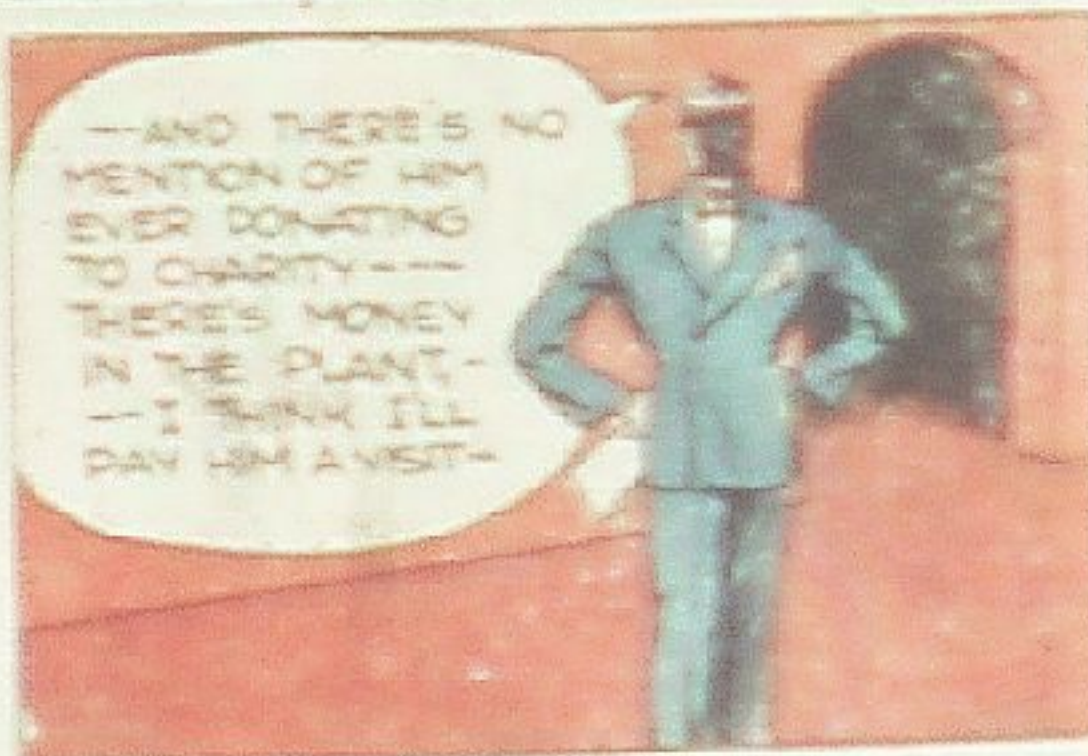
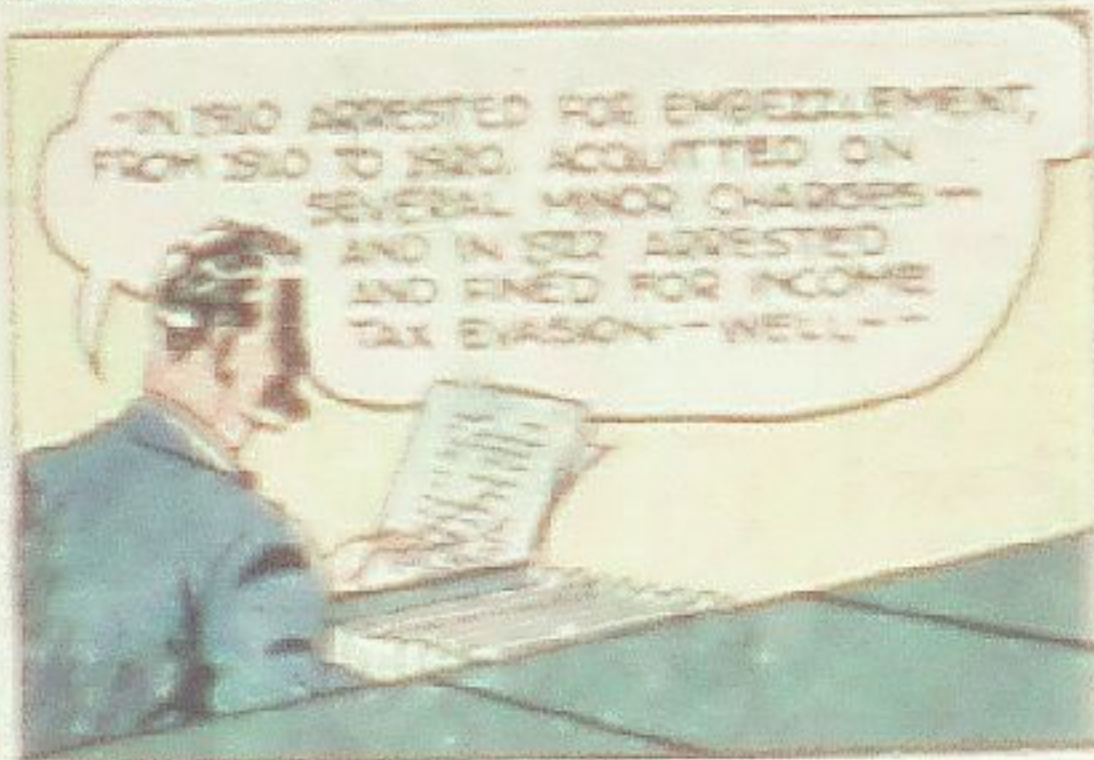
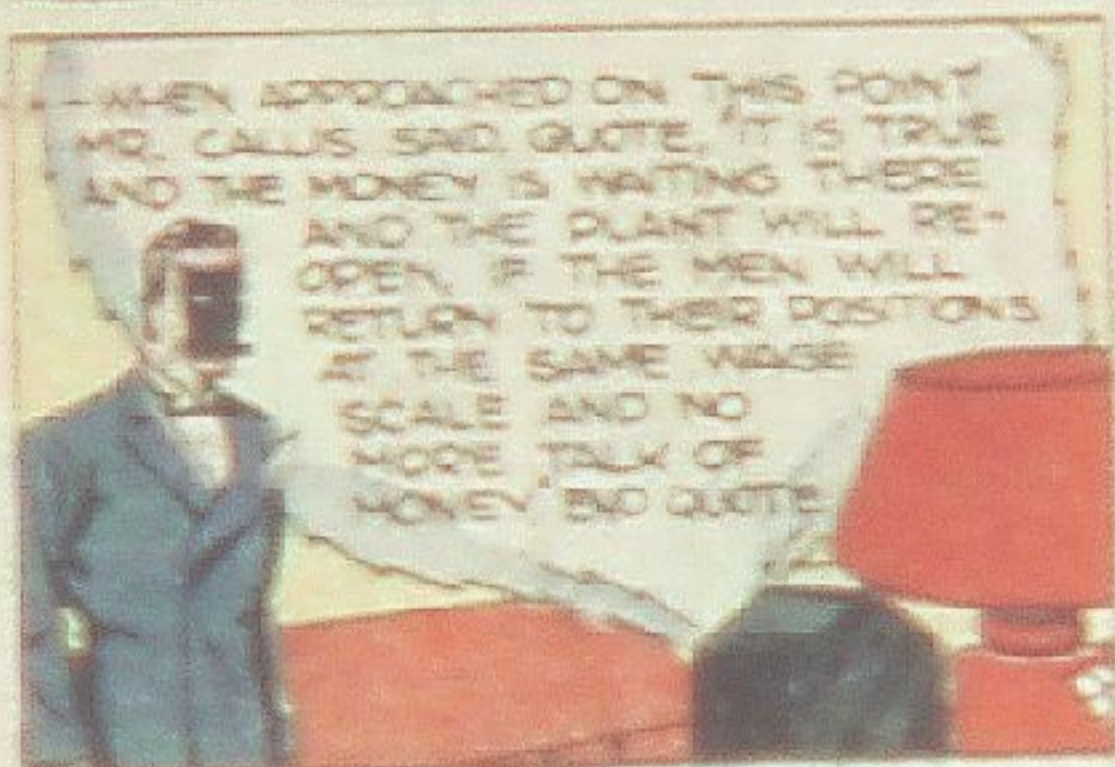
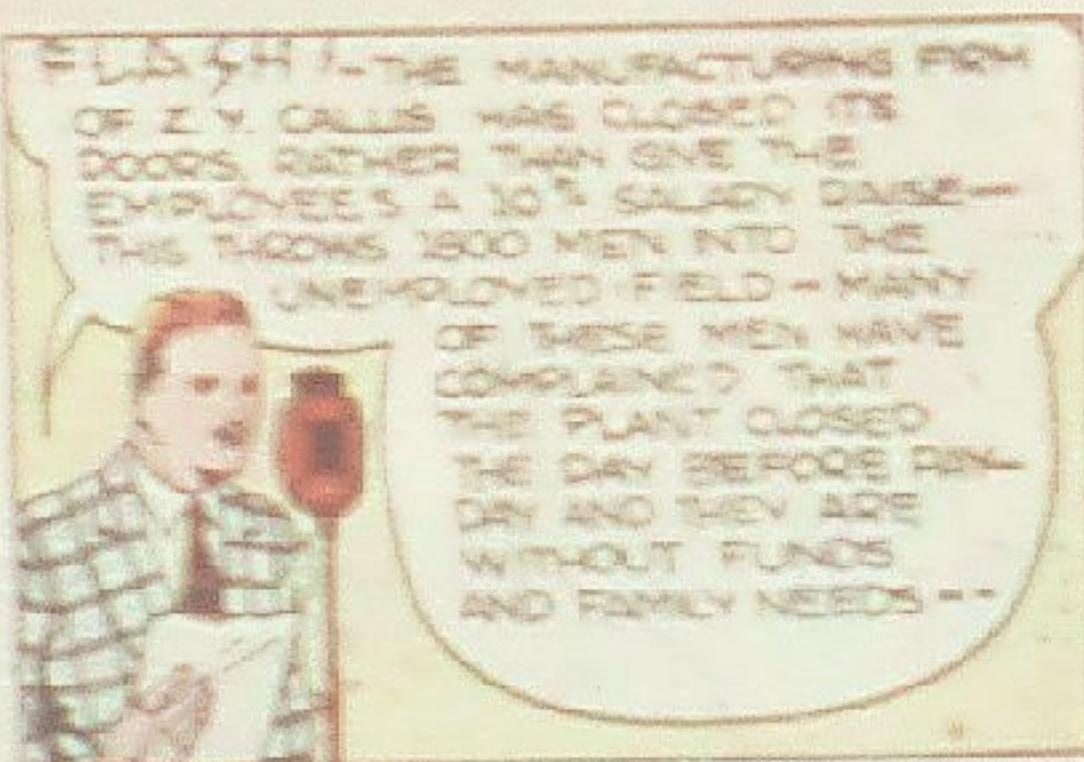
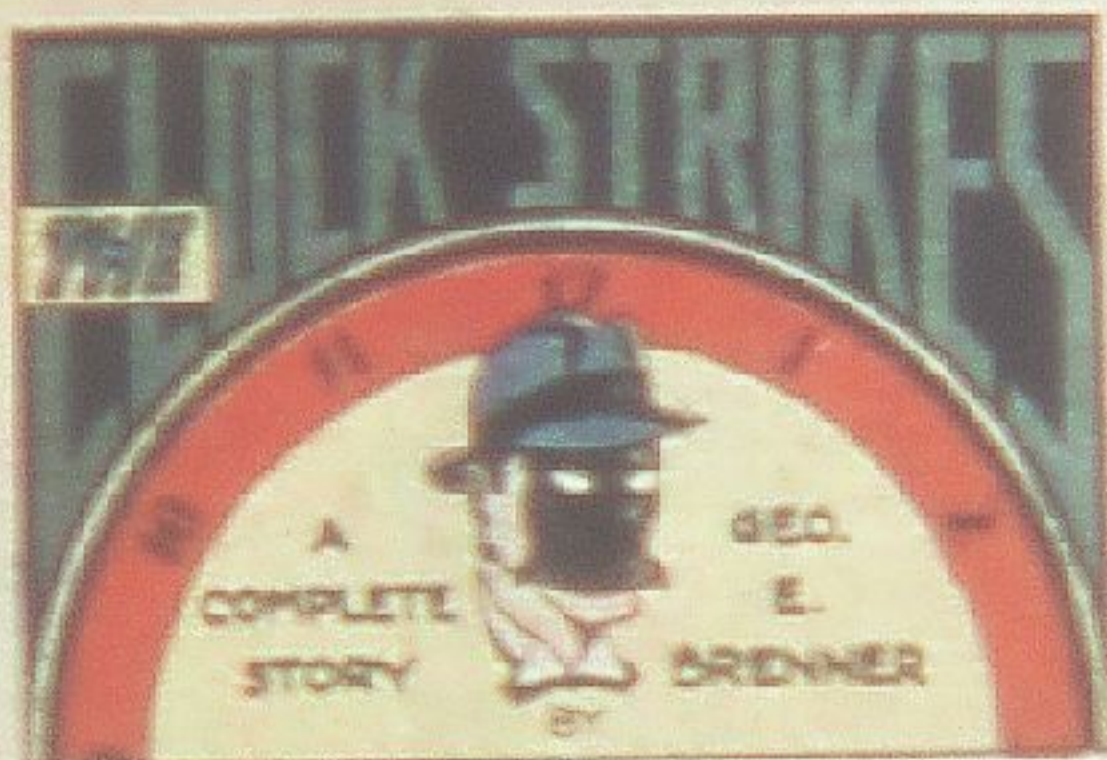
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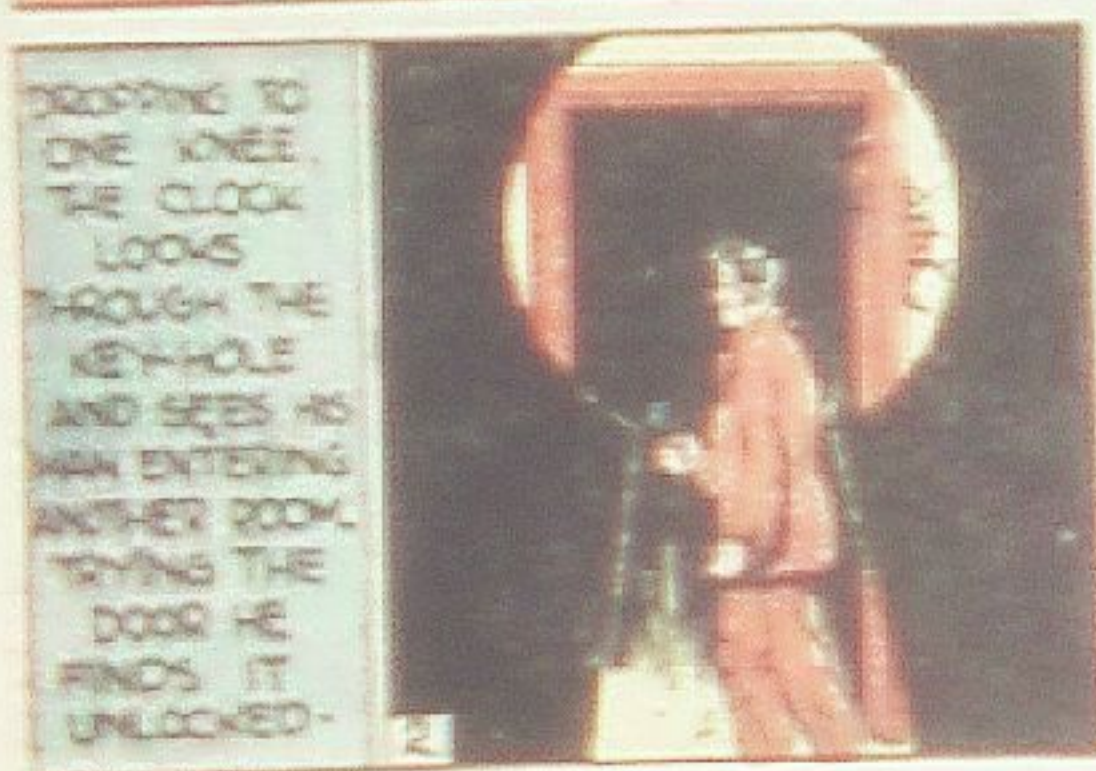
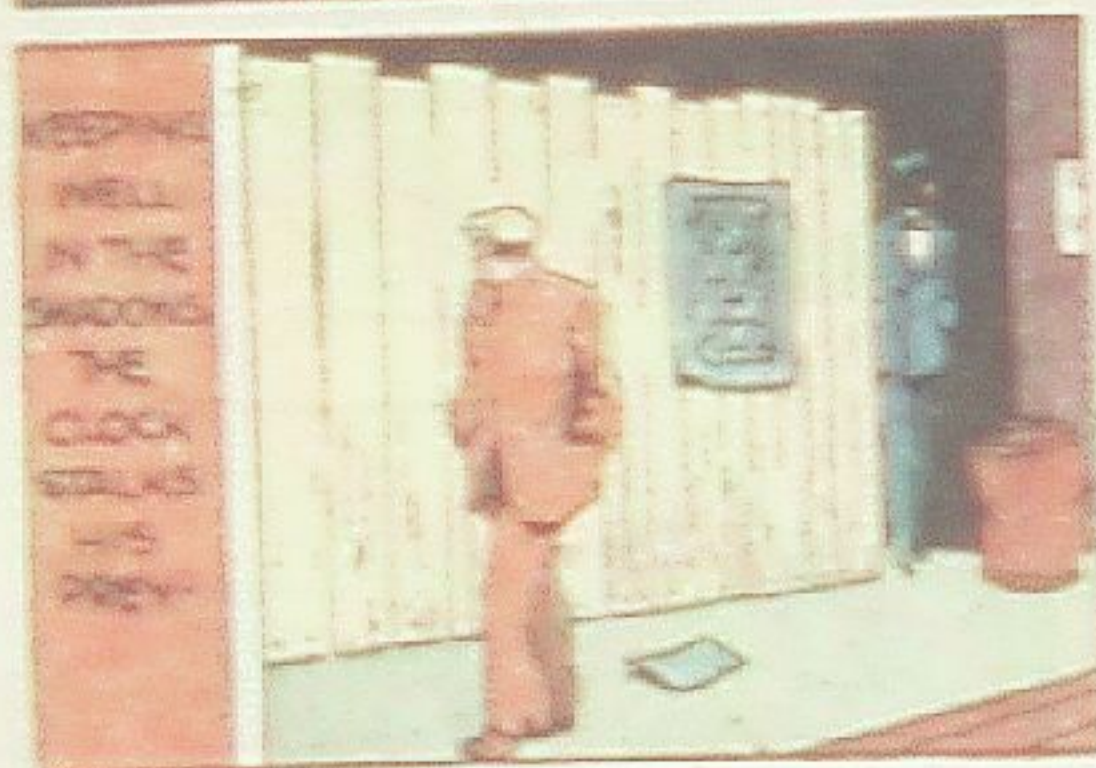
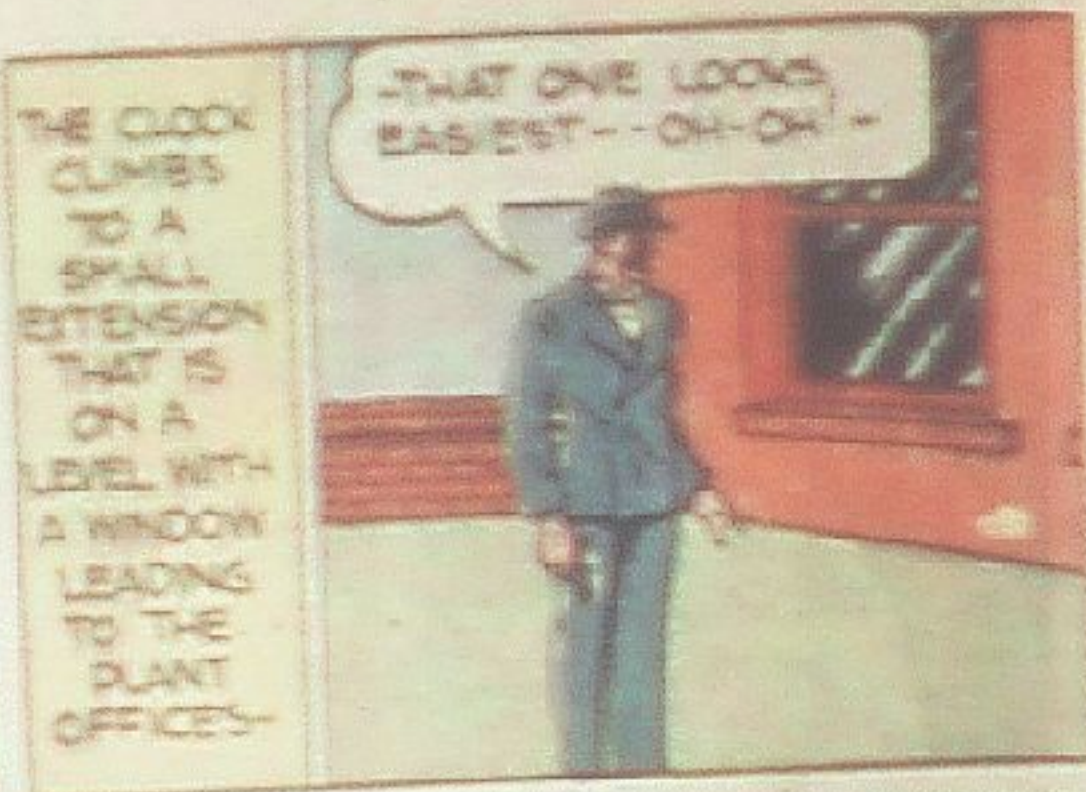
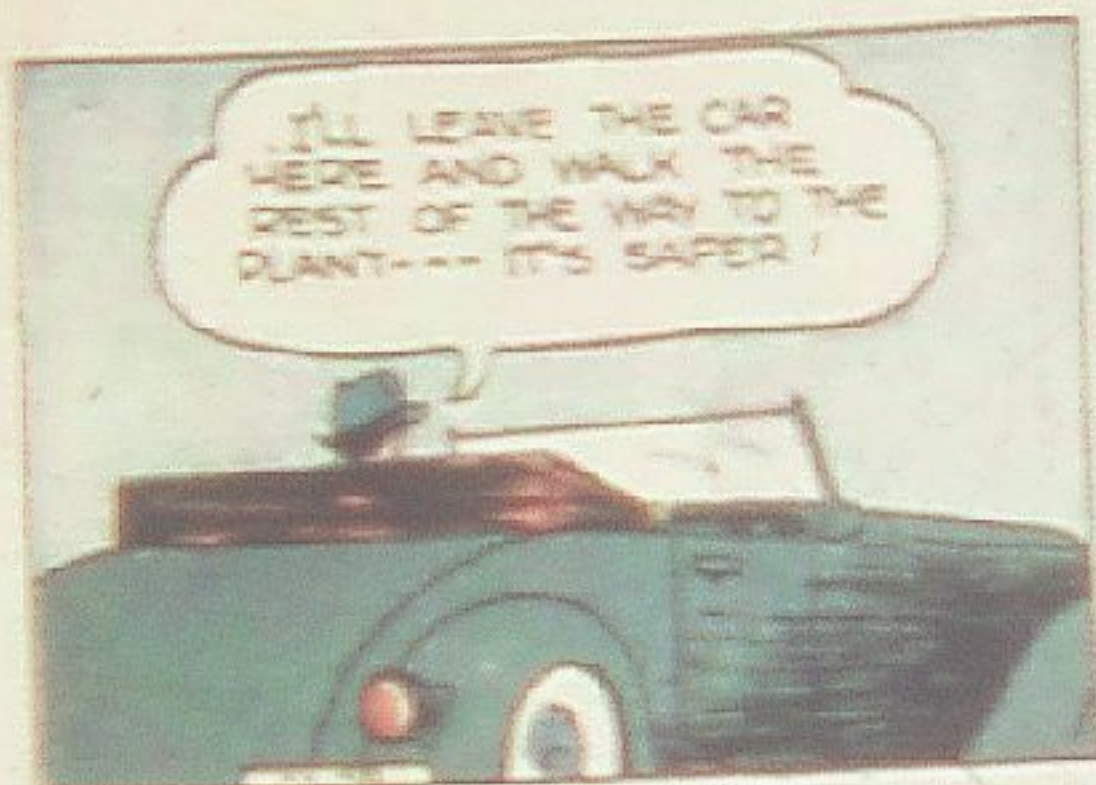
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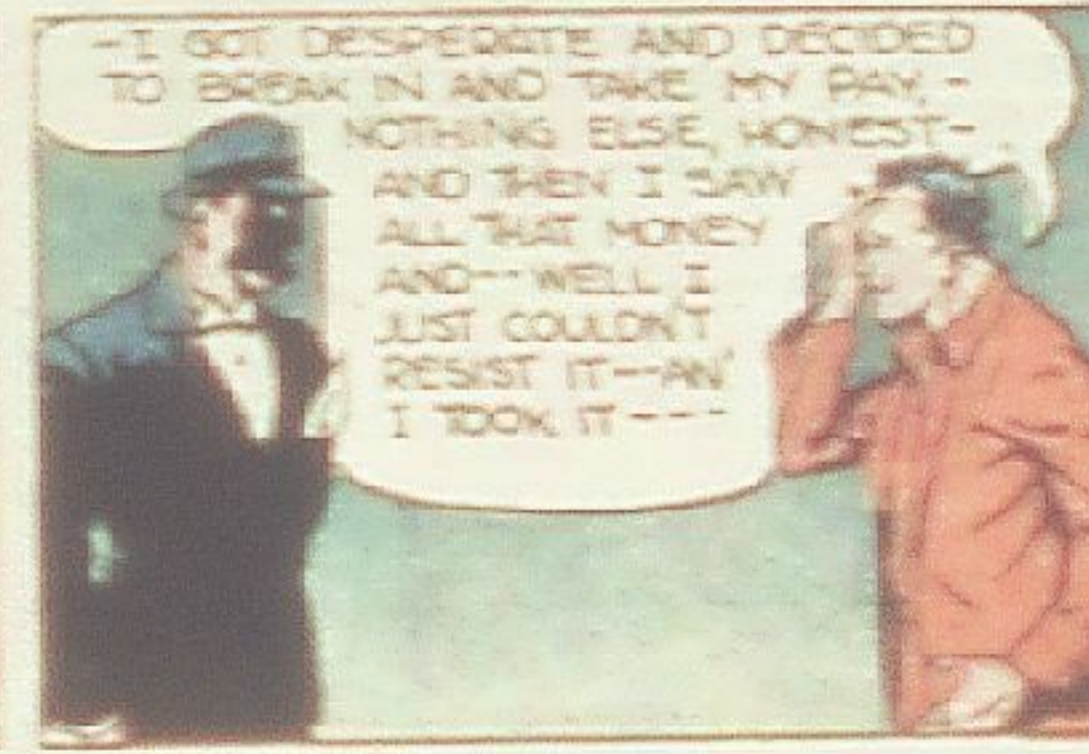
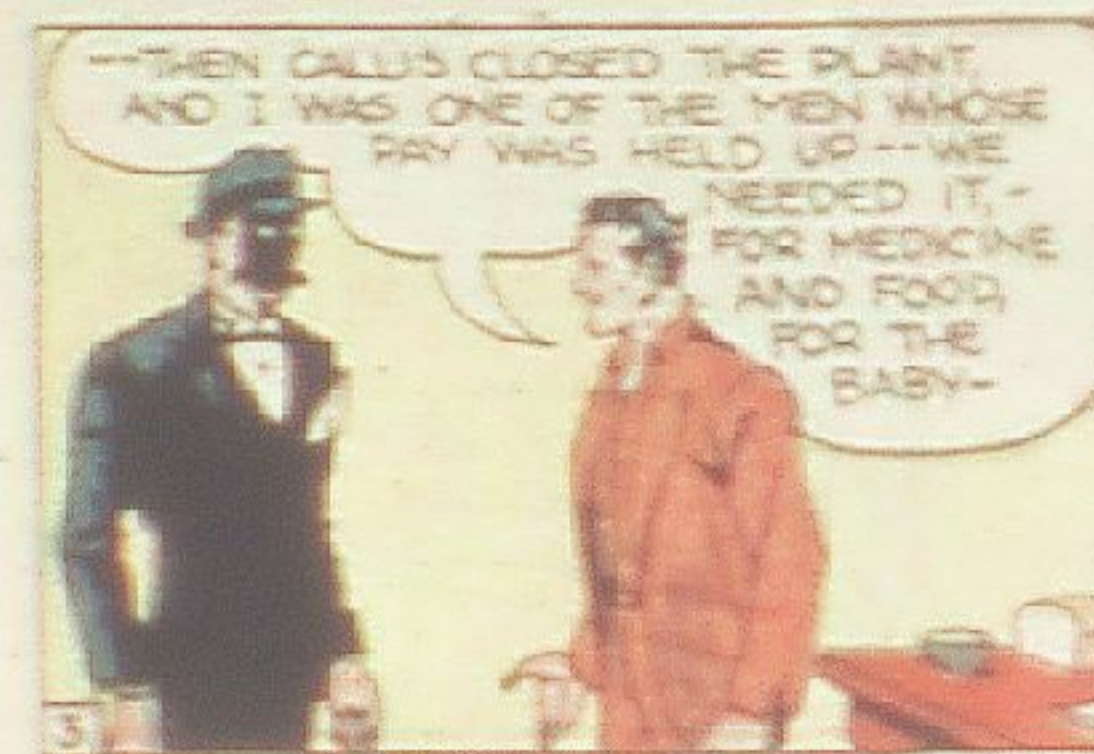
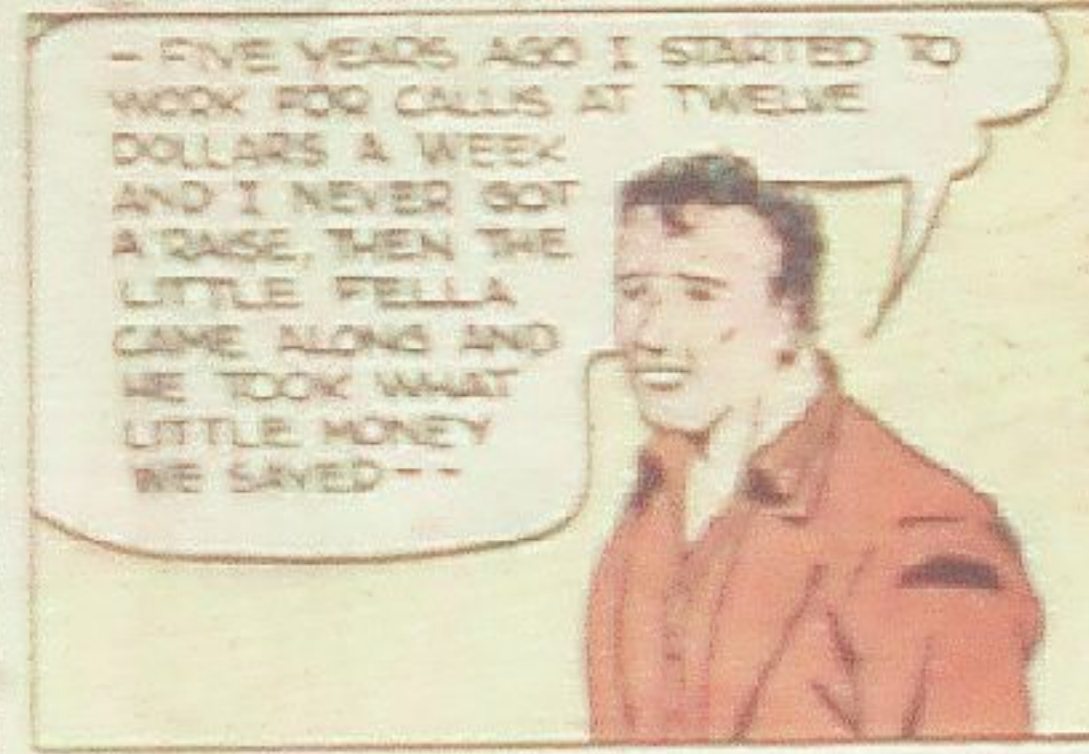
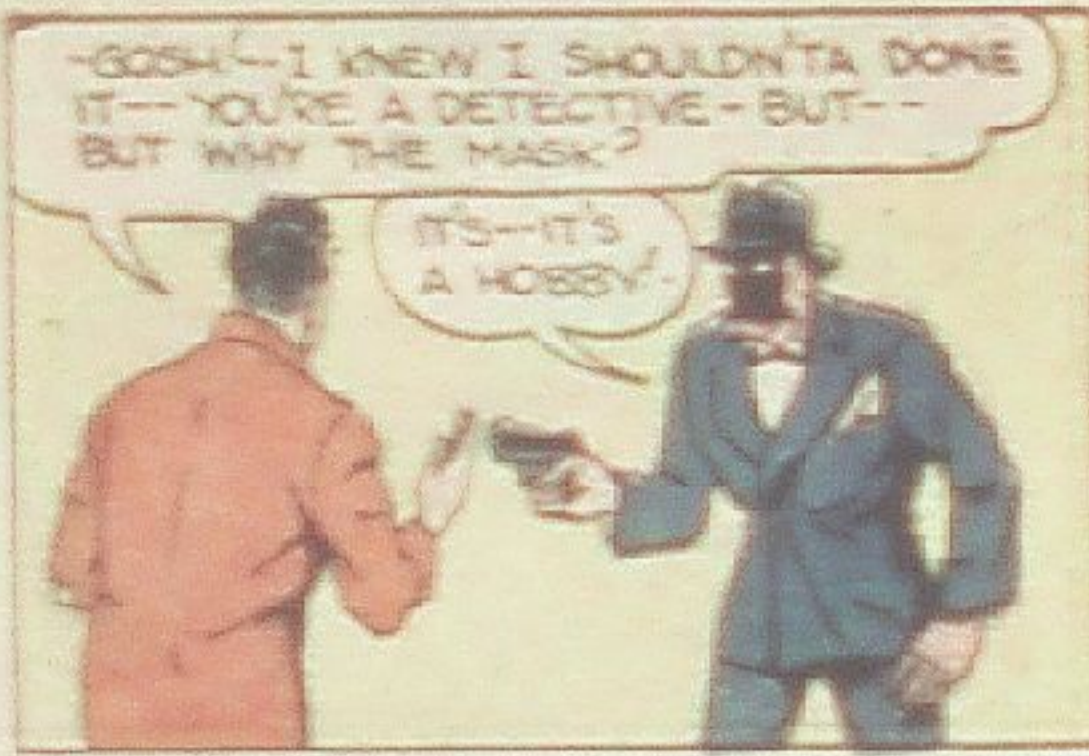


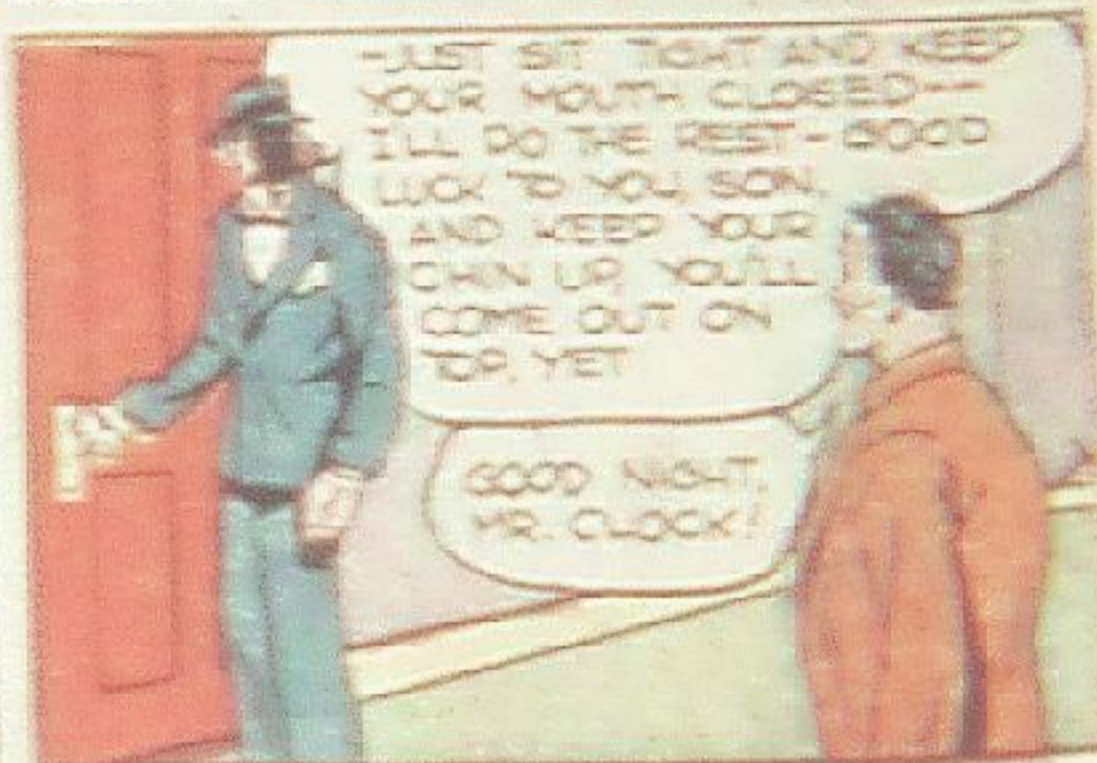
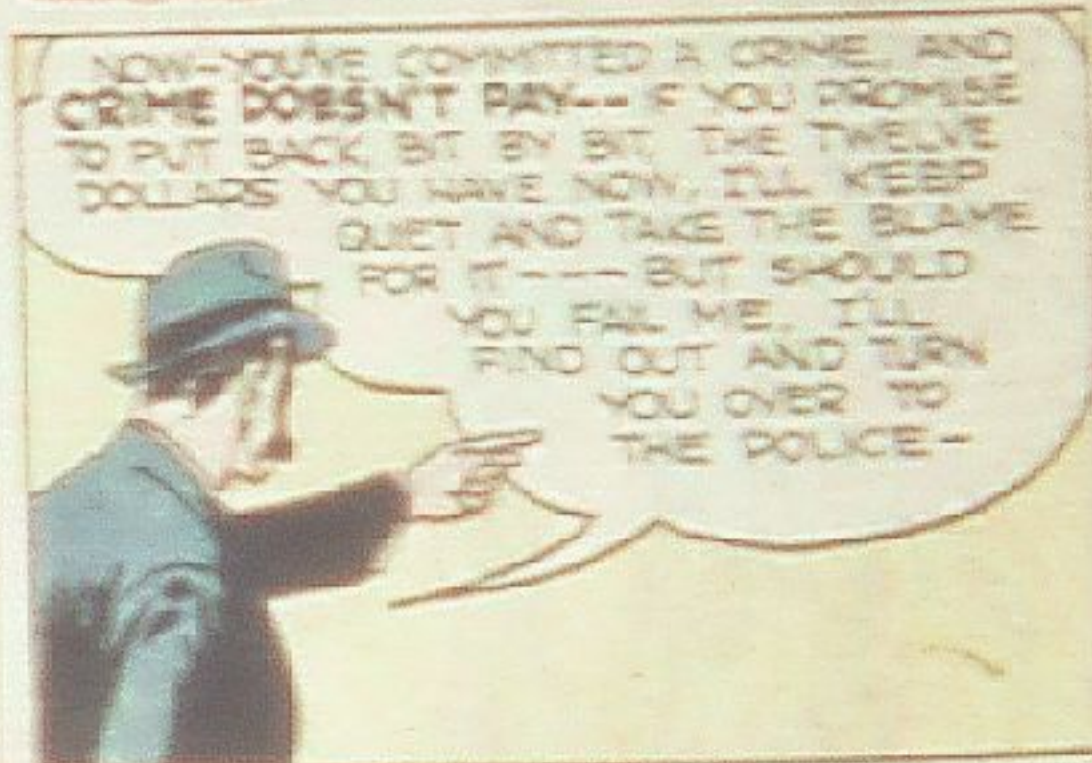
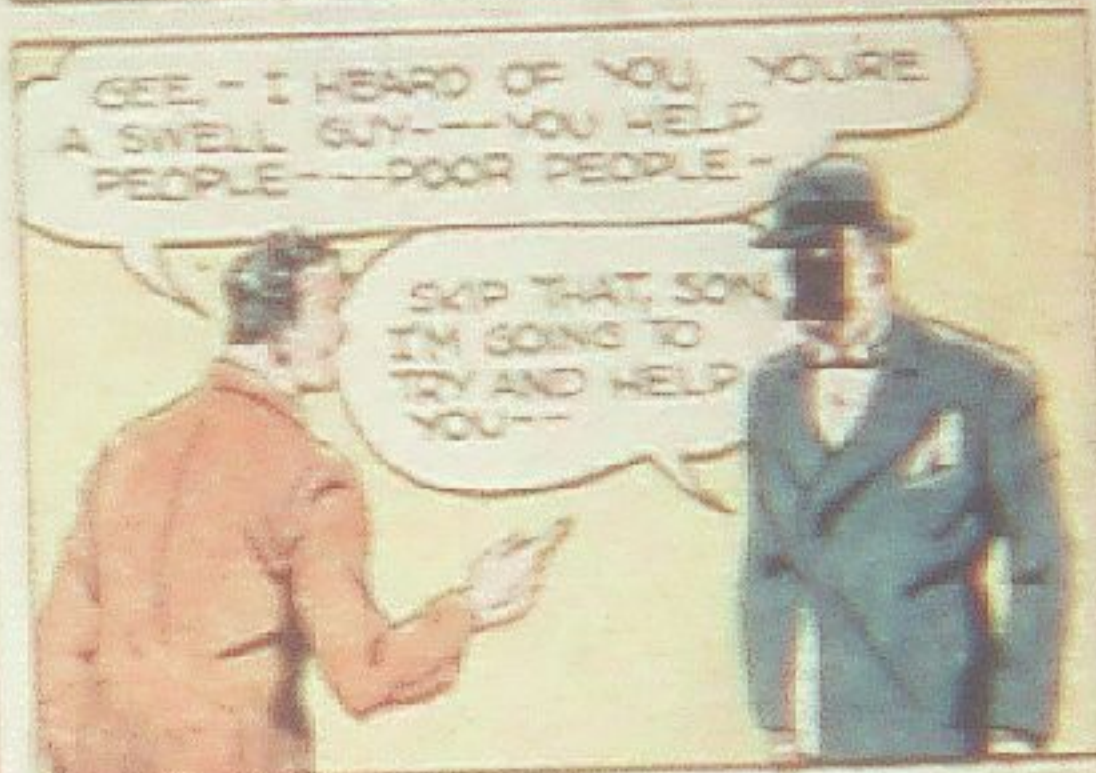
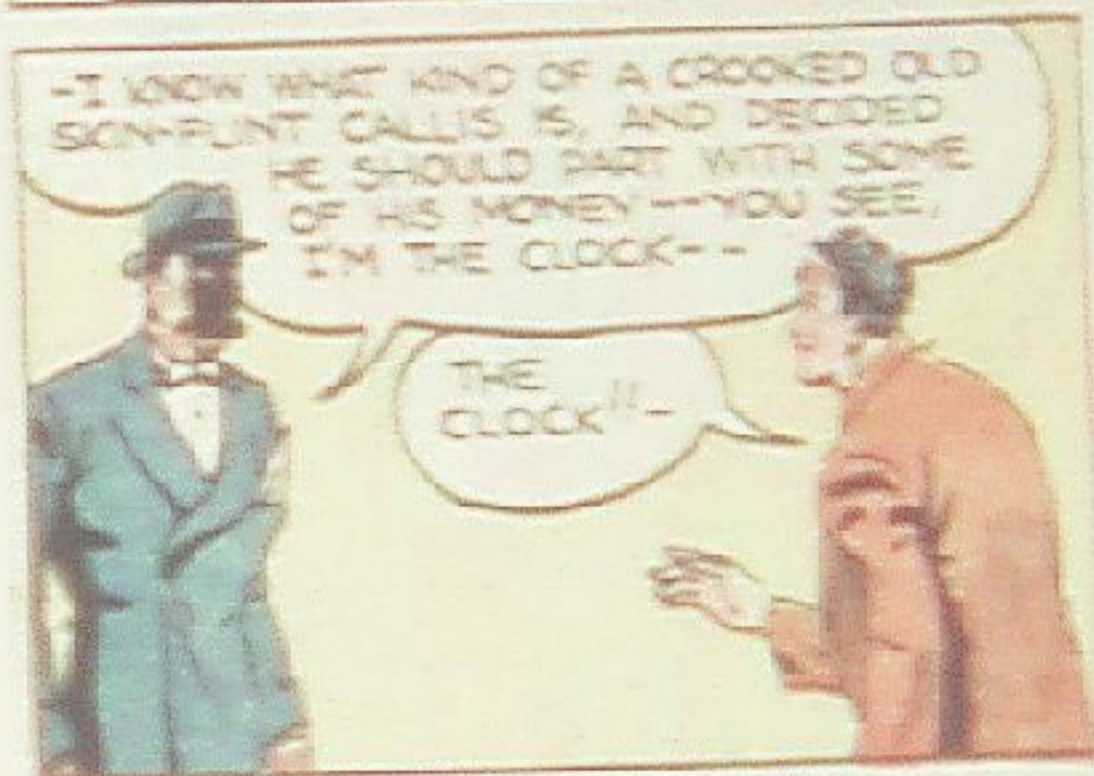
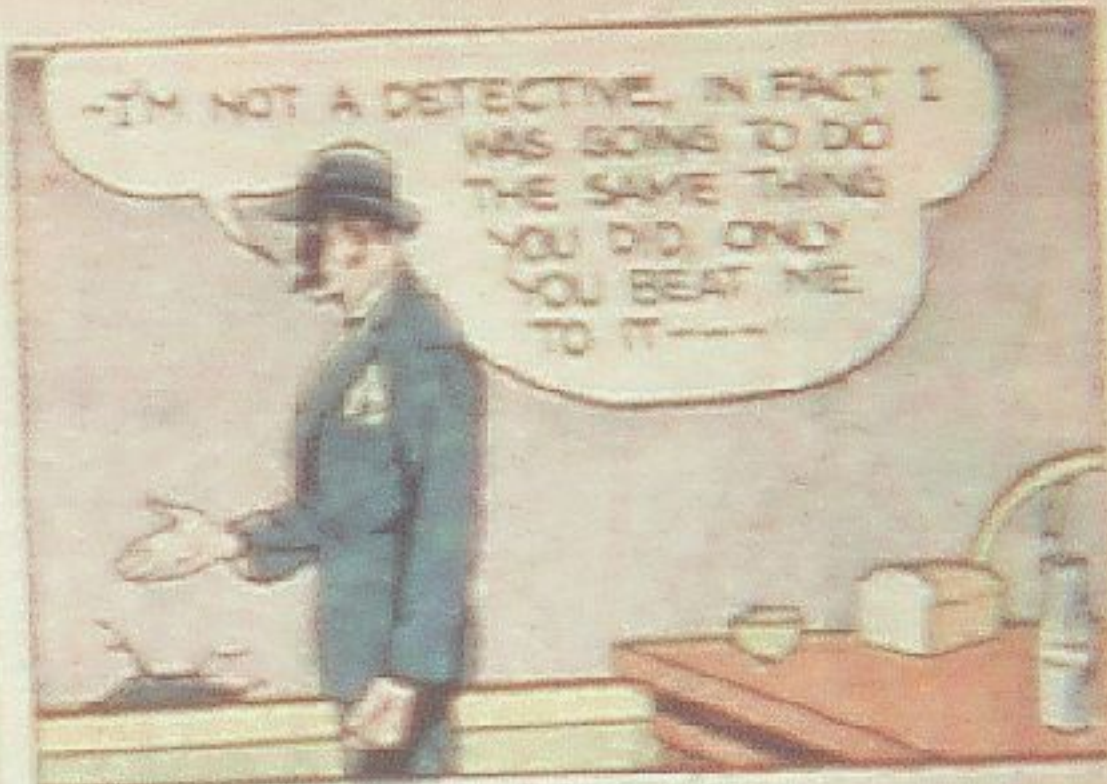
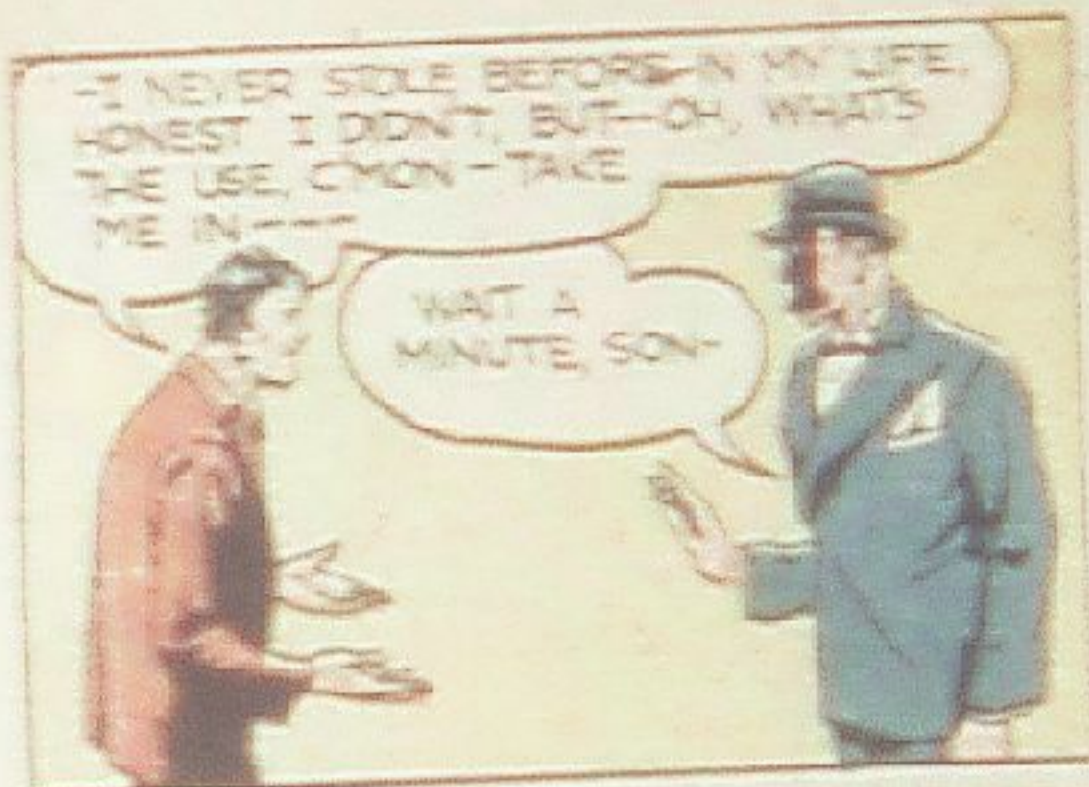
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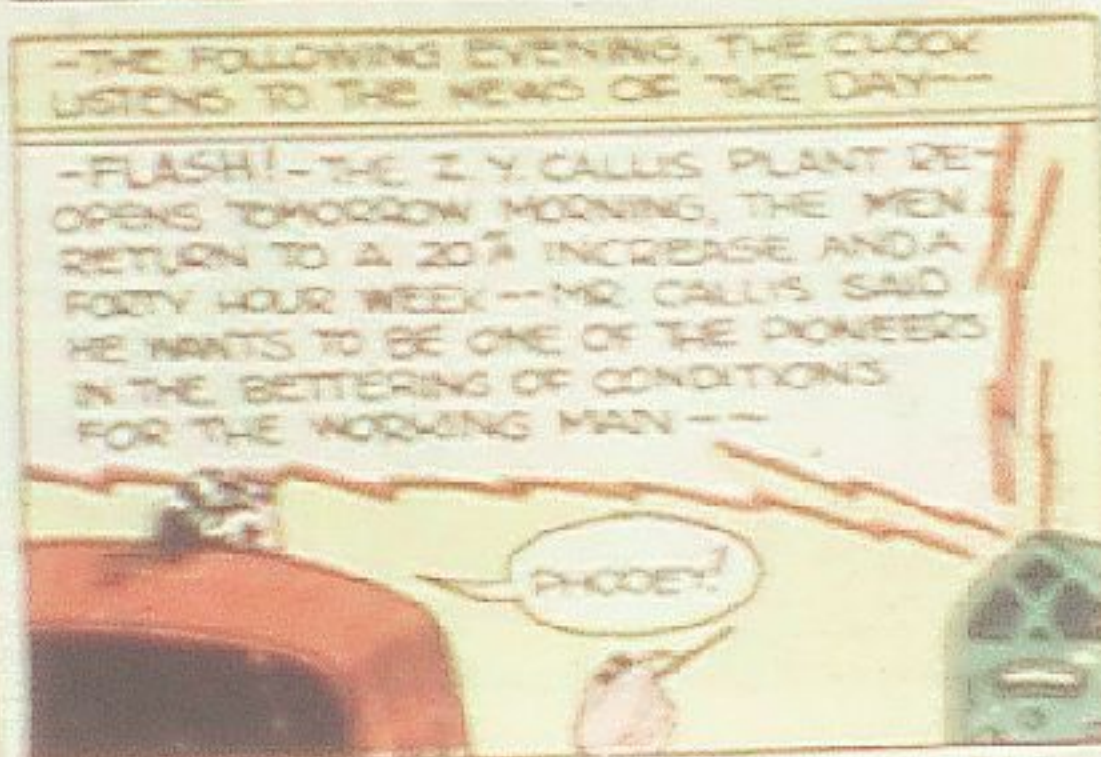
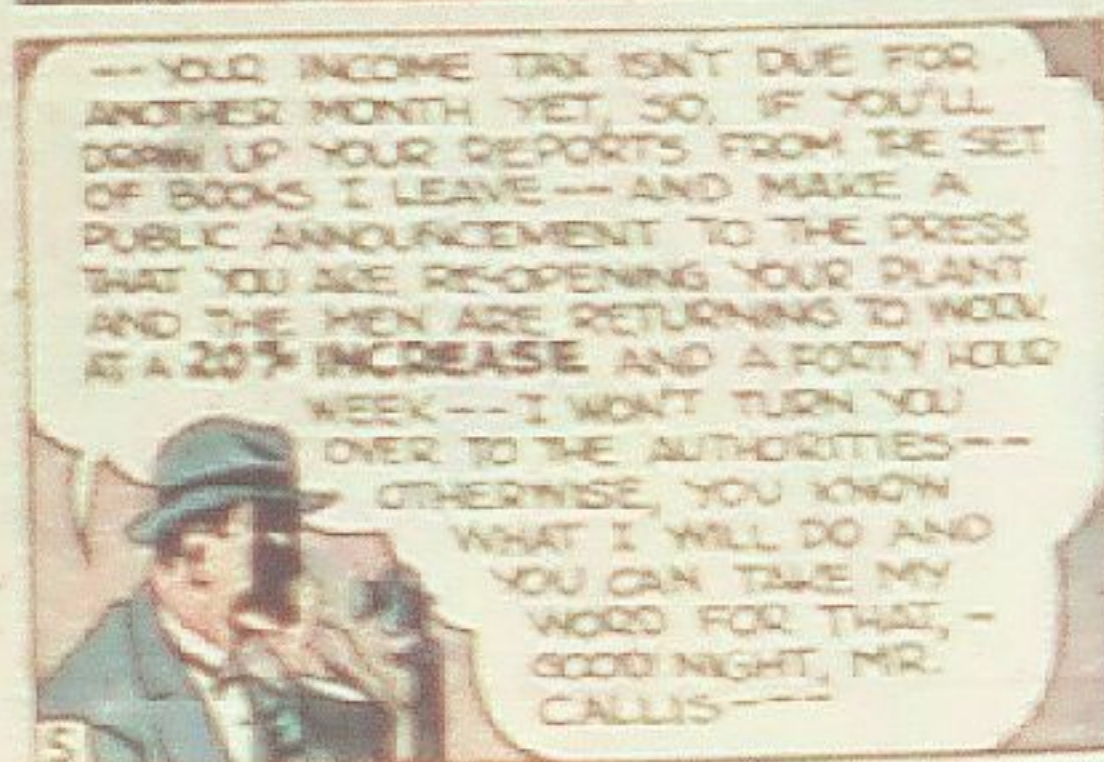
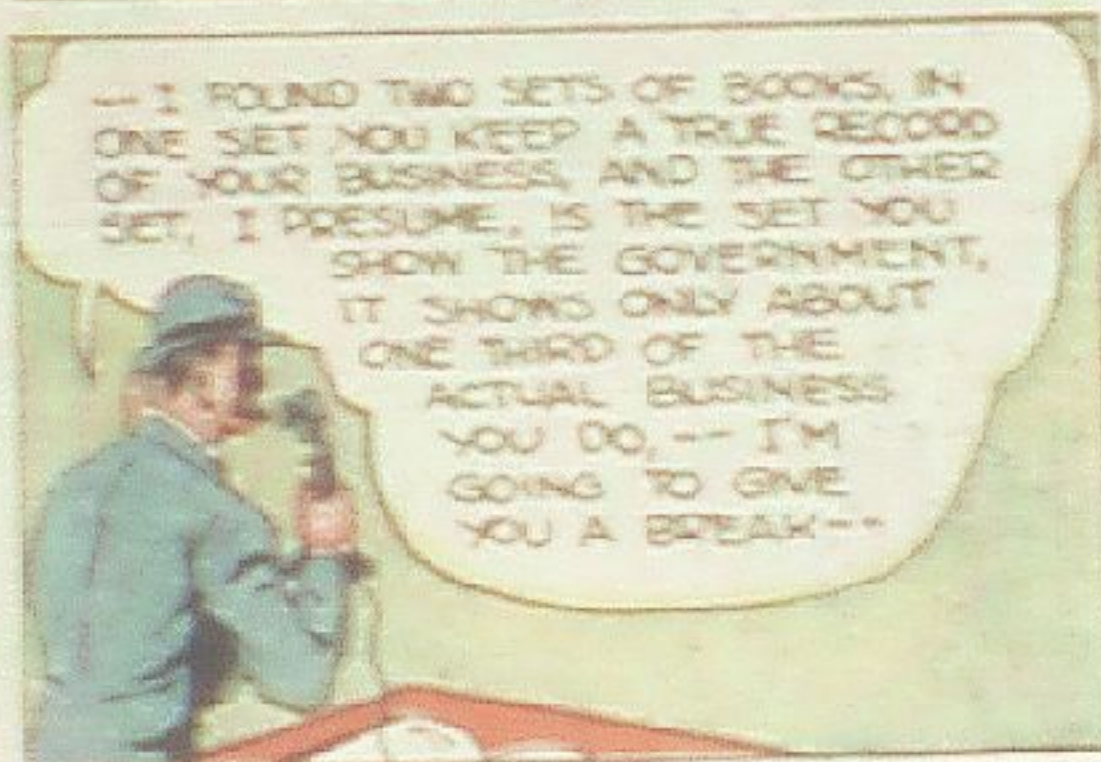
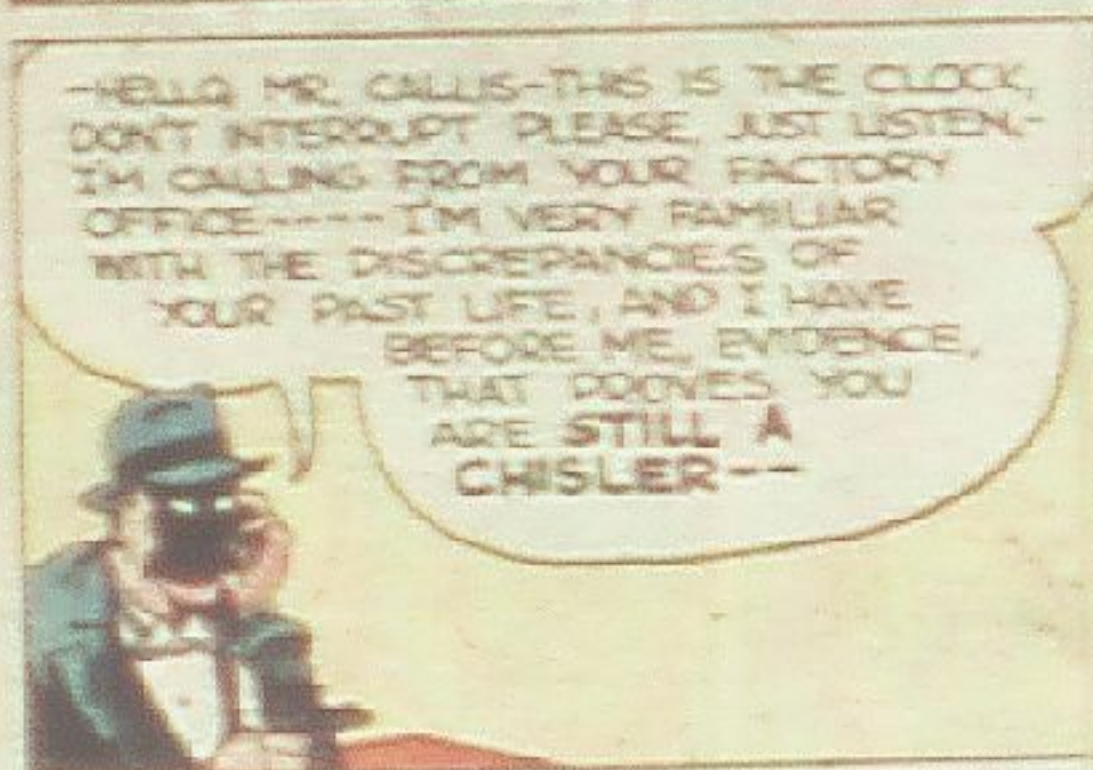
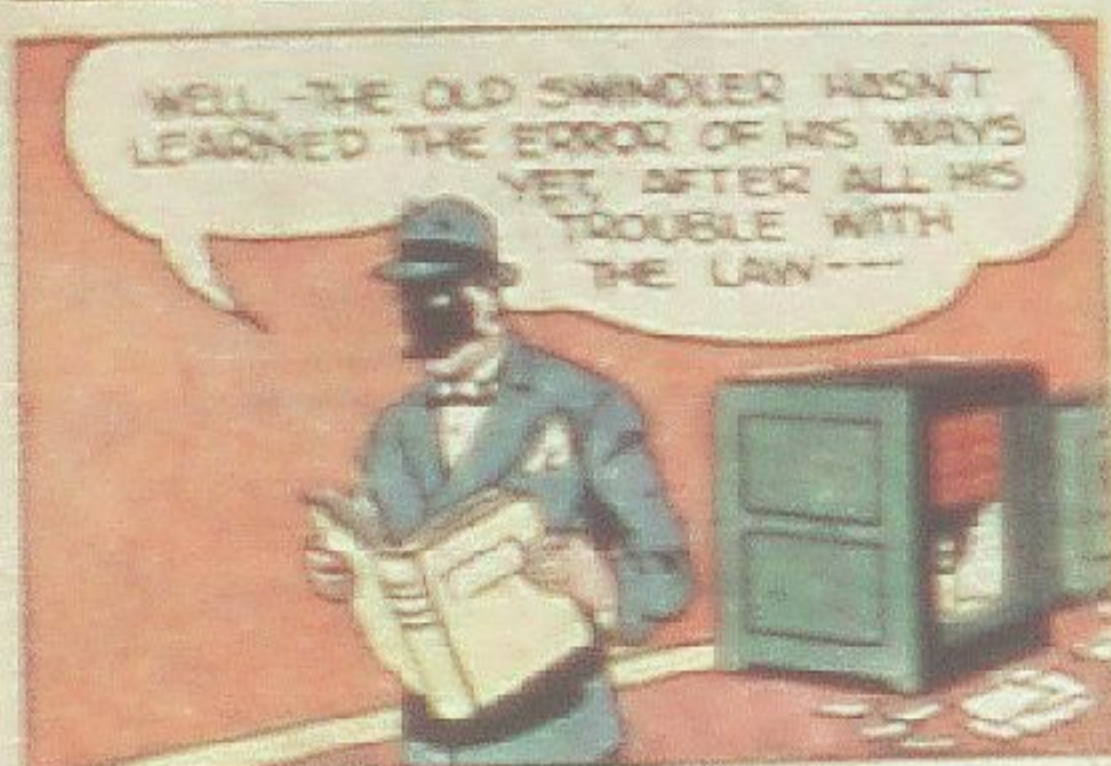
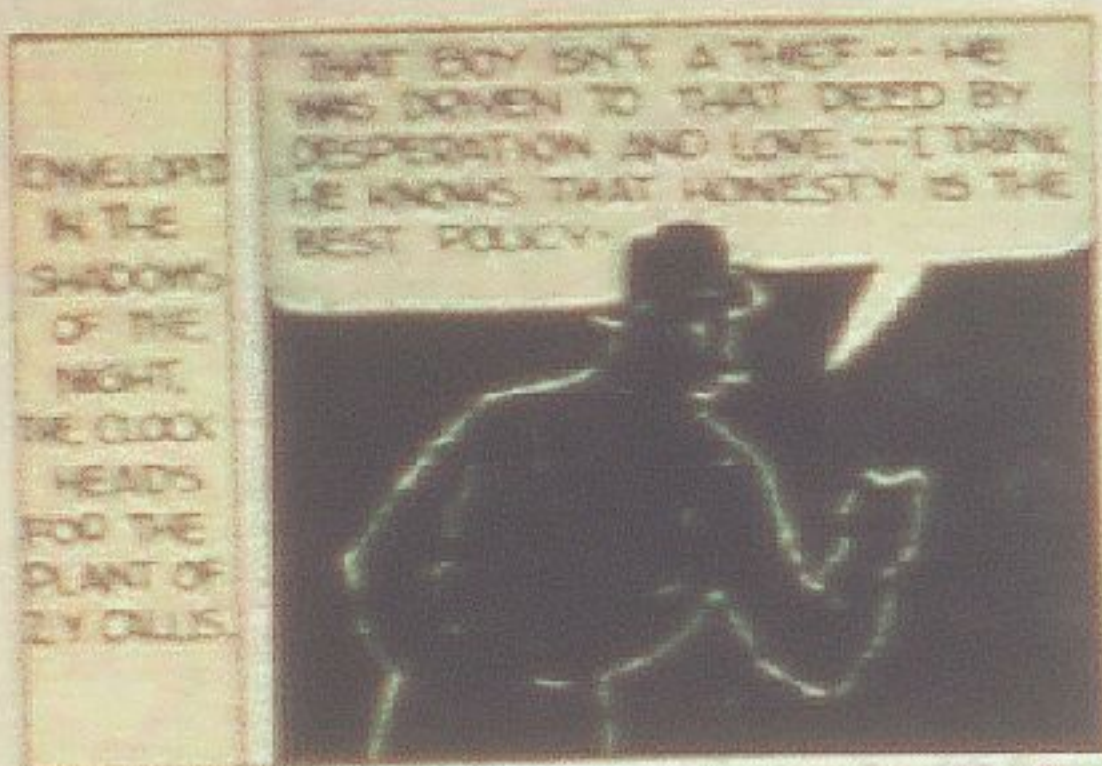


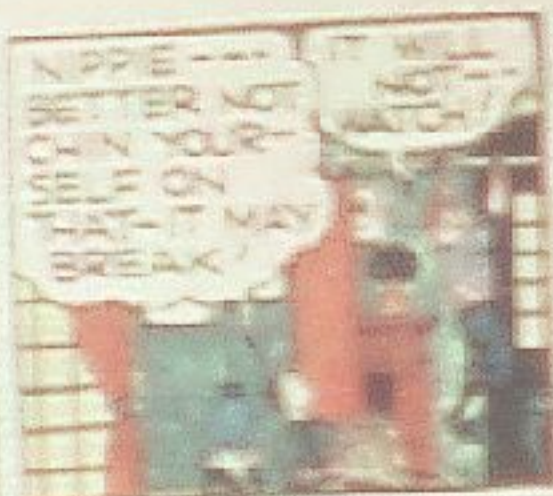






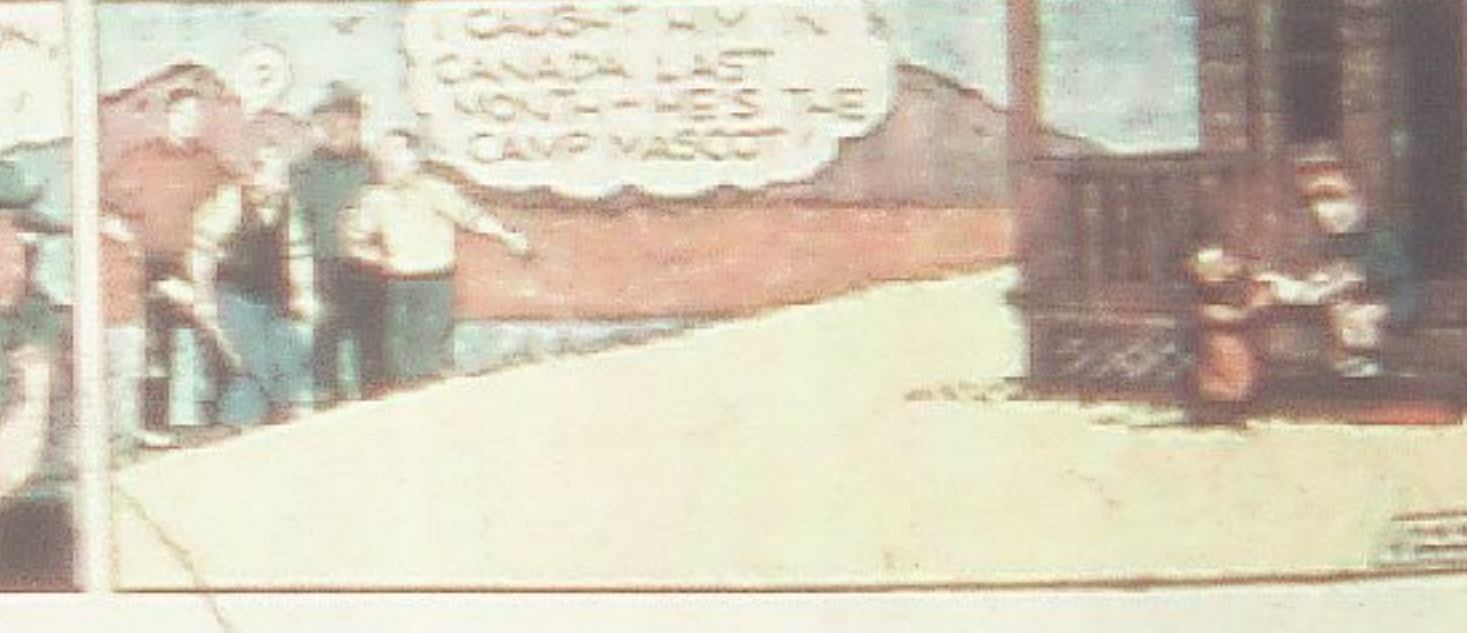
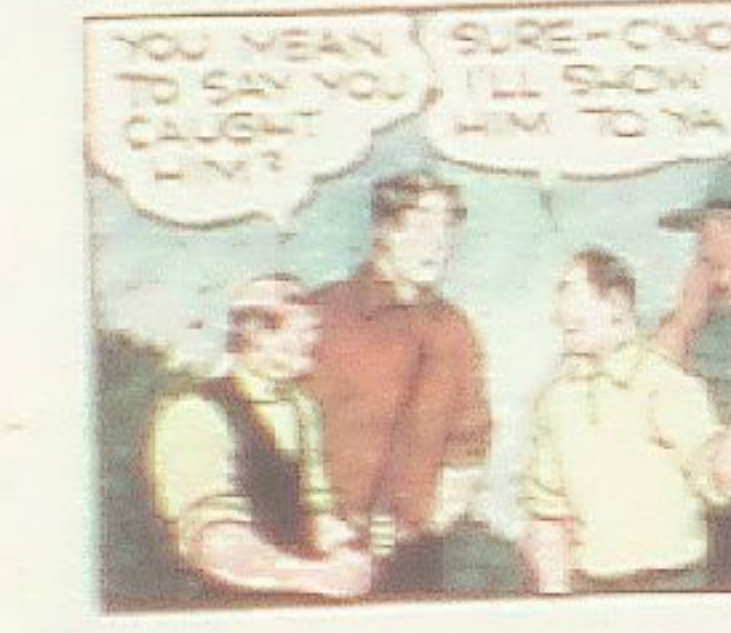
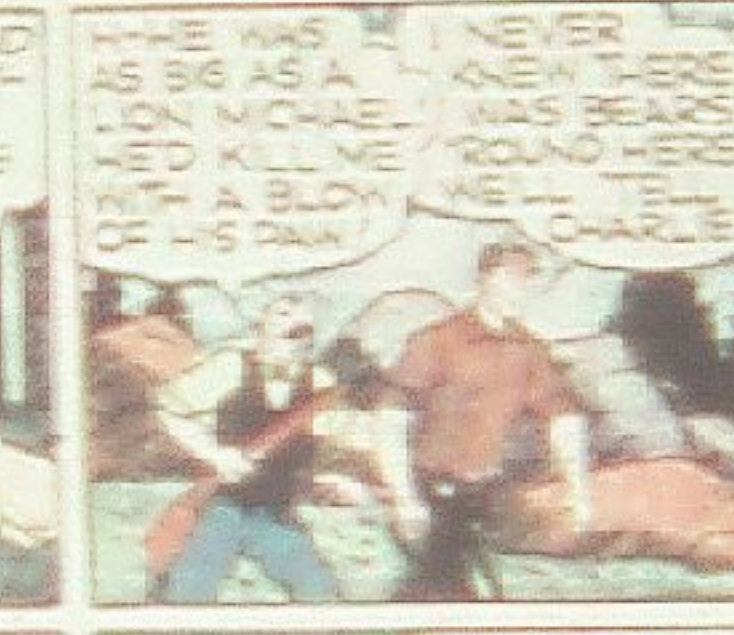
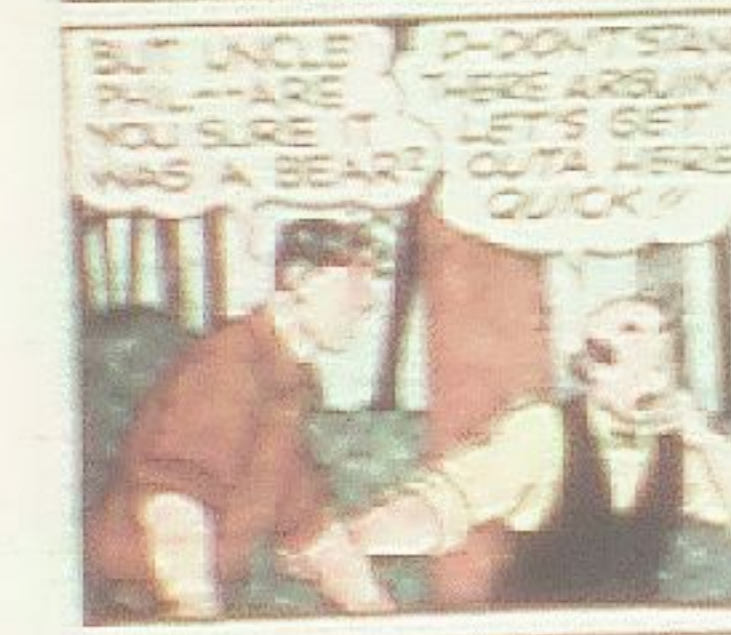
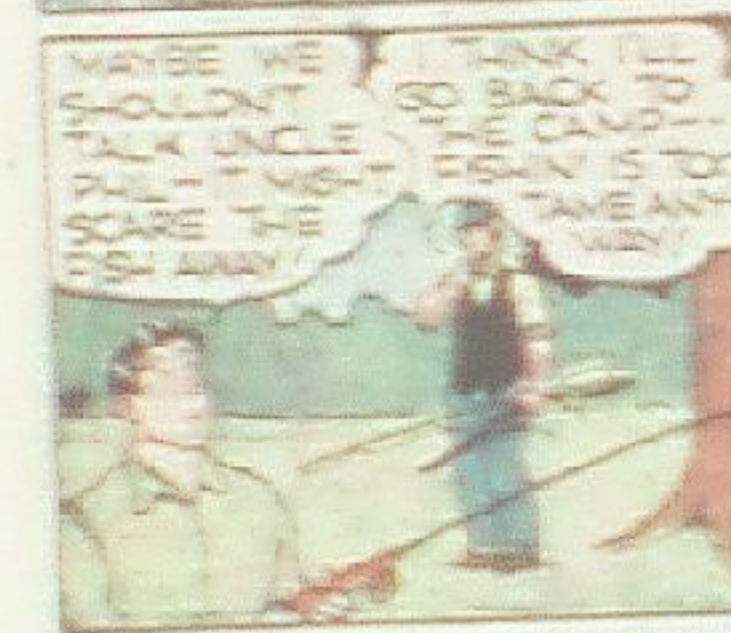
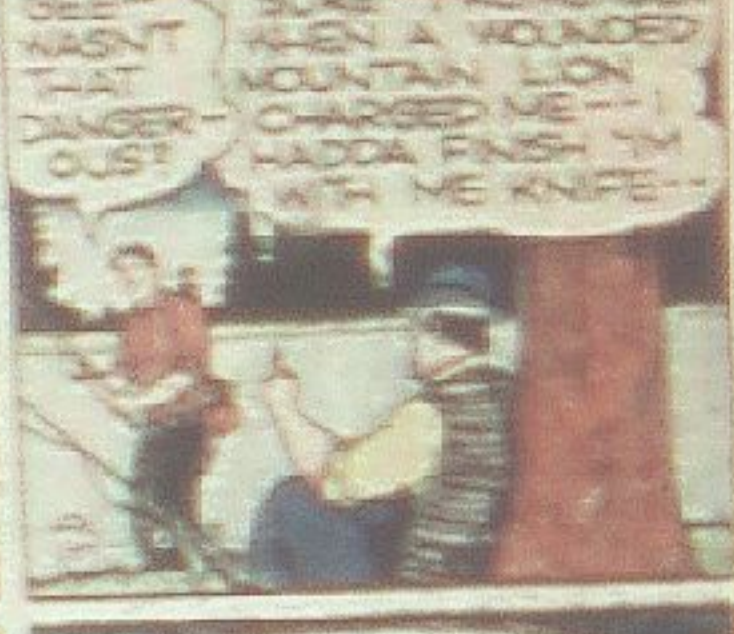
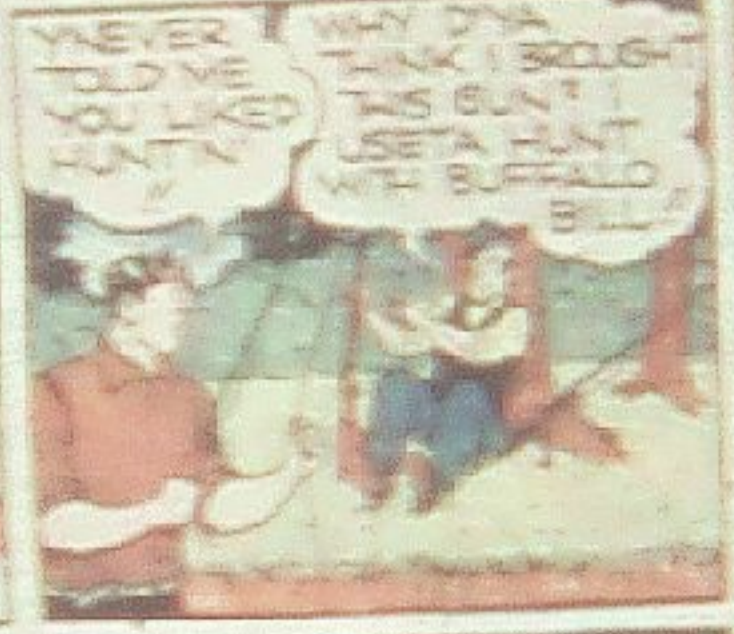
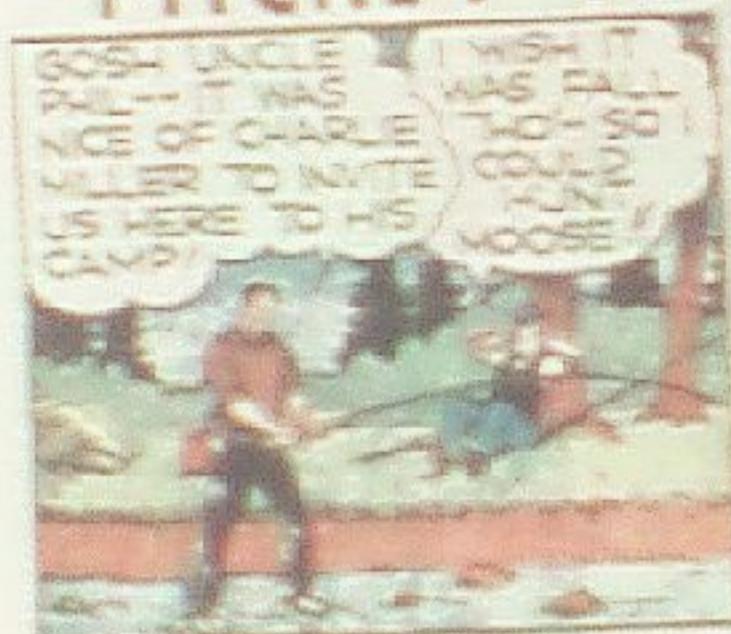


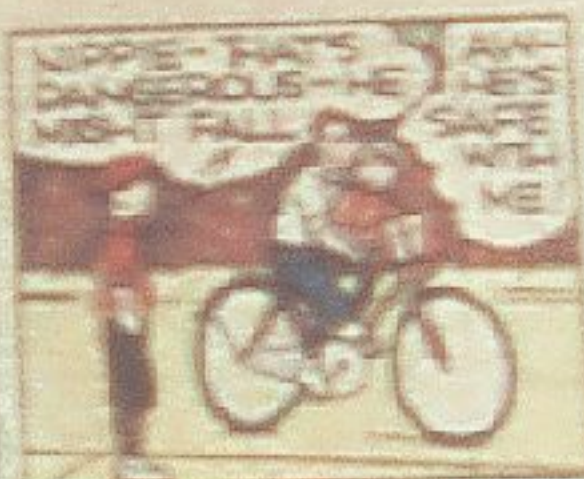




MICKEY FINN

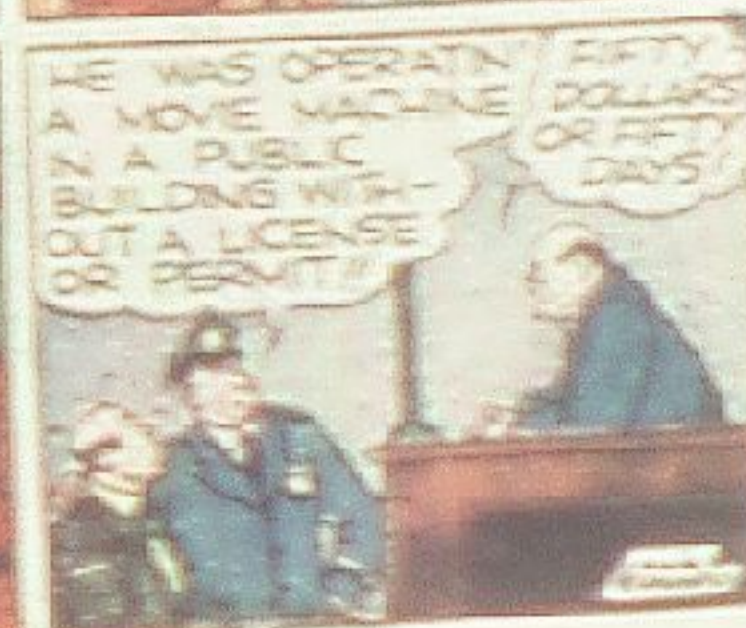
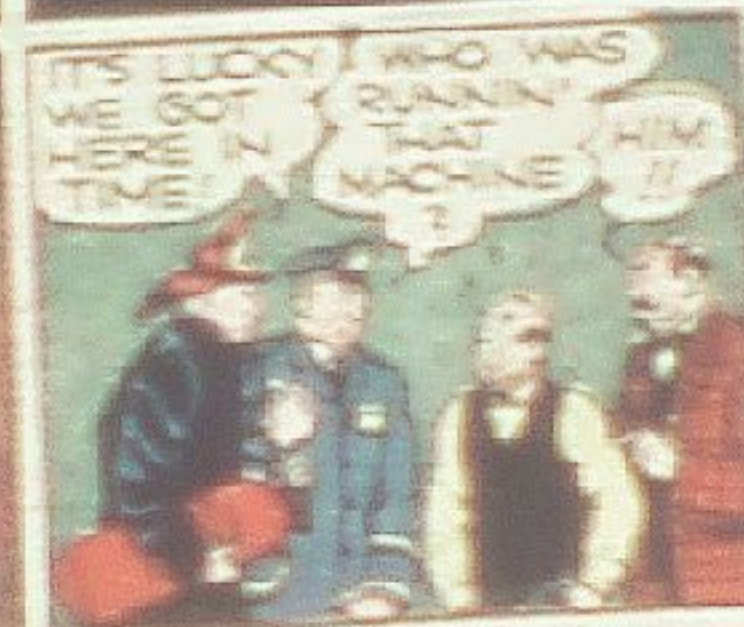
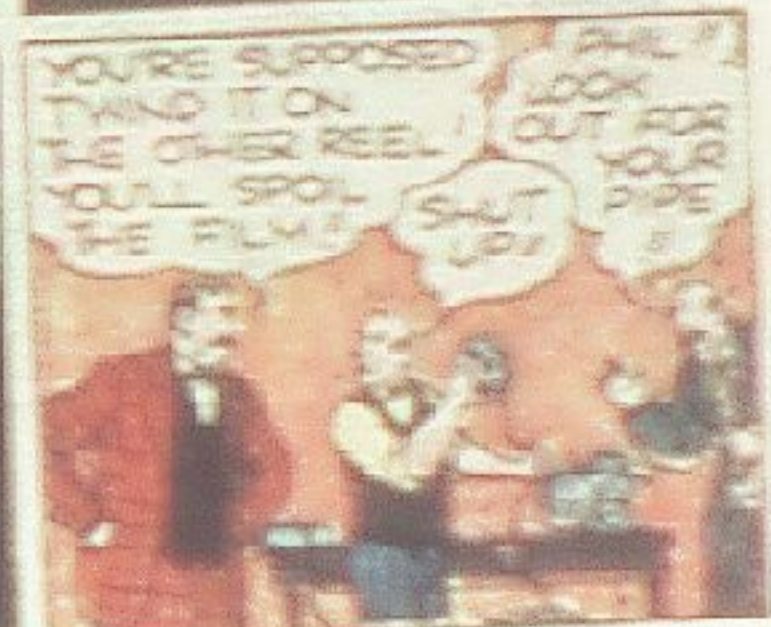
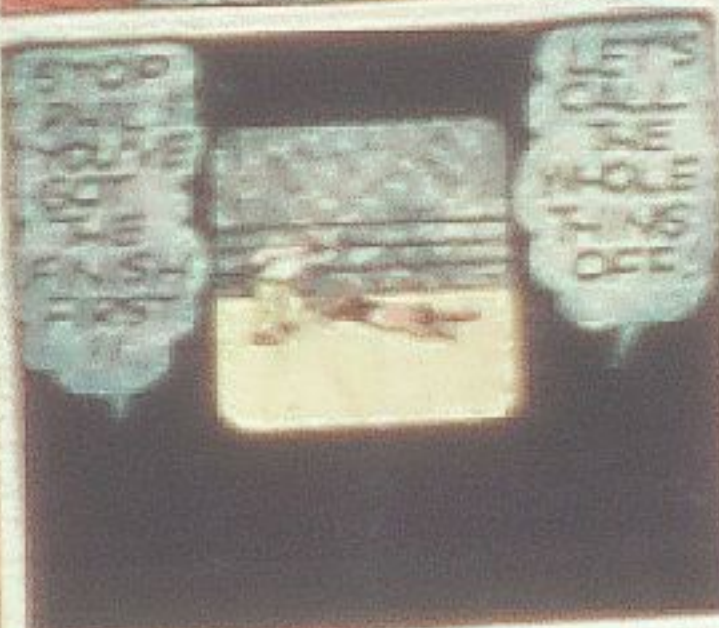
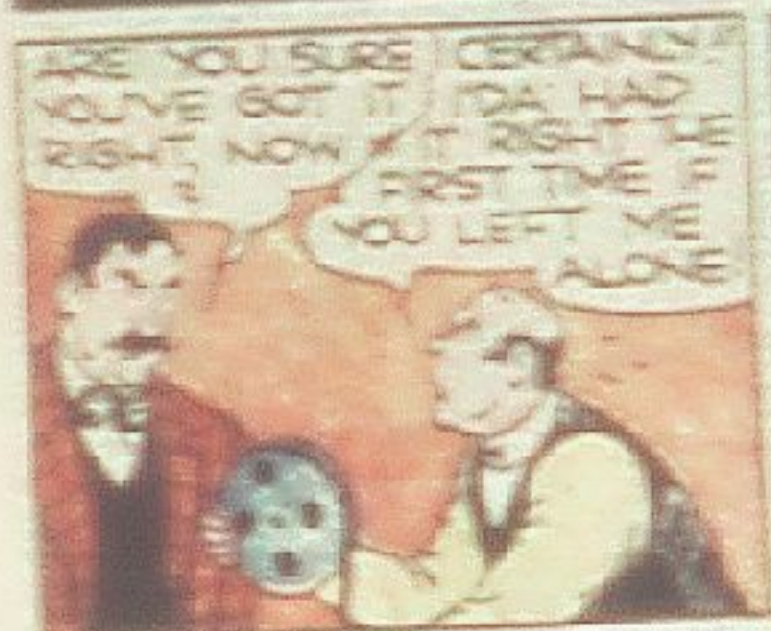
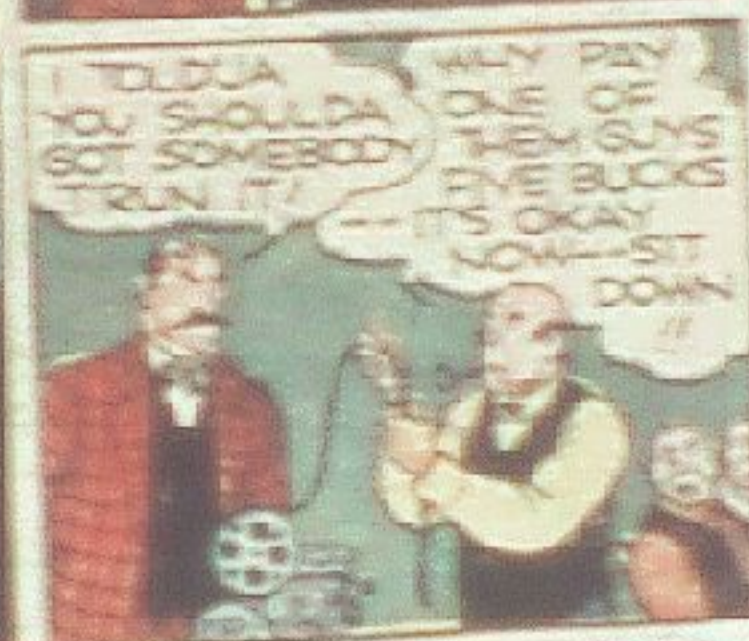
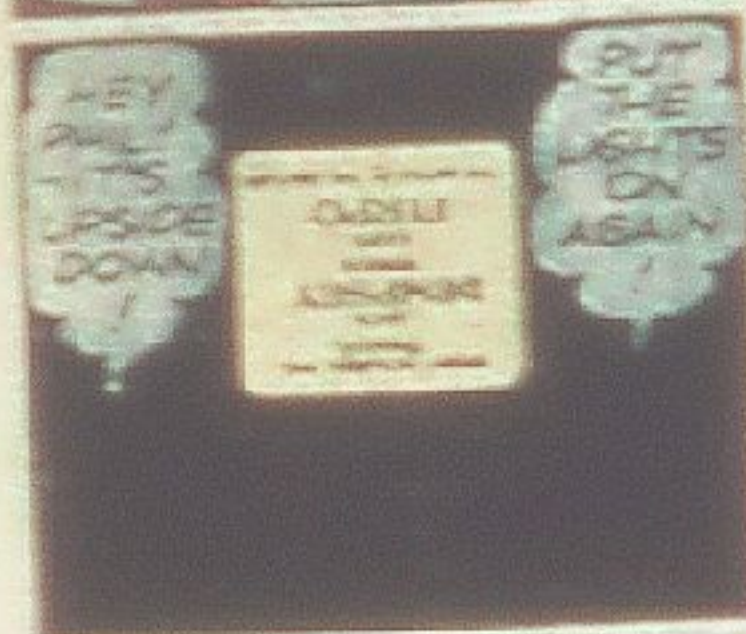
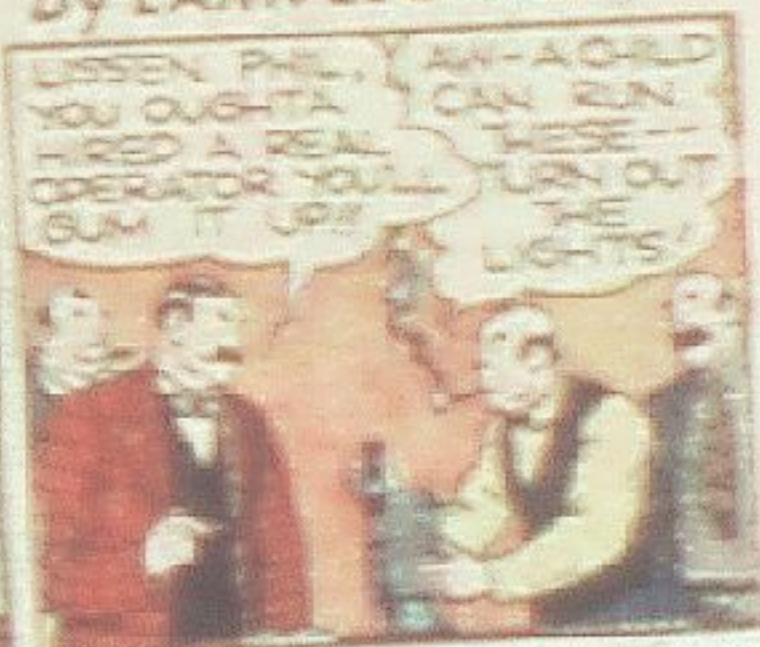
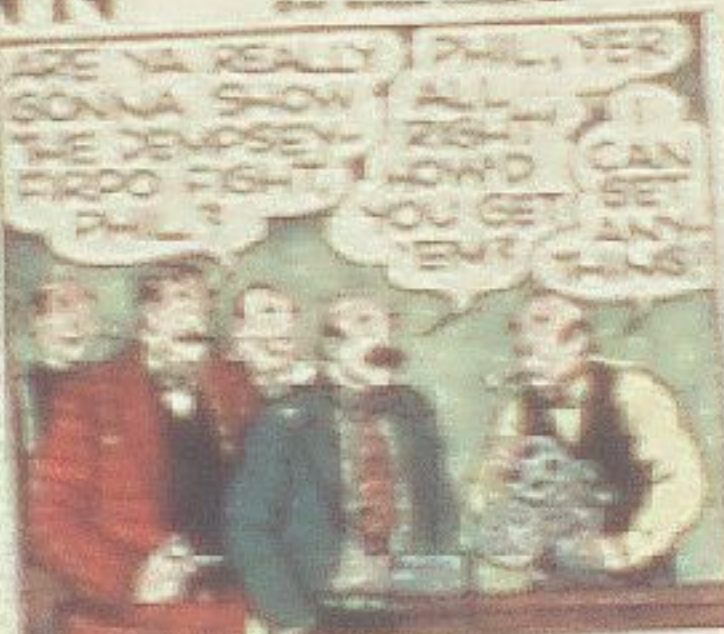
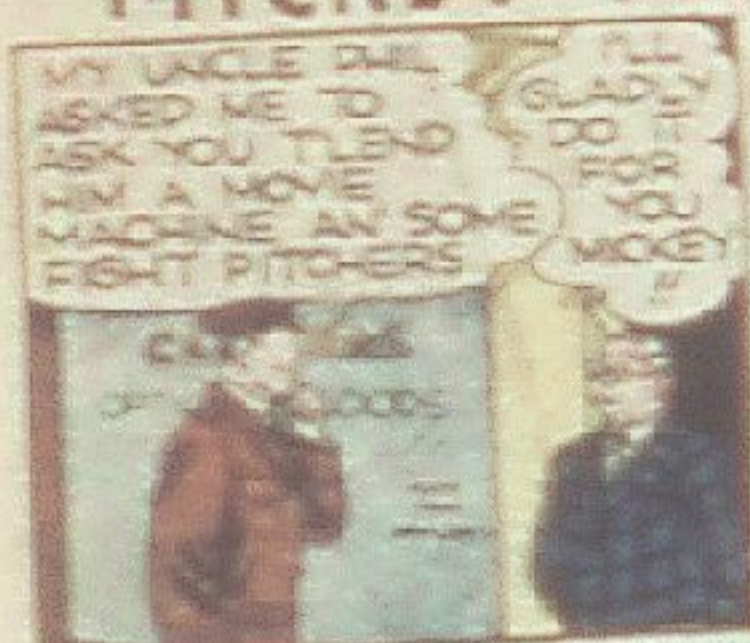
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

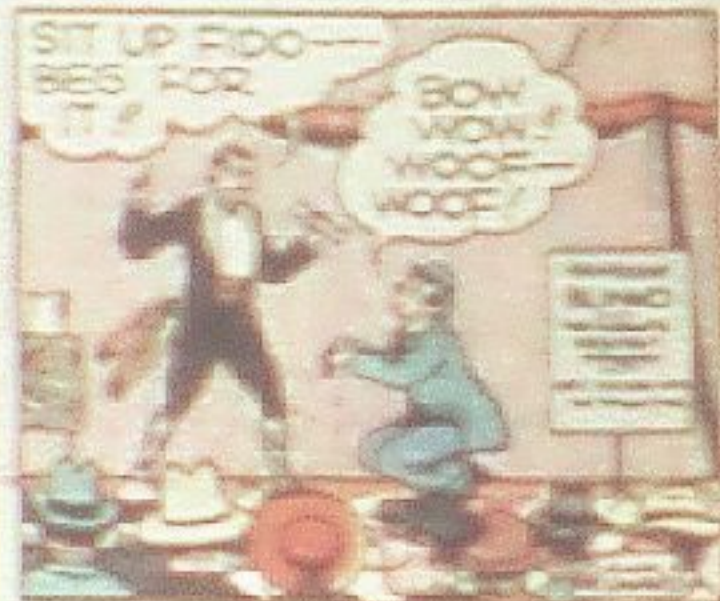
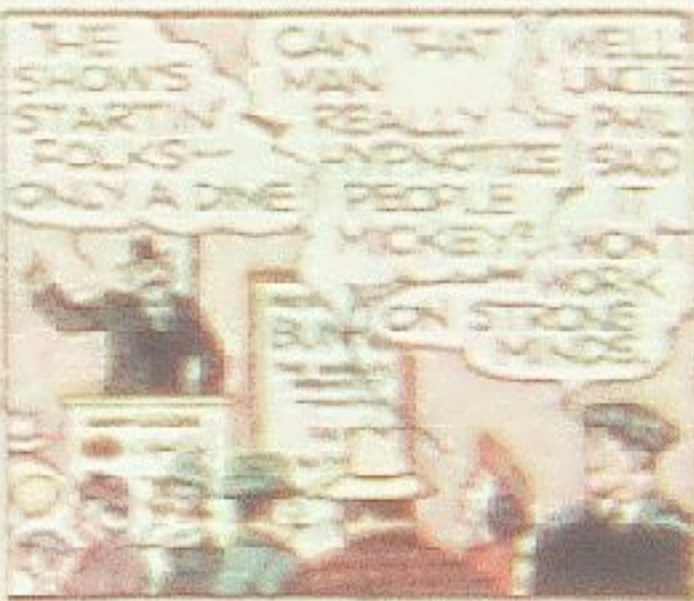
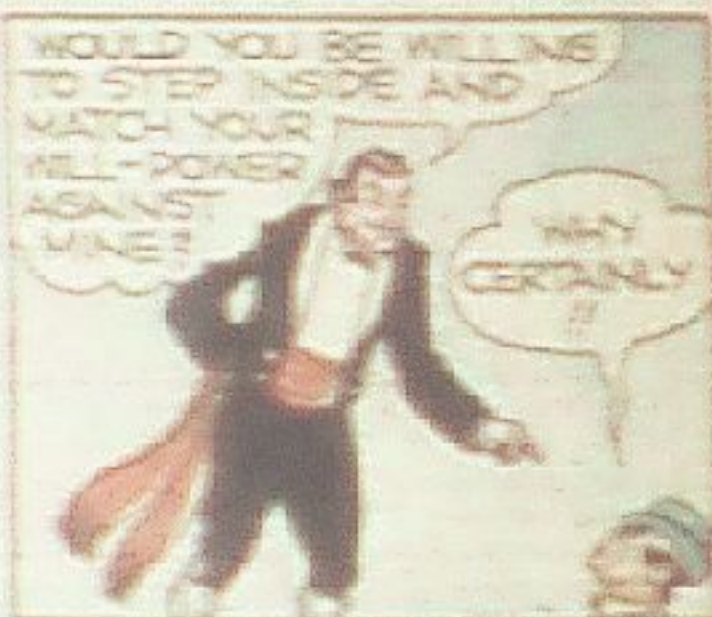
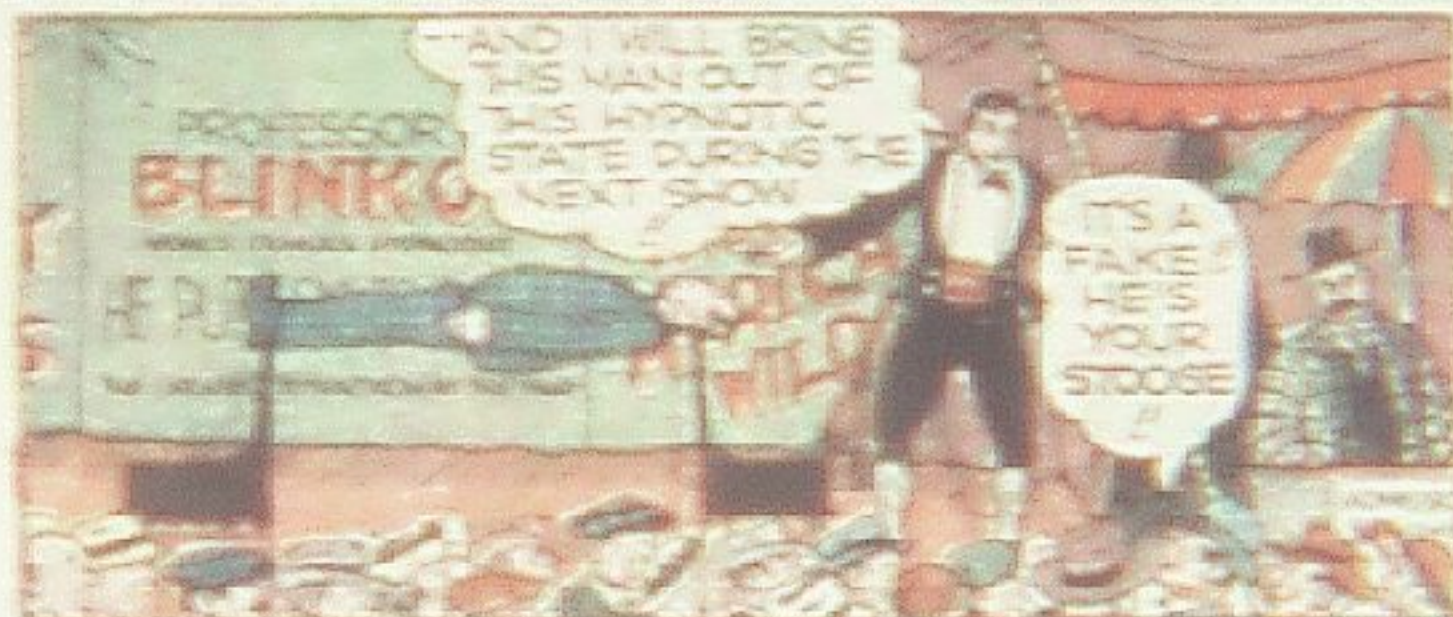
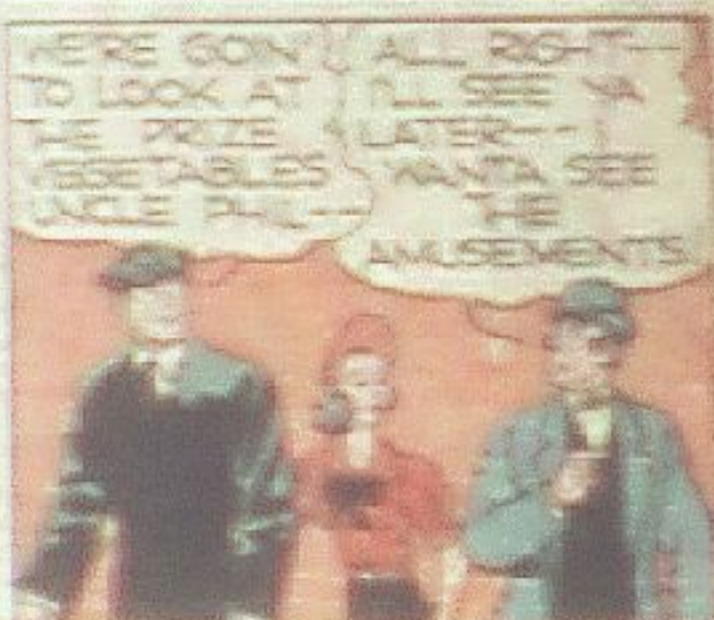
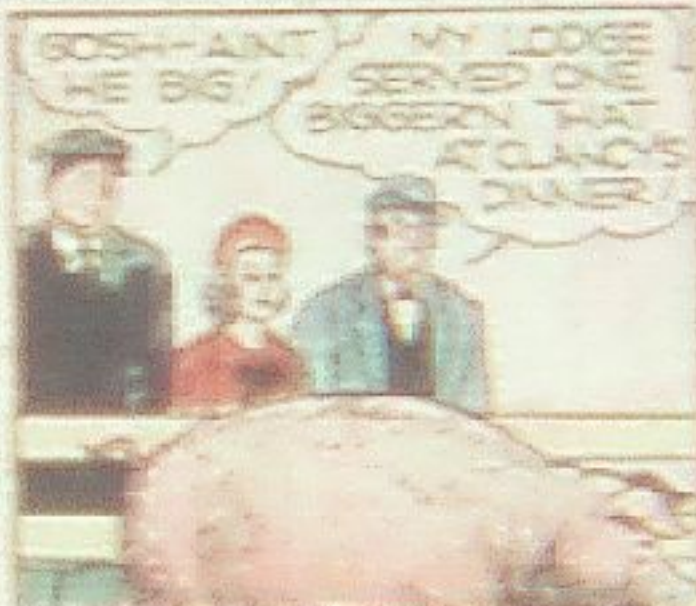
By LANK LEONARD

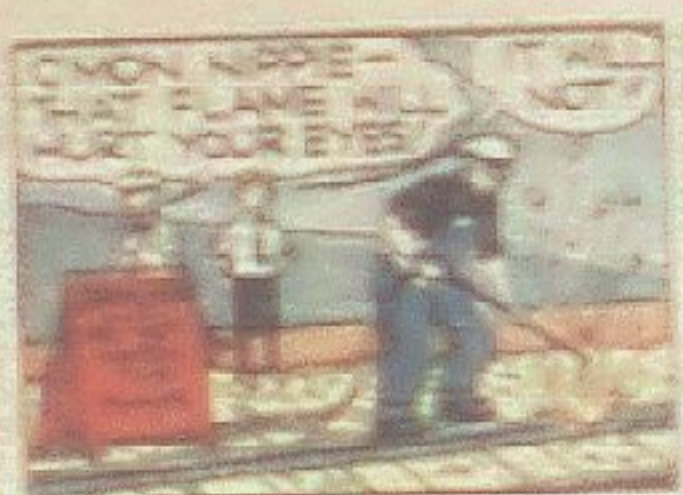


1875



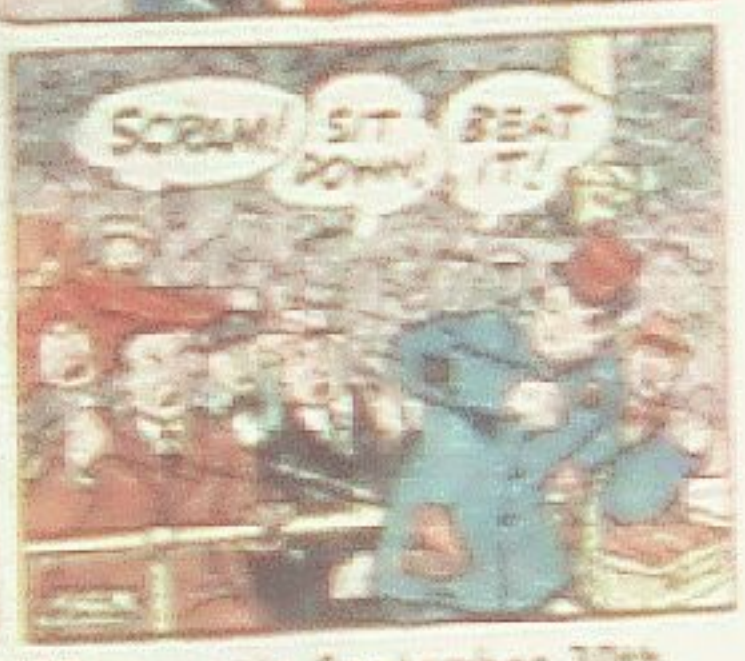
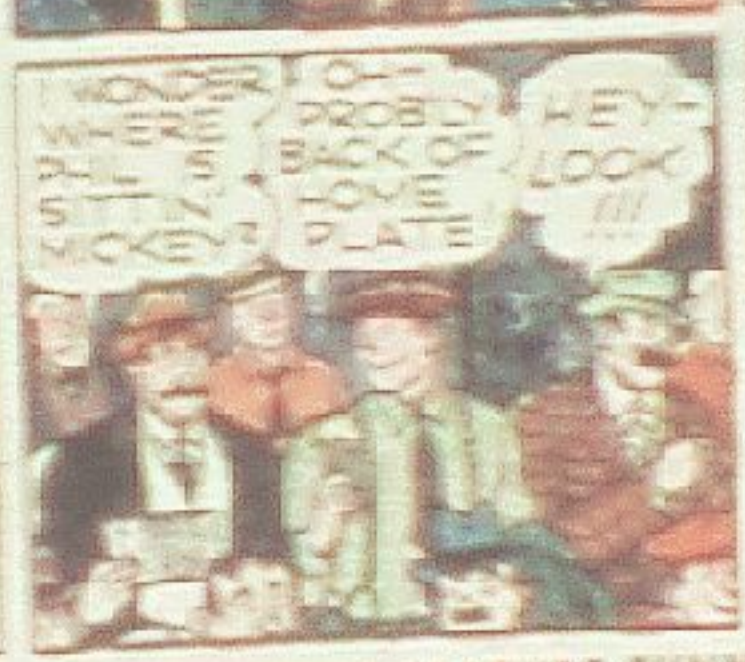
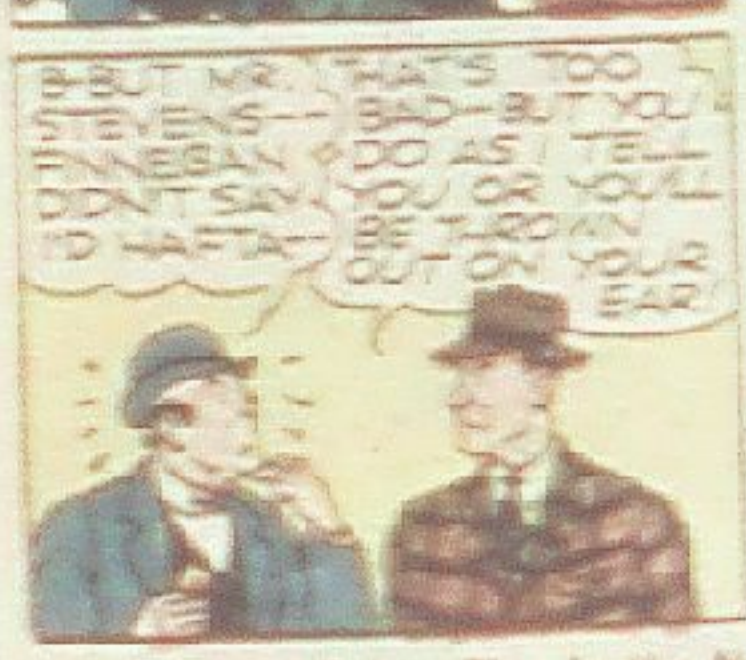
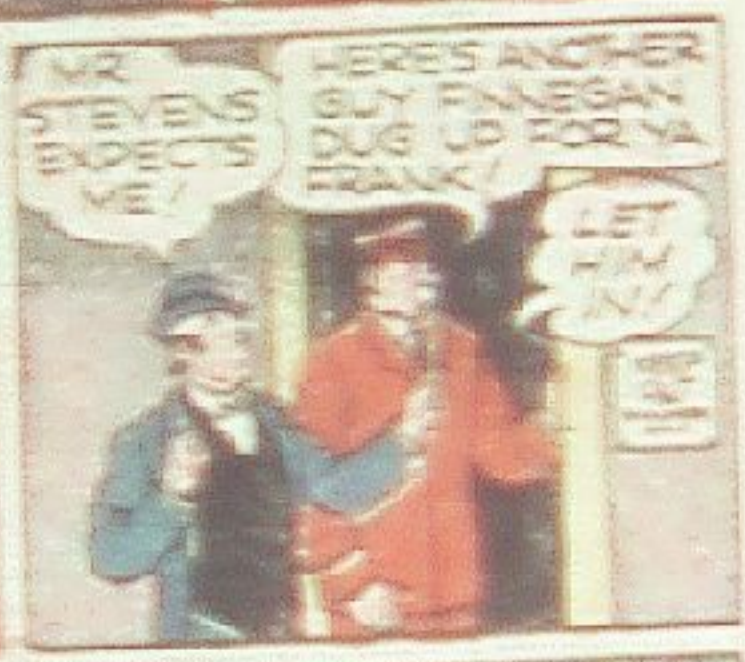
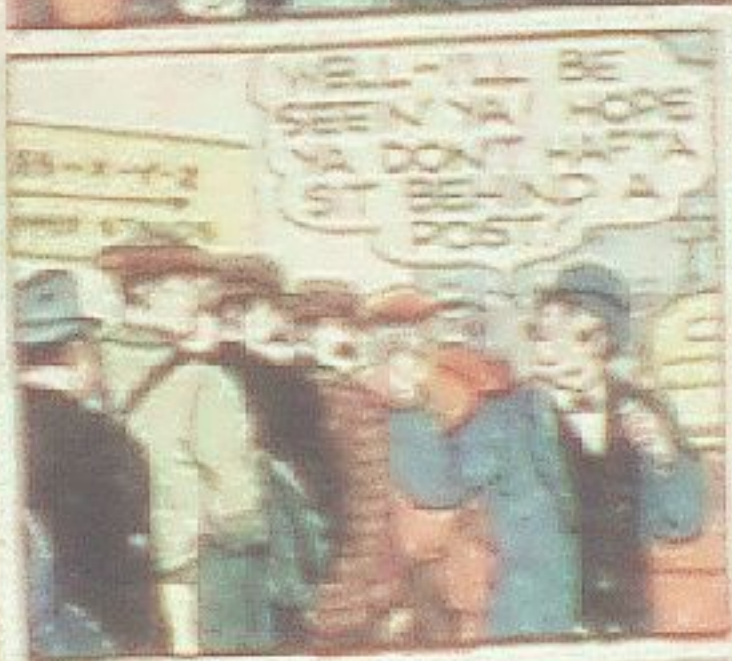
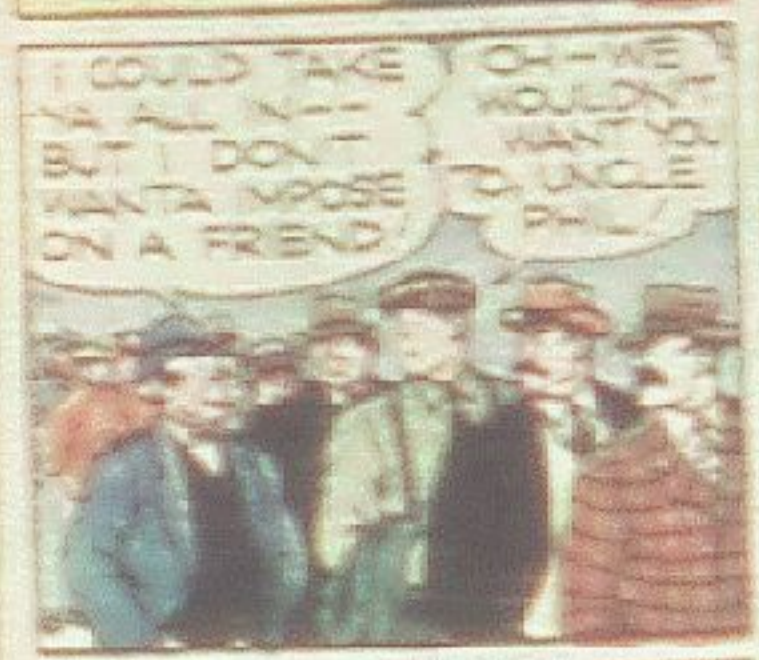
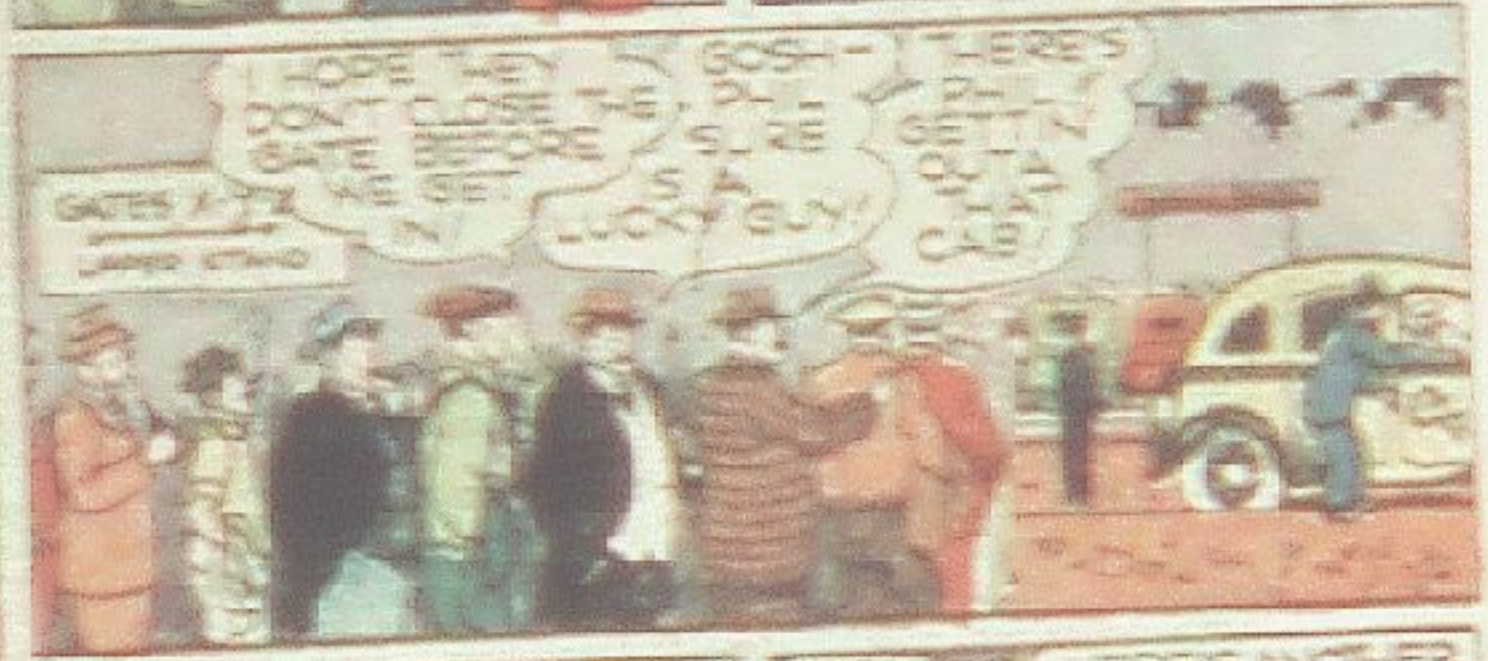
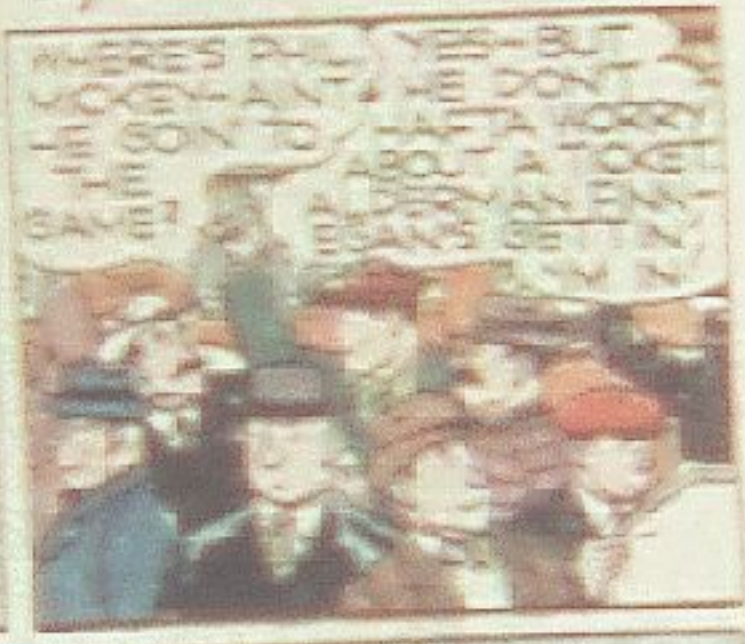
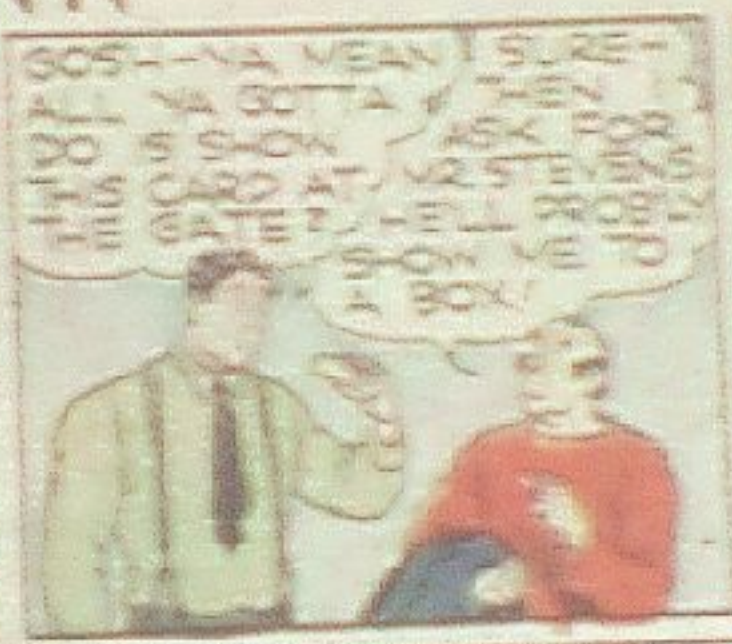
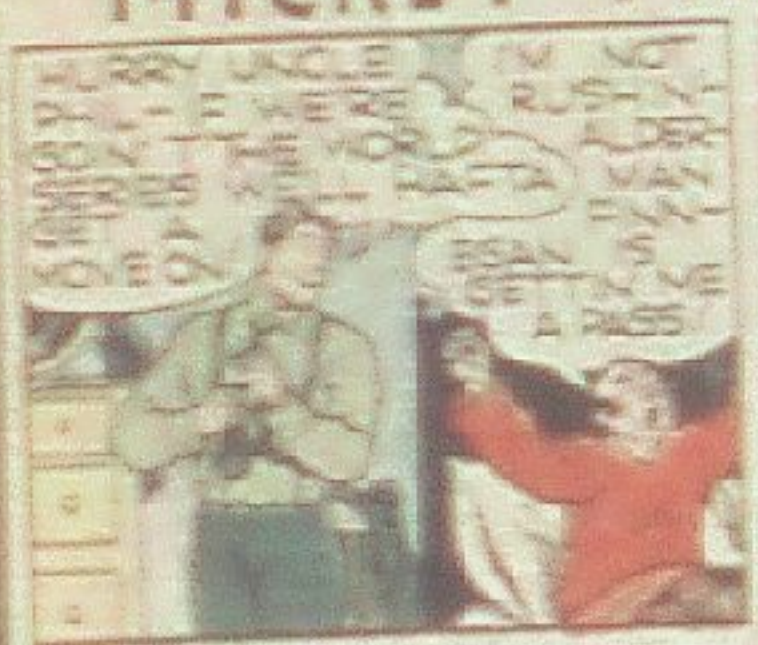
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the November issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale September 30th.

BIG TOP

WITH A STEADY RAIN NOW
FALLING, JEFF BANGS GOES
TO THE CLOWN'S TENT ~

1898

WE'RE SLOWING
TODAY DAD—
BUT I DON'T
THINK YOU'VE
RECOVERED ENOUGH
TO WORK IN THE
RAIN.

I'M OKAY,
 BUT I SEE
 HOW YOU
 LIKE THIS
 MAKE-UP
 DOPED
 OUT?

THE
OF
THE

1867

LET'S

DAD- YOU'RE SURE
A SKETCH- Y CAKE
IS ALWAYS LOOK
THE BEST- YEAH

BEFORE THE DECKS COVERED THE GROUND

DU SOVE ~~DE~~ DE

PUT IT
DOWN
GOOD
HEAVEN
BOYS

LEAF BLADES NEXT SEEDS
SILK ROLLER -

CUT THE SHOW
SHORT SINCE WE
WANT TO GET OUT
OF HERE!

NO
B-
SHOW
ENT

卷之八

WHEN THE DOORS OPEN A FEW EARLY
BIRDS ENTER THE BUS
RESERVED SEATS NO USE DO
N.Y. CENTER HOTEL 100

LET'S SEE
TOGETHER

LET'S SEE YOU
GET'S 2.00

NO. 1000
1000
1000
1000

AFTER THE SNOW STARTS
JEFF VISITS HIS TREASURED

SOON THE WALLS OF THE MEN-
AGERIE COME DOWN TO BE LIFTED

LET FEARING THE
SNOW HEADS FOR
BARBAROCCO

JACK HERE
 LEAVING AFTER
 HIS SHOW—HAVE
 THE RAINMASTER
 READY TO LOAD

CHINA

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FOR THOSE WHO MISSED THE BEGINNING OF "BIG DOLLARS" WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE IN THE STORY SO FAR---

ALTA, THE GREAT
ELEGANT
ATTACHED SILK
FOR THE
MASTER

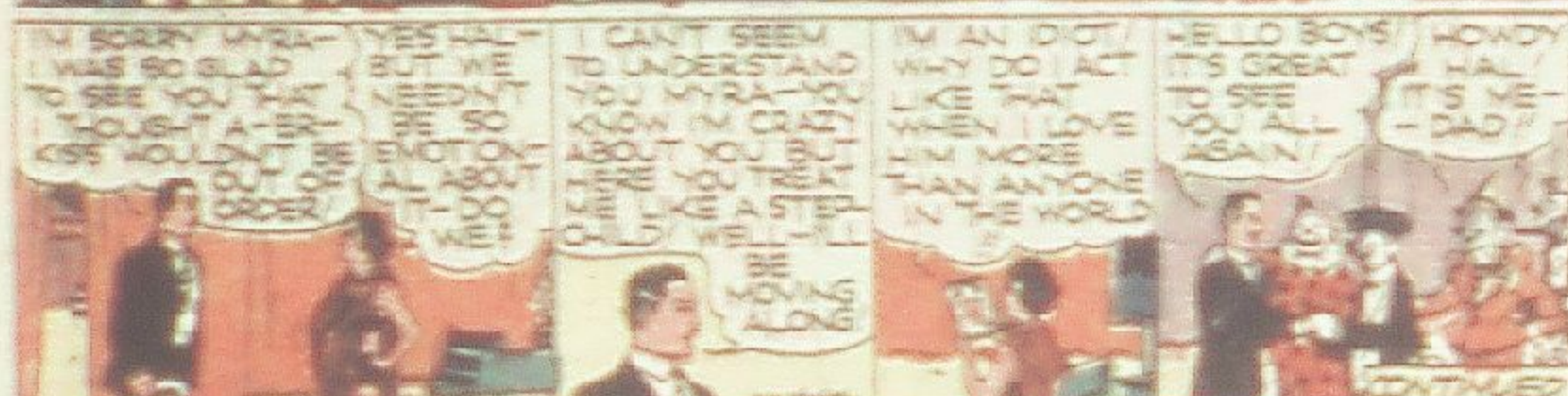
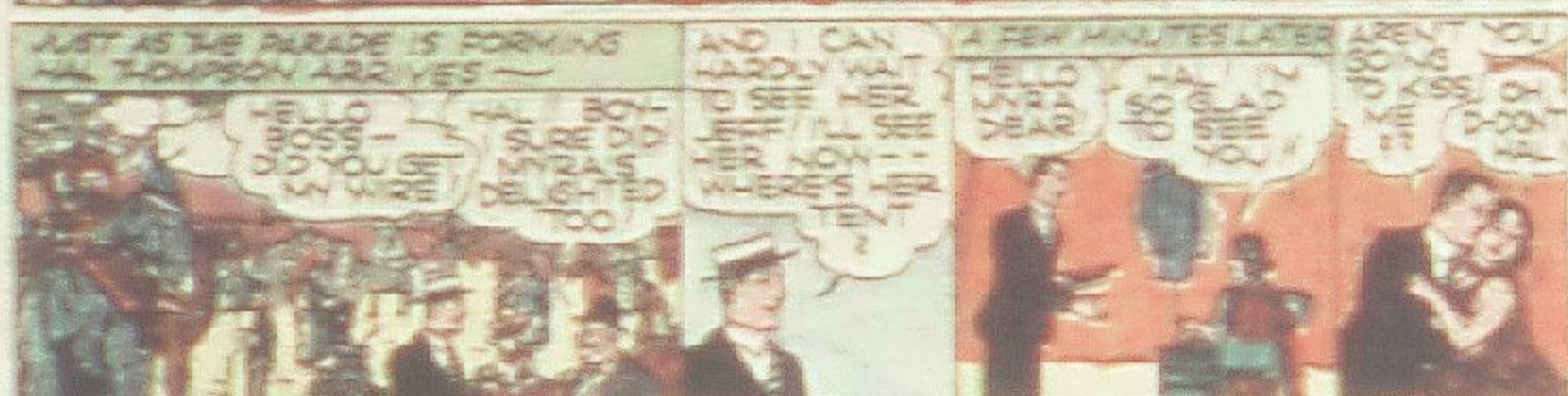
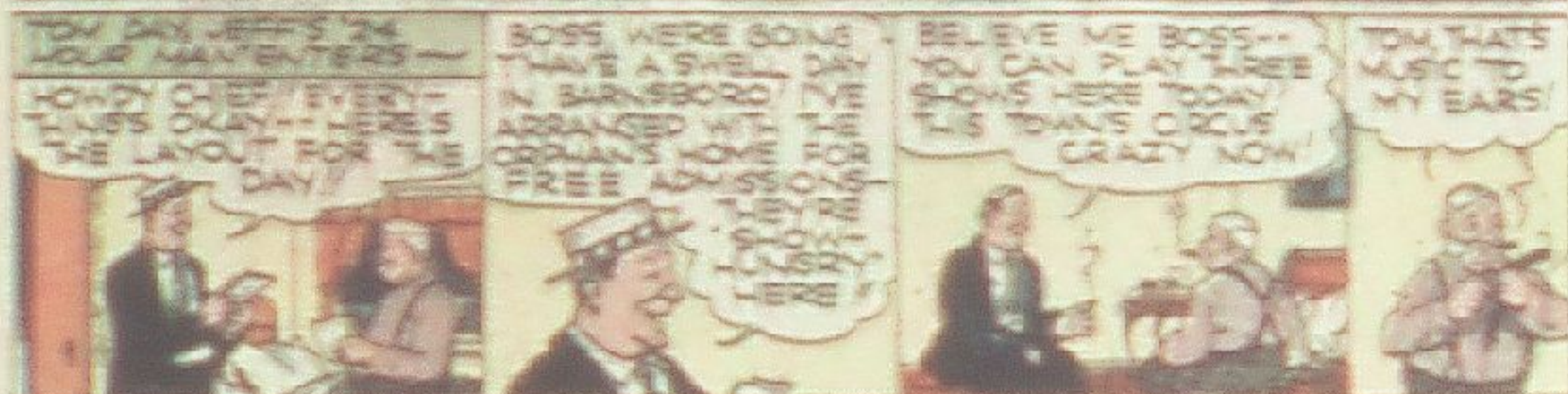
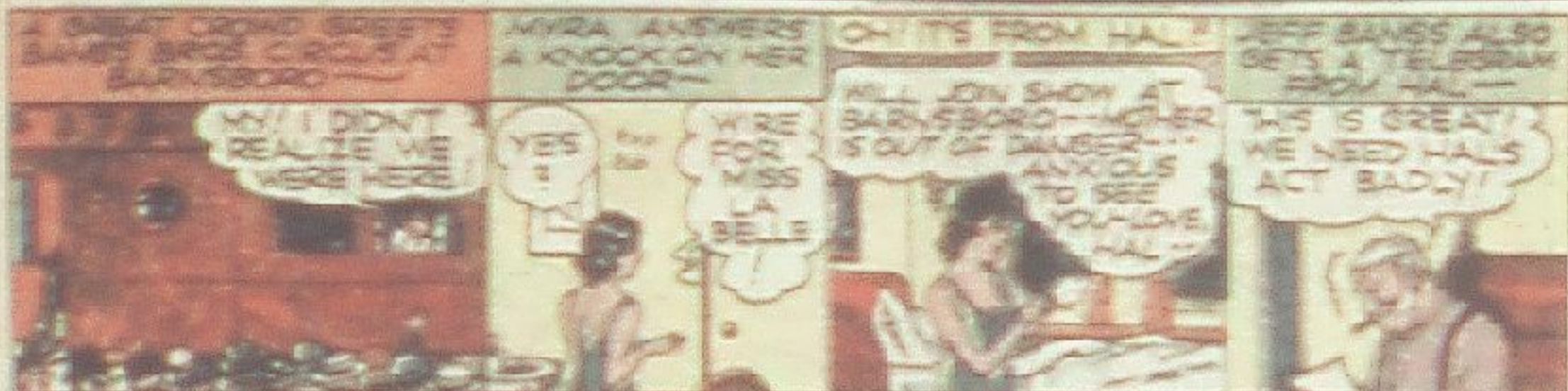
MYRA LA BELLE A PERFORMER,
HAS SAVED FOWLER'S LIFE SEVEN
TIMES -- THE RINGMASTER THEN
THREATENED TO BLACKMAIL
JEFF BANGS IF JEFF DIDN'T
HAVE ALTA SHOT-- BUT JEFF,
USING FORCE, GOT A SIGNED
CONFESSION FROM FOWLER
IN WHICH HE ADMITTED TO
HAVE ABUSED ALTA -- NEXT,
DUSTY STEALS AN OLD CLOWN
RETURNING TO THE SHOW AFTER
A LONG TRIP.

-- AND NOW AS
THE SHOW TRAVELS
IN THE DIRECTION
OF ITS NEXT
STOP, BARNESBORO,
JEFF BARNES
LOOKS FORWARD
TO IMPROVED
RECEIPTS --
HE NOW
CONTINUE --

HAVE
YOUR
TOES
READY
TO GO

BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP is continued in the November issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale September 30th.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



ELIZABETH - Empress of Russia,
HAD 15,000 DRESSES--ENOUGH FOR
A CHANGE EVERY DAY FOR OVER 44 YEARS!

YET SHE PREFERRED TO DRESS IN MEN'S CLOTHES AND GAVE
MANY PARTIES AND MASQUERADES WHEREIN MEN WERE ORDERED
TO DRESS AS WOMEN AND WOMEN AS MEN! - 18TH CENTURY -



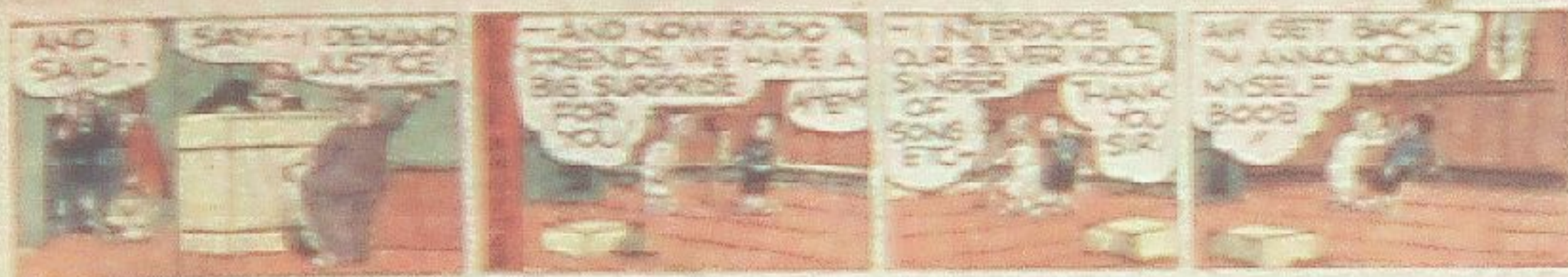
CHIEF RED JACKET -
a Seneca Indian,
FOUGHT WITH THE
BRITISH AGAINST
THE AMERICANS
DURING THE REVOLUTION AND
WITH THE AMERICANS
AGAINST THE BRITISH
IN THE WAR OF 1812.
HE GOT HIS NICKNAME FROM A
GORGET JACKET GIVEN
HIM BY A BRITISH
OFFICER.



POTATO MOUSE -
a naturally formed
potato found by
Fortschammer
in 1852.

**TONGUELESS, MEANINGLESS,
AND APPENDICITIS**
ARE THE NAMES OF THE
3 CHILDREN OF
MISS ELIZABETH





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ONE MORE MISUNDERSTANDING

BY H. A. TUTTLE

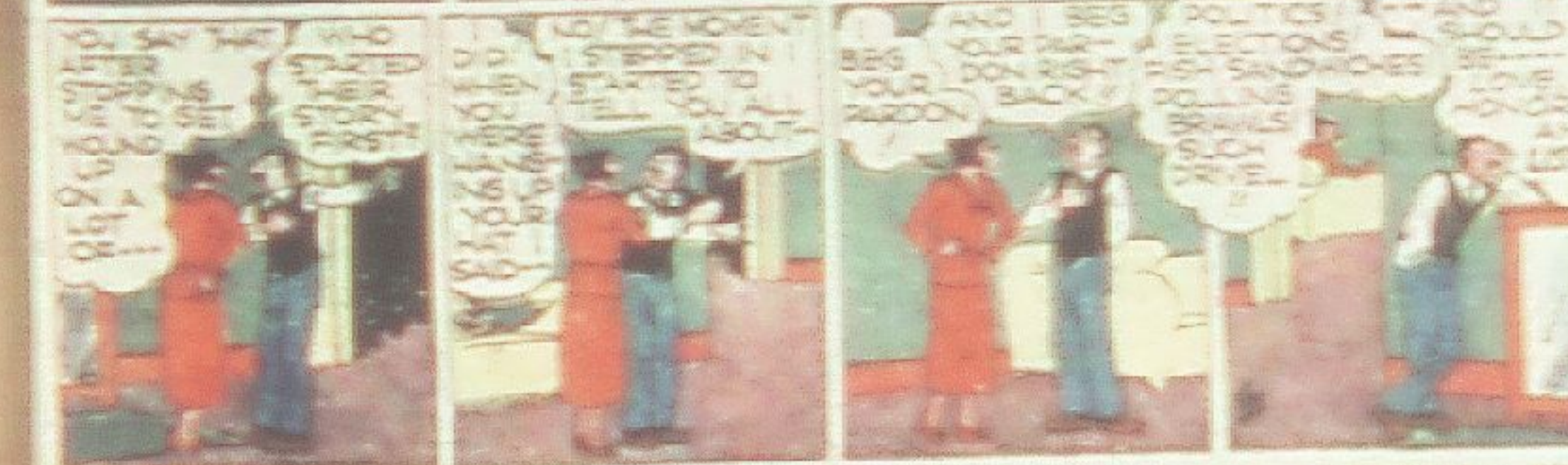




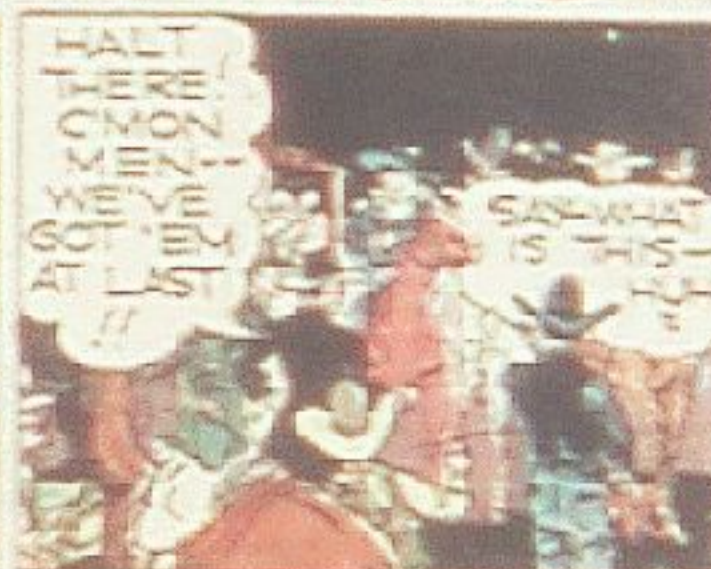
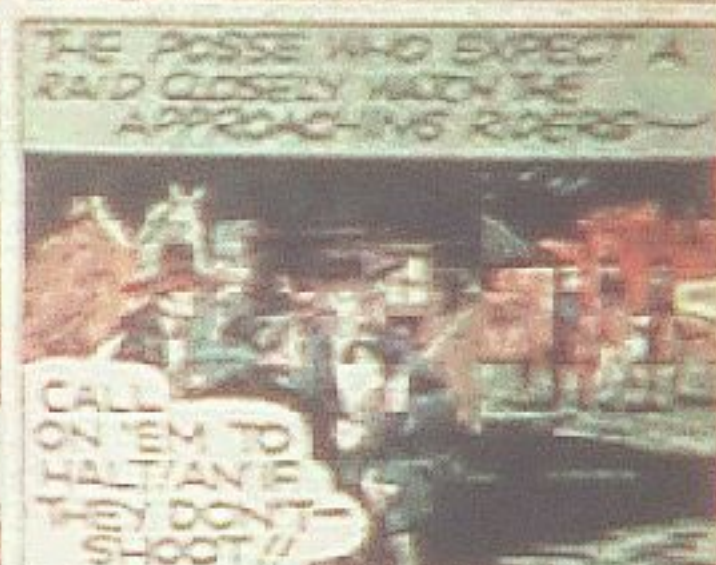
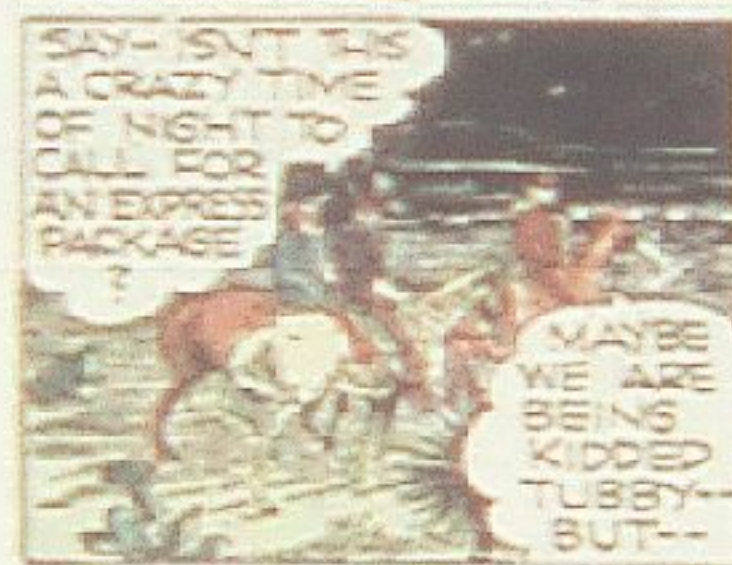
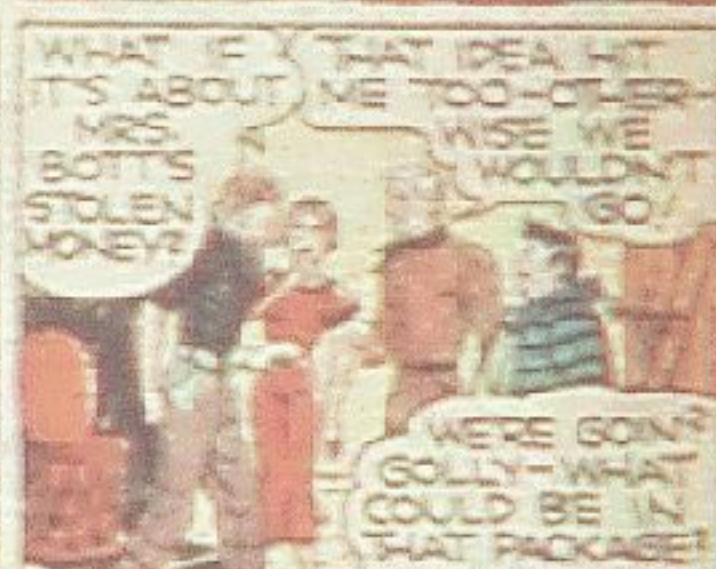
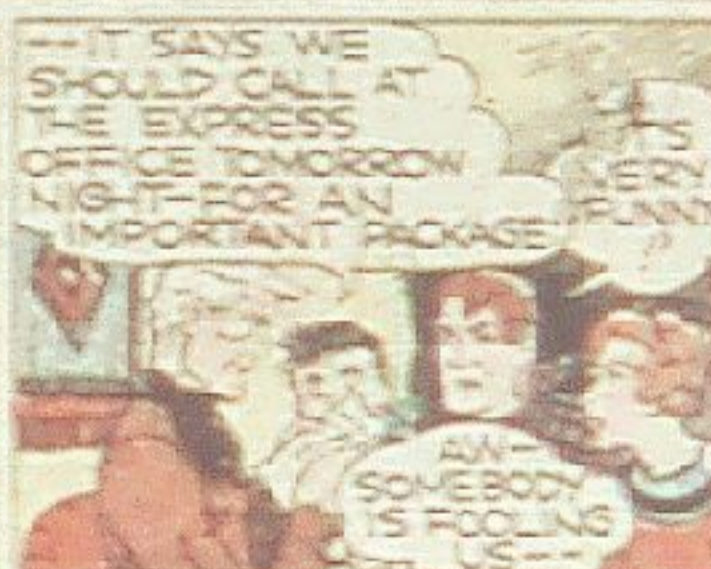
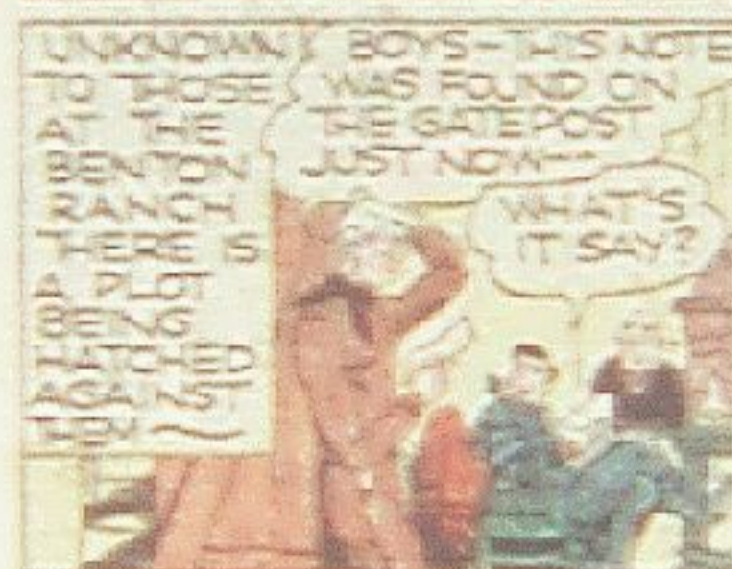
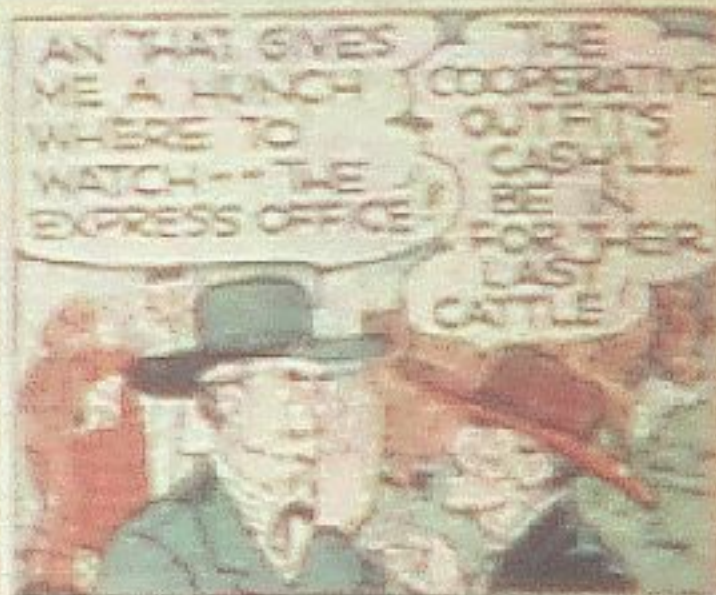
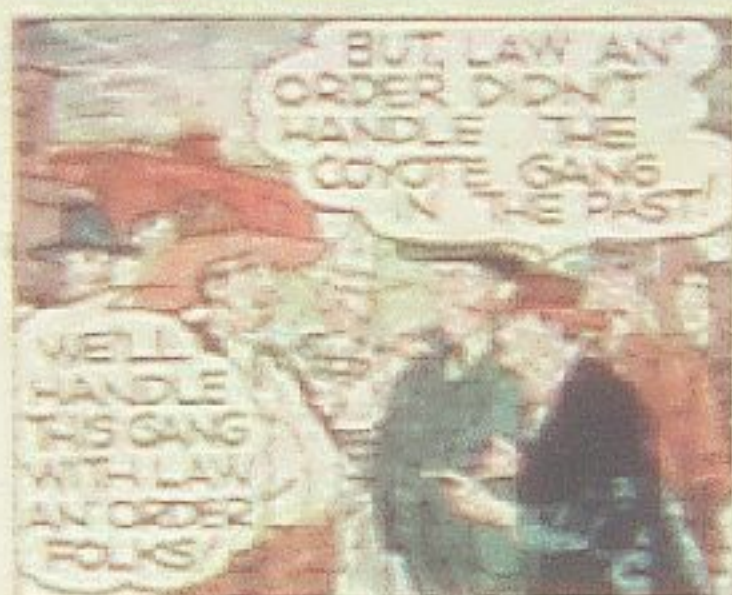
THE BUNGLE FAMILY

HEAR YE!

W. L. F. F. F.



More of The Bungle Family in the November issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale September 10th.



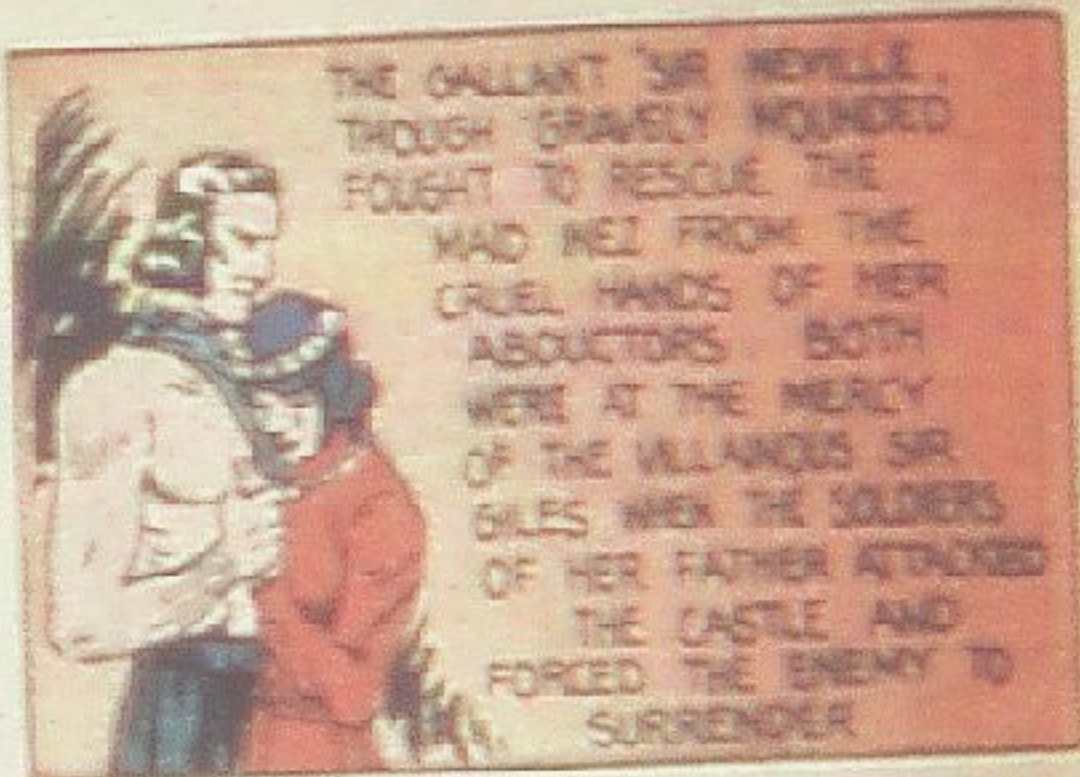
Slim and Tubby

John J. Welch

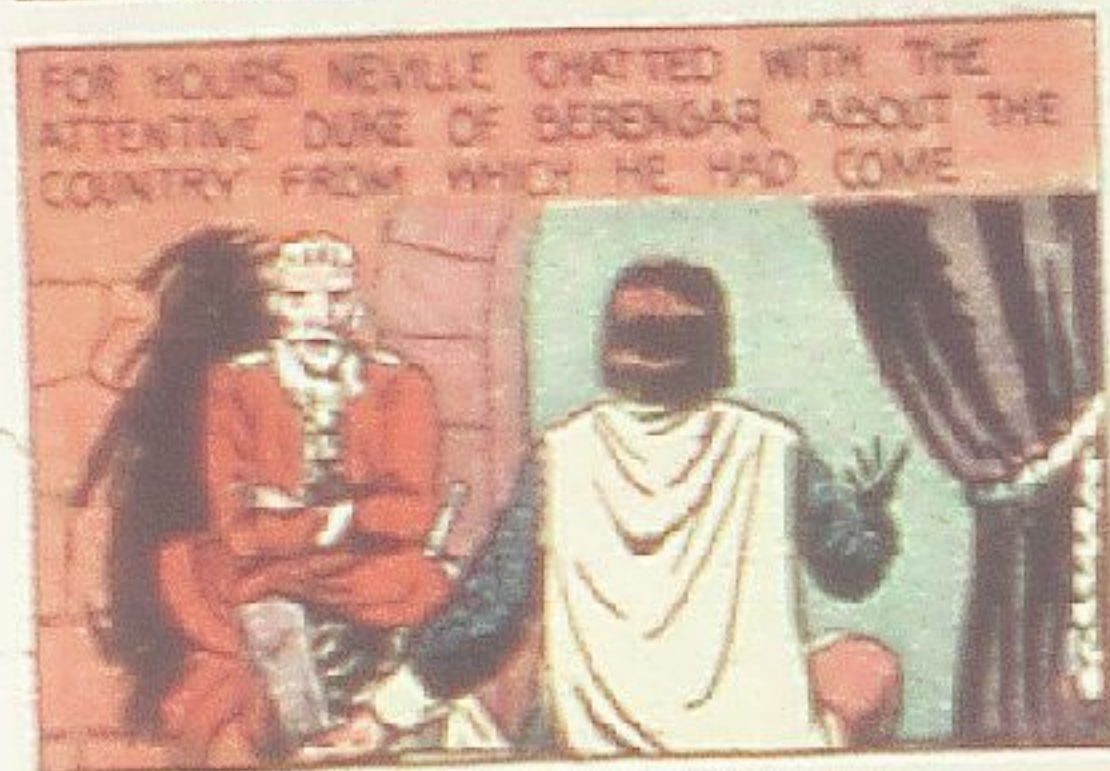


Slim and Tubby is continued in the November issue—on sale September 30th.

Gallant Knight



AT SUNRISE NEVILLE RETURNED WITH THE DUKE TO THE GREAT CASTLE OF BERENGAR...



HE FIRST TO NOTICE THIS WAS THE GAUDILY
DRESSED SIR BORAT WHO LONG HAD SOUGHT
THE HAND OF INEZ IN MARRIAGE.



WHEN SHE FINALLY CAME TO HIM HER IN-
DIFFERENCE STIRRED HIS WRATH.



THAT NIGHT THE JILTED BORAT SUPPED
AWAY TO JOIN VERY UNWHOLESOME-
LOOKING COMPANY.



HERE THE JEALOUS KNIGHT BOLDLY OUTLINED
PLANS TO DESTROY SIR NEVILLE.



AT DAWN A TRUMPETER BLEW A SIGNAL
ANNOUNCING THE HUNT—FAVORITE SPORT
OF THE DUKE.



OUT OF THE GREAT CASTLE HE RODE—
ACCOMPANIED BY NEVILLE AND KNIGHTS
AND LADIES OF THE COURT.



ALWAYS
THE
FAIR
INEZ
WAS
AT
NEVILLE'S
SIDE.



WHILE, FROM THE CASTLE SIR BORAT
WATCHED THEM RIDE AWAY, CERTAIN
THAT HE WOULD
NEVER RETURN!



AS THE HUNTING PARTY ENTERED THE FOREST
UNSEEN EYES WATCHED ITS EVERY MOVEMENT.



THROUGHOUT THE DAY THE HOODED HORSEMEN
FOLLOWED THE HUNT, WATCHING - WAITING !



FINALLY A GLEAM OF TRIUMPH SHOWED
IN THEIR EYES - NEVILLE HAD SEPARATED
FROM THE MAIN PARTY.



WHILE HE WAS ASSISTING INEZ TO A DRINK
FROM A SPARKLING STREAM.



--- THE HIRED ASSASSINS SLOWLY
CREEPED UP FROM BEHIND



WARNED BY A CRACKLING BRANCH, NEVILLE
WHIRLED TO FACE HIS ENEMIES



AS THEY RUSHED IN HE GRASPED THE
NEAREST, AND WITH LIGHTNING AGILITY SENT
HIM HURLING INTO THE WATER !



IN BLIND RAGE THE OTHER TWO CHARGE,
AND SIR NEVILLE'S DOUBLED FIST
SENDS ANOTHER SPRAWLING.



HIS VISE-LIKE GRIP SOON RENDERED
THE THIRD ASSAILANT POWERLESS.



WHO SENT THREE
TO KILL ME—SPEAK,
BEFORE I END THY
WRETCHED LIFE!



SPARE ME, SIR!
I'LL TELL THEE—
IT WAS SIR
BORAT!



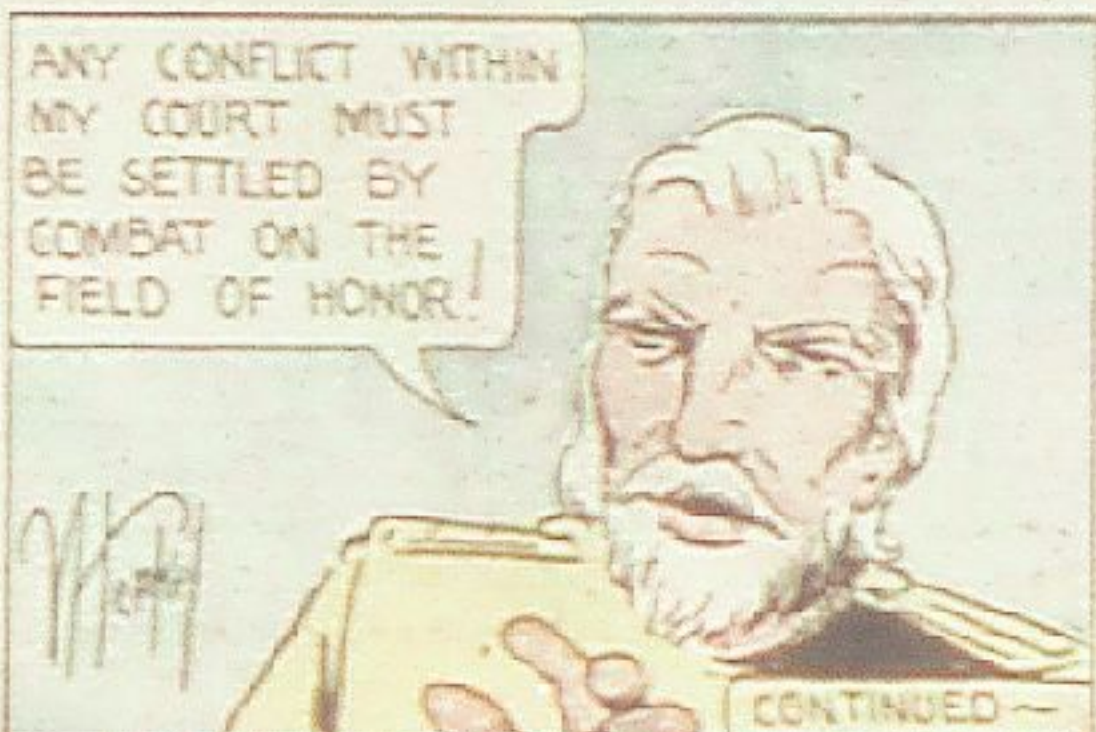
HOURS AFTER THE HUNT SIR NEVILLE
BURST INTO THE CASTLE HALL, WHERE
HE ACCUSED SIR BORAT OF HIS TREACHEROUS
PLOT.



THE SWORD OF THE GUILTY ONE LEAPED TO
HIS HAND, BUT THE
DUC intervened.



ANY CONFLICT WITHIN
MY COURT MUST
BE SETTLED BY
COMBAT ON THE
FIELD OF HONOR!



CONTINUED—

PIRATES AHOY!....

By CHARLES E. DRISCOLL

Tomato Pie Made Massy a Pirate

John Massy was the son of an English gentleman. His father gave him an excellent education, and the young man learned to ride and shoot and please the ladies in the most genteel English tradition.

John was fortunate, but unhappy. He was not blessed with a good digestion. Possibly it was at college that he picked up dietary ills. There is a legend that he lived in a boarding house where green tomato pie was served twice a week. Consumption of green tomato pie during college years may cause almost any sort of indigestion and consequent psychological maladjustment in later years.

Massy went into the army with incipient dyspepsia and an irritable disposition. He served as lieutenant under the Duke of Marlborough in the wars in Flanders, during the reign of the good Queen Anne. He proved a brave officer. He was reckless in battle, and conceived and carried out rash military maneuvers, greatly to the enhancement of his reputation. I am inclined to believe that the man was made reckless by indigestion. The recollection of those green tomato pies burned in his stomach, and he cared not what happened to him. George Washington was a fearless leader and was almost never without toothache.

Returning from the wars, Lieutenant Massy met a woman. She was, to tell the truth, a charming harmaid, the first one who served him a drink on his return to Merry England. Her name was Clara Royden, and so far as the records show, she was altogether worthy of the best man in her majesty's army.

The parents of Lieutenant Massy were shocked and grieved when they learned that their son contemplated marriage with a harmaid. They would listen to no explanation. To them a harmaid was a harmaid, and their son's eloquent description of Clara as the sum of all the virtues had no effect upon them. They swore to cut the young man off without a shilling if he carried out his intention.

So Lieutenant Massy did what was expected of the son of an English gentleman in such circumstances. He deserted the girl, breaking her heart and his. A great many hearts must be broken in the course of a hundred years to maintain the dignity of a genteel family—in certain places, oh, very far away from here.

The despairing young man joined his regiment in Ireland, and took to drink. He treated himself to two years of what is poetically called dissolute living. This manner of life did not improve his digestion and he became a food faddist. He objected to something every day at the officer's mess. He was troubled by dreams in which green tomato pies performed outlandish evolutions.

The young lieutenant was assigned to duty with an engineer corps in the service of the Royal African Company and sailed for Africa.

The vessel on which Massy and his engineers sailed was very badly managed, especially as to provisions. When the ship was berthed the condition of the men, ill fed and improperly housed, became desperate. Almost every officer on board died during the first month at sea, along with the great majority of the men, from digestive disturbances. Strangely enough, Lieutenant Massy, despite his notoriously bad digestion, was the only officer of this expedition who reached Africa alive. He was so careful about his ration that he starved, rather than eat the mouldy bread that was the chief sustenance of the other officers.

Survivors of the expedition landed on the African coast, where they had been sent to construct a fort for the Royal African Company. The men under Massy's command drank too much of the first supply of water they were able to reach and in a few days Massy and five men were the only ones left alive. Their vessel had pounded itself to pieces on the rocks.

Nothing was done toward building the fort. All of the survivors were ill, and Massy was complain-

ing bitterly against the quality of food to be found in southern Africa. The six men kept miserably ailing for a month before they saw another white man. Then one morning a full-rigged ship appeared off shore, just at dawn. The starving men signalled from the shore, waving frantically with the remnants of their clothing.

The ship saw the signals of distress and sent off a boat. Massy and his companions soon found themselves in the company of a jolly crew of English pirates.

Captain George Lowther was the pirate in command of the ship, "The Rover," on which Massy and his companions now sailed. At first the castaways were guests, but as soon as they were properly fed, robed and clothed, Lowther offered them the fellowship of the black flag, and they accepted.

Massy consented to act as a sort of first lieutenant under Captain Lowther, having charge of boarding parties and attacks on land. He chose the most dangerous work and asked only his share of the booty, plus good and sufficient food.

Lowther was not an easy boss. He was brutal toward his men, and none too gentle in his attitude toward Massy after that gentleman became firmly established in his company.

The English gentleman's son did his share of the fighting and killing in a dozen engagements with ships of various nations. He even tossed a girl prisoner overboard when no one else would volunteer the job, and thereby gained glory. There was also a desperate fight with the black natives of an island in the Gulf of Matigou. Massy acquitted himself handsomely in every battle.

The rations certainly were nothing to boast of. While there was plenty of rum and wine, the salt pork was in a condition that might be described politely as somewhat the worse for wear. No green fruits or vegetables had been taken aboard for eight weeks. The stuff that passed for bread was full of weevil, and the men used generous helpings

of pepper to disguise the taste of this unpalatable food. There happened to be abundance of pepper aboard.

Massey was haunted again by memories of green tomato pies. He complained bitterly. The ship was now nearing the West Indies, and Massey proposed to Lowther that an assault be made by land upon the most convenient French settlement.

Lowther demurred. "We're seamen," he said. "We're going to do our fighting where we can feel planks under our feet."

"But, I'm hungry," retorted Massey. "If we land, we can get fruit and vegetables to round out our diet. We won't come back without coconuts, bananas, berries, grain, fresh fowl, and a bit of beef that'll be fit to eat."

"Great whales and whalers," cried Lowther. "Do you think we're cruising around the world for coconuts? We are risking our necks and living like dogs for a bit of vegetable salad? You'd make a brave assault on a French town to bring back some baskets of French pastry, would you? Well, we're out for gold! We'll get it at sea, like seamen that we are."

Massey went about his tasks that day, sorely disgruntled. He craved a balanced ration. That night he had it out with Lowther. He said he would pirate no more on foul rations. He would do or die for a good joint of beef and a pigeon pie, but he would never fight again for mere gold. Could he be permitted to leave the company in peace?

Lowther happened to be in good mood that evening. The "Delivery" was within sight of the shore of Jamaica, and some well-laden prizes were in prospect.

"Do you want to go ashore at Jamaica and take your chances with the British hangman?" asked Lowther.

"I do," replied Massey. "At least, they won't hang me with an empty stomach. And I don't think they'll hang me at all."

So John Massey went ashore in a rowboat. He did not go to sleep that night until he had partaken of a good meal, with plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. He felt better then, and was sorry for his former shipmates, who must go on eating that terrible food and dying of the

scurvy.

Lieutenant Massey went next day to the Governor of Jamaica, at Port Royal, and told a long and entertaining story of capture by pirates and heretical escape. He enlisted the Governor's sympathy with blood-curdling tales of starvation and murderous diet. The Governor was something of an epicure himself, and his heart went out to this man of gentle breeding who had suffered such pangs of indigestion on account of accursedly pirates.

The Governor sent out a dashing expedition under the command of Captain Lawen, with Massey second in command, to search the seas for Lowther. Massey acted as a guide, and was careful to see that the expedition did not come in contact with his former boss.

The punitive expedition failed, of course, and Massey went back to England with a fine letter from the Governor of Jamaica, to the Admiralty Office, commending the young man for his heroic conduct and his service to the crown and the Royal African Company.

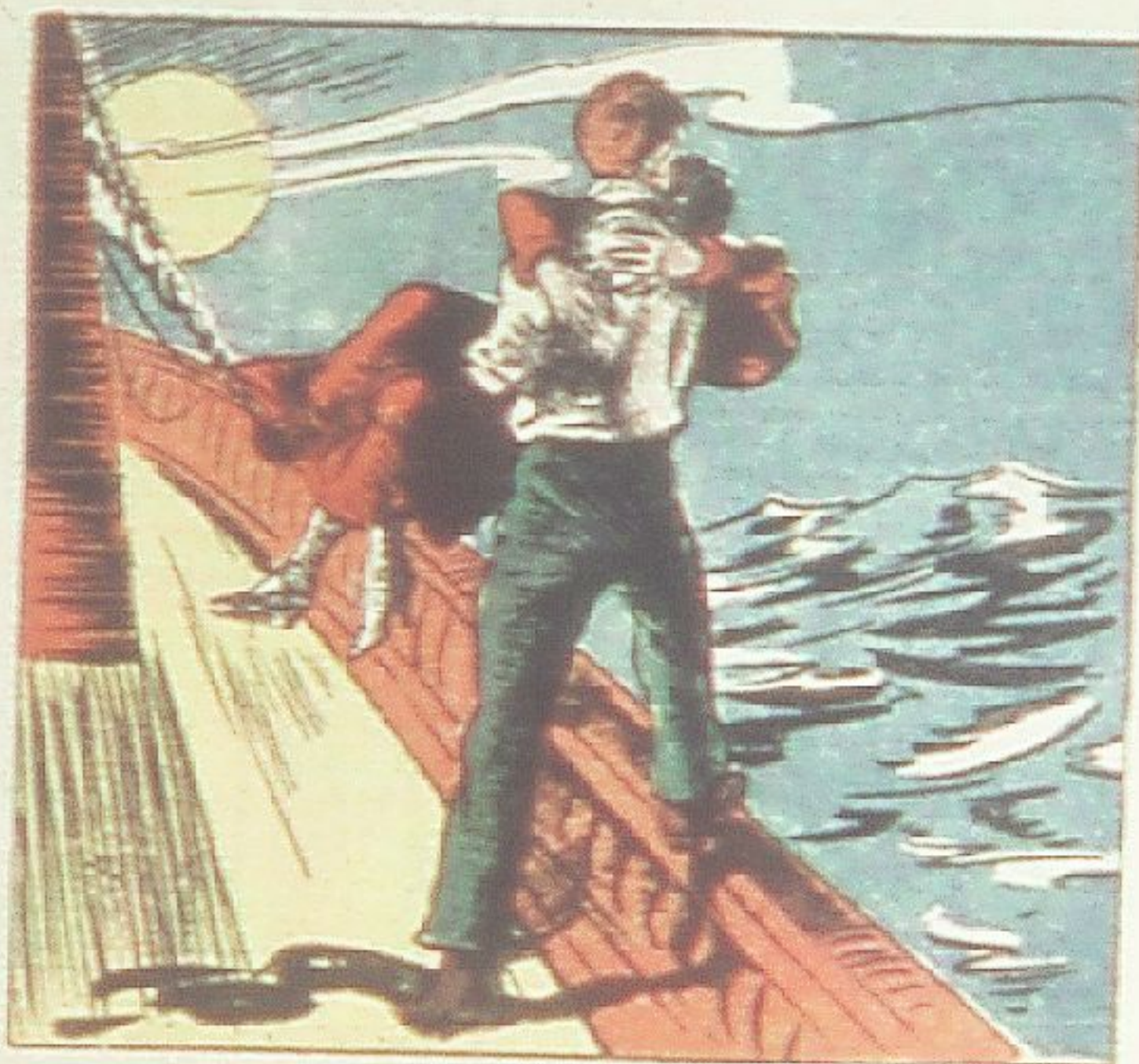
Massey found his father obdurate on the subject of his proposed marriage to the barmaid. So he decided to write. He prepared a long account of his adventures stressing his

services to the Royal African Company and the British crown. He left out incriminating items, naturally enough. He sent the story to the Admiralty and to the Royal African directors. He hoped for a cash reward upon which he might venture to marry his old sweetheart, whom he had not yet succeeded in locating. Then he would have the story published as a pamphlet and sold by the booksellers. Things were going to be all right.

But the hard-headed and hard-hearted African Company replied to Massey's communication indirectly. It sent a message to the Lords of the Admiralty, saying that this pirate "should be fairly hanged."

Massey was arrested and summoned to the bar, charged with piracy. About this time he suffered simultaneous attacks of indigestion and despair, due to the prison fare and the pangs of hope deferred. He pleaded guilty quite recklessly, and offered no defense.

He was hanged at Execution Dock, on July 28, 1711. Two clergymen attended him to the scaffold. To his friends the doomed man sent word that he had pleaded guilty for the sake of the full meal that he knew would be served him the night before the execution.



CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

by STAN ASCH

MEET THIS BRILLIANT
DETECTIVE - HERE IS HIS
LATEST EXPLOIT.

OUR ADVENTURE OPENS IN THE CURATOR'S
OFFICE OF THE WELLS MUSEUM, LONDON.

LOOK, SIR! SOMEONE
ATTEMPTED TO STEAL
THE KA-AMEN RUBIES
LAST NIGHT! LOOK AT
THE GROOVES AROUND
THESE -

HEAVENS, MAN.
WE'RE FORTUNATE!
SOMETHING MUST
HAVE FRIGHTENED
HIM AWAY BEFORE
HE GOT
THEM!



STILL-WHY DIDN'T
HE SIMPLY
TAKE THE JEWEL
CASE WITH HIM?

HE ONLY TAMPERED
WITH TWO OF THE
STONES-WITH YOUR
PERMISSION, SIR,
I'M GOING TO
CALL SCOTLAND
YARD!



COOK, THERE'S A 'STRANGE CASE
AT THE WELLS MUSEUM ON KARL
STREET... CARE TO LOOK INTO IT?

RIGHT,
CHIEF!



IS THIS CAPTAIN COOK, FROM THE
YARD? I'M MERLE ATHERTON, THE
CURATOR... A STRANGE THING
OCCURRED HERE
LAST NIGHT...



...THE BURGLAR ATTEMPTED TO STEAL
THE KA-AMEN RUBIES FROM THIS TABLE...
HE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE JEWEL CASE
ITSELF, BUT WAS CONTENT TO
PRY THE STONES
LOOSE...



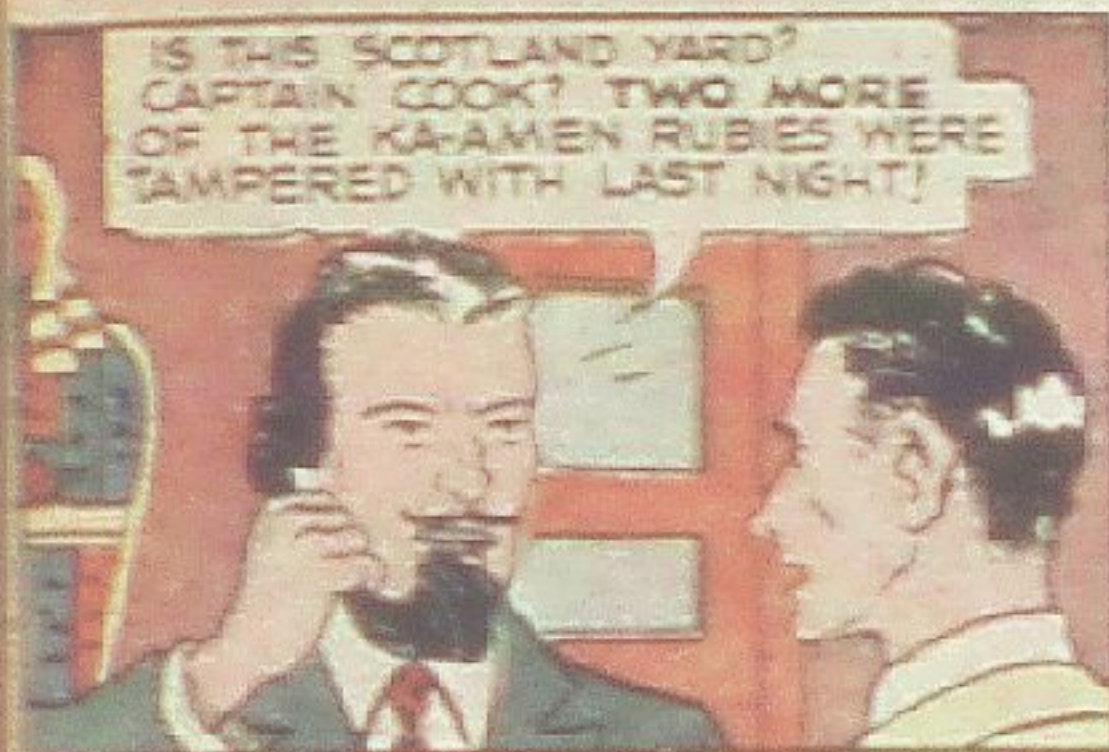
A BIT LATER... THERE WERE NO FINGER
PRINTS LEFT, MR. ATHERTON.
THE TWO STONES TAMPERED
WITH MIGHT'VE BEEN
REPLACED BY GLASS...
IF YOU DON'T MIND,
I'LL HAVE AN EXPERT
LOOK THEM OVER.



NO, COOK... YOUR INTRUDER WAS
FRIGHTENED AWAY BEFORE HE LOOSENED
ANYTHING... THESE ARE PERFECT RUBIES.



AND SO THE CASE IS CLOSED, AS ONE OF
ATTEMPTED ROBBERY... BUT A FEW DAYS LATER...



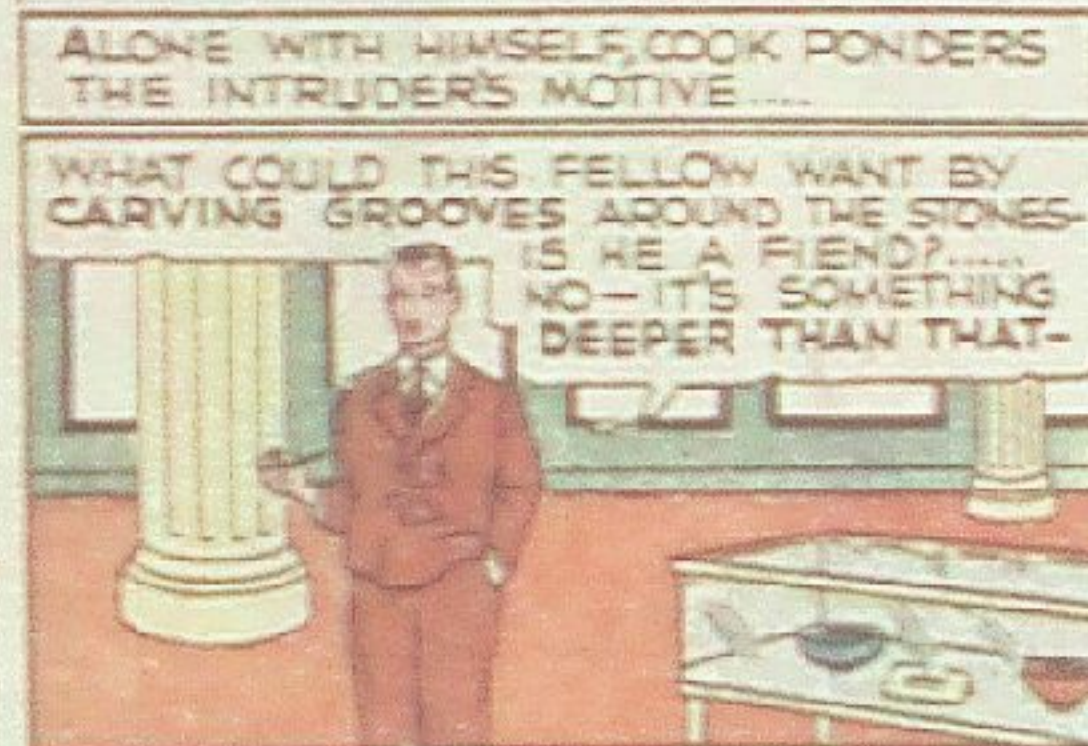
IS THIS SCOTLAND YARD?
CAPTAIN COOK? TWO MORE
OF THE KA-AMEN RUBIES WERE
TAMPERED WITH LAST NIGHT!



WMM... TWO MORE
EH? REALLY NOW—THIS
CASE IS BEGINNING
TO GET DEUCED
INTERESTING.



LATER AT THE MUSEUM—
THIS FELLOW SNEAKS IN AND HOLDS
THE MOST VALUABLE RUBIES IN THE
WORLD IN HIS
HAND, AND
LEAVES
WITHOUT
THEM!



ALONE WITH HIMSELF, COOK PONDERES
THE INTRUDER'S MOTIVE....

WHAT COULD THIS FELLOW WANT BY
CARVING GROOVES AROUND THE STONES—
IS HE A FIEND?.....
NO—IT'S SOMETHING
DEEPER THAN THAT—



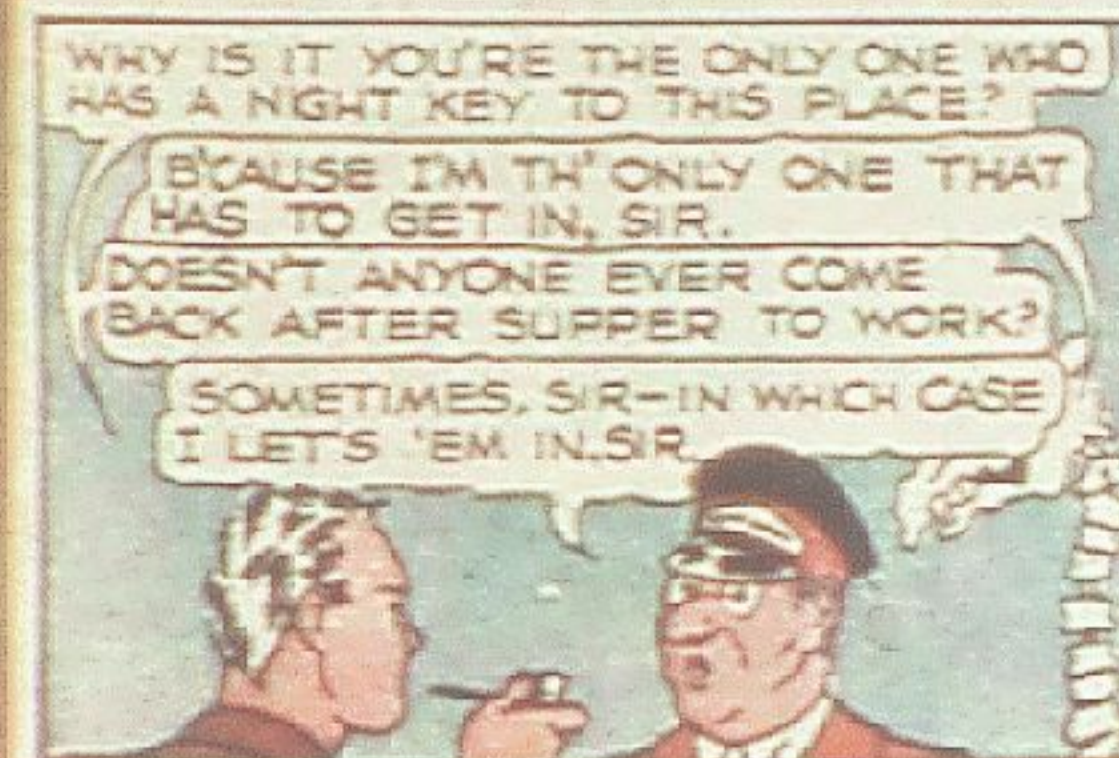
JOVE! HERE'S SOMETHING
—HE HASN'T TAMPERED
WITH ANY DOOR IN
THE MUSEUM—AND
HE'D NEED A KEY
TO GET THROUGH
ANY ONE OF THEM—
HOW DID HE GET
THAT KEY?



YOU'RE SURE YOU DIDN'T HEAR OR
SEE ANYTHING WHILE MAKING YOUR
ROUNDS LAST NIGHT?

I'D SWEAR IT, SIR—

YOU DON'T TAKE
CAT NAPS, DO YOU?

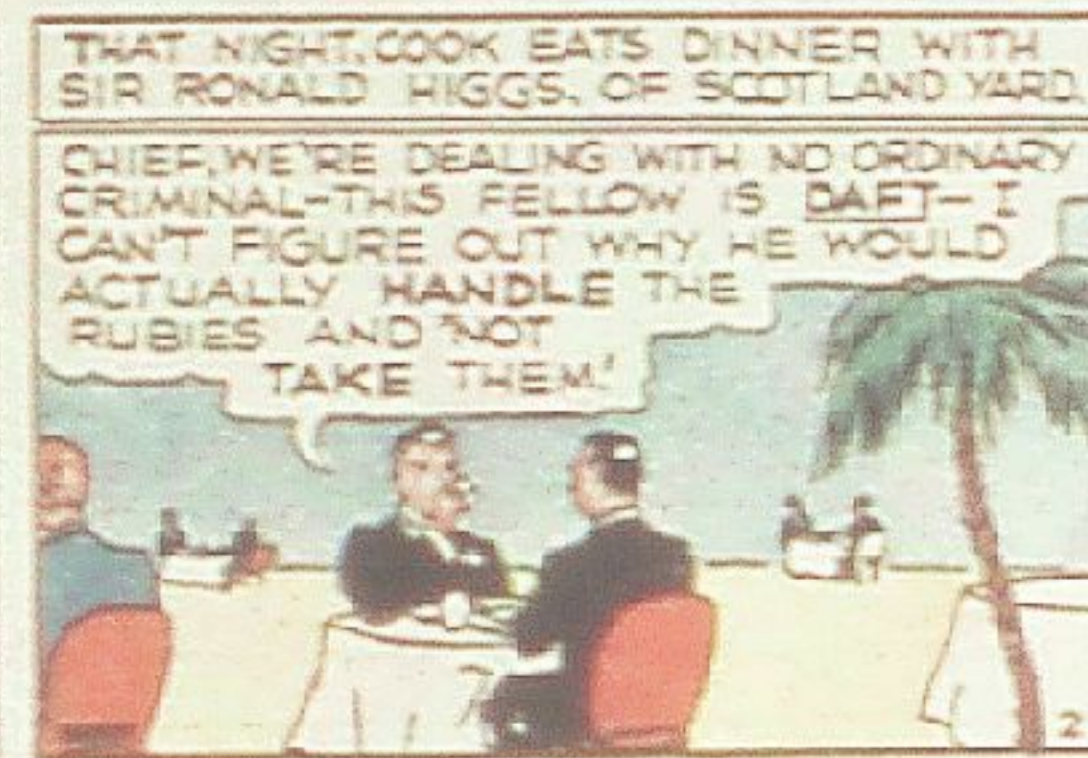


WHY IS IT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO
HAS A NIGHT KEY TO THIS PLACE?

B'CAUSE I'M TH' ONLY ONE THAT
HAS TO GET IN, SIR.

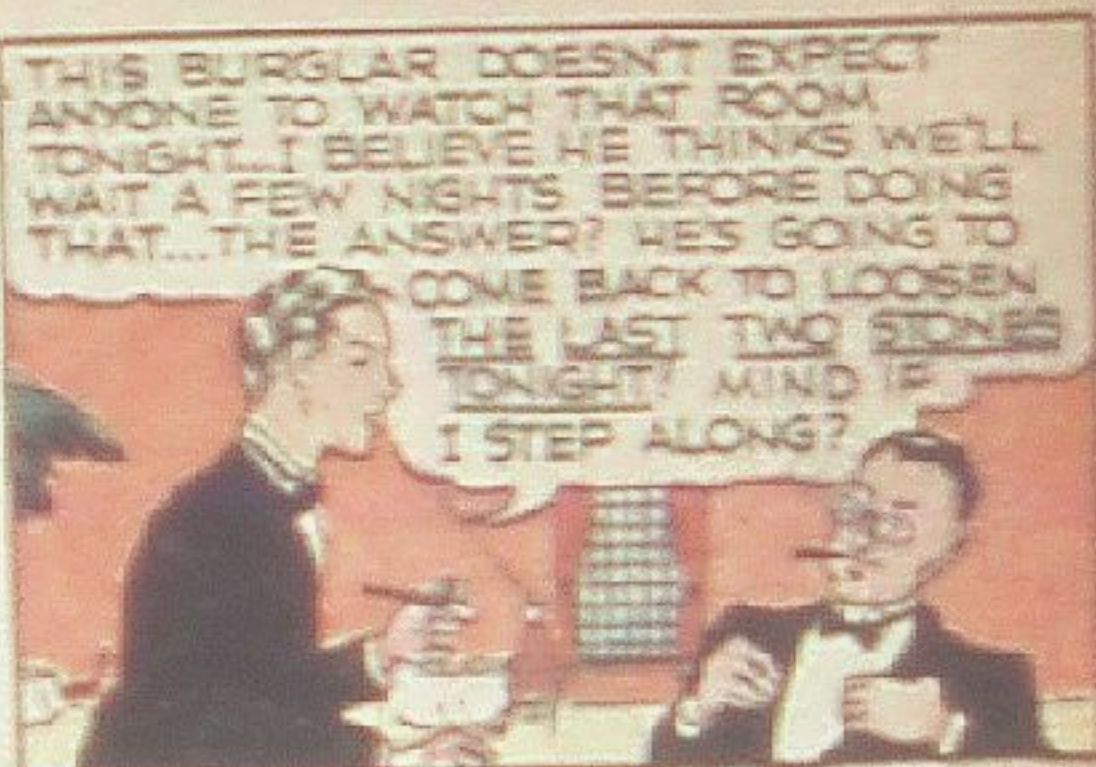
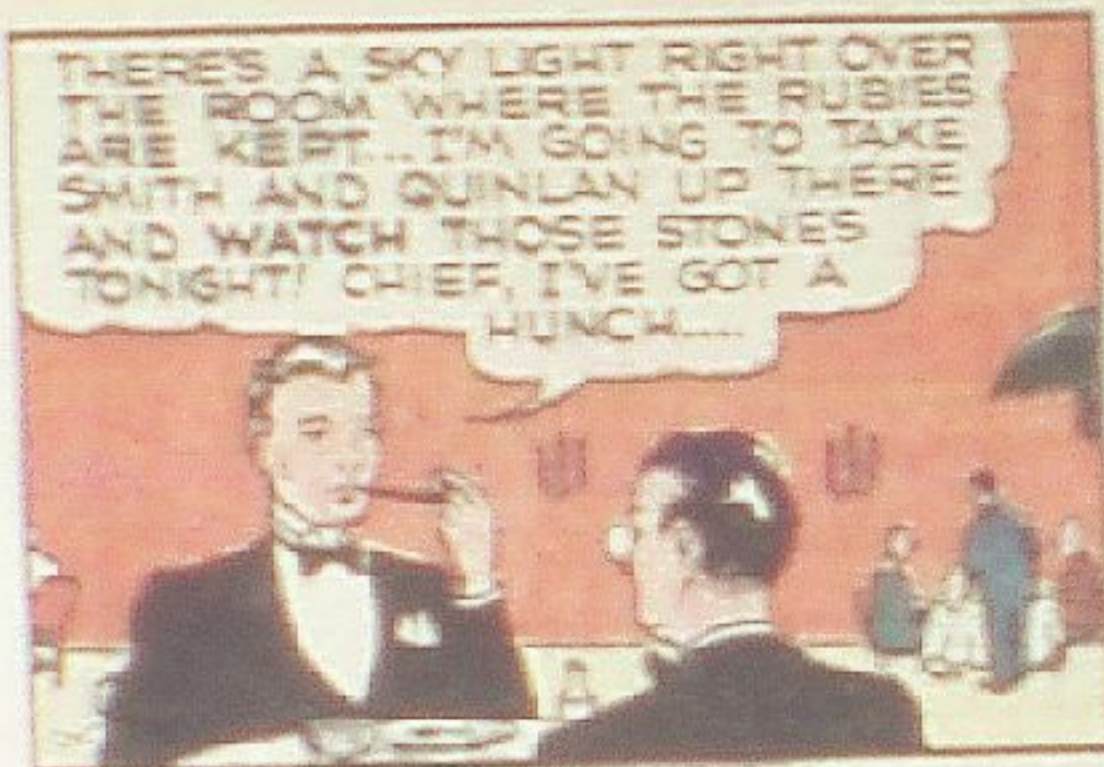
DOESN'T ANYONE EVER COME
BACK AFTER SUPPER TO WORK?

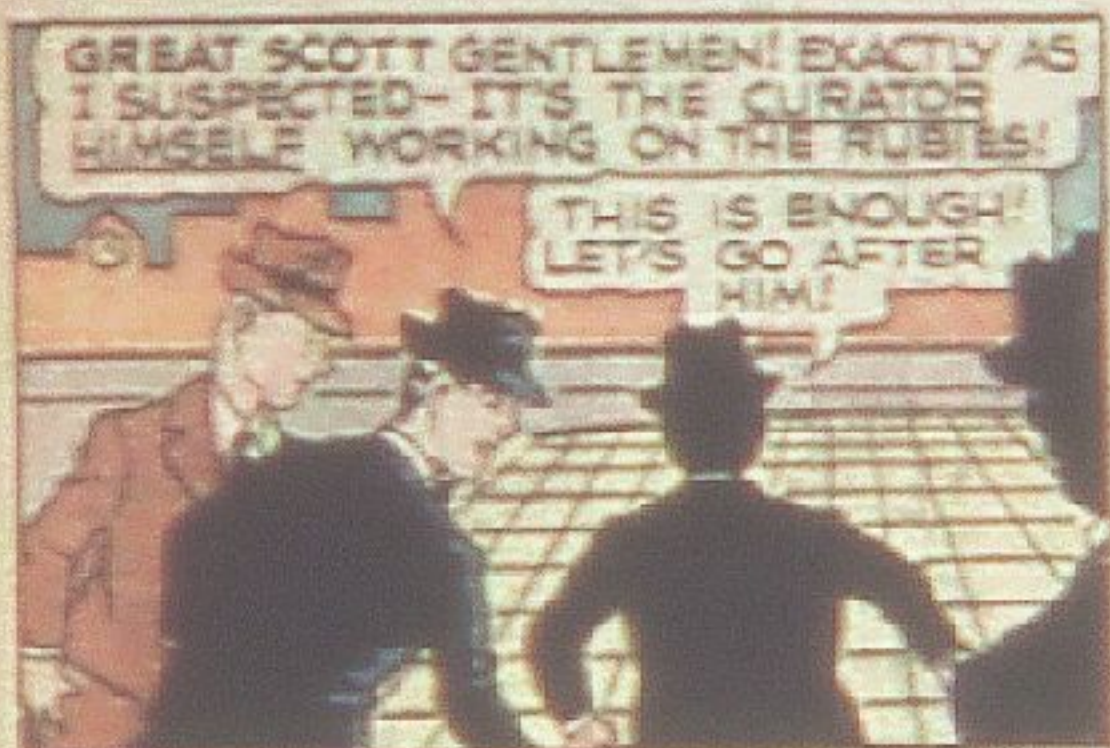
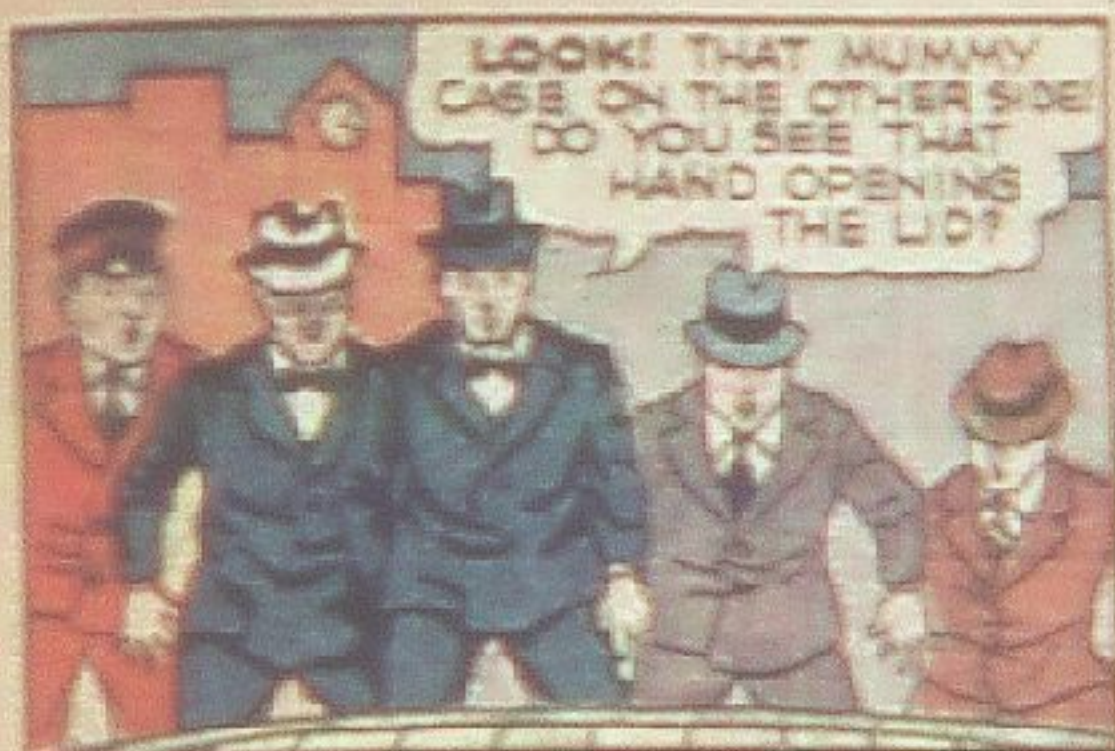
SOMETIMES, SIR—IN WHICH CASE
I LET'S 'EM IN, SIR.



THAT NIGHT, COOK EATS DINNER WITH
SIR RONALD HIGGS, OF SCOTLAND YARD.

CHIEF, WE'RE DEALING WITH NO ORDINARY
CRIMINAL—THIS FELLOW IS DAFT—I
CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY HE WOULD
ACTUALLY HANDLE THE
RUBIES AND NOT
TAKE THEM!





FIVE YEARS AGO MY SON JAMES BECAME A COLLECTOR OF GEMS IN A SMALL WAY. AS TIME PROGRESSED HE BECAME OBSESSED WITH HIS AMBITION AND BEGAN TRADING WITH OTHERS FOR TREASURES. HE BECAME UNSCRUPULOUS. FINALLY HE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF STEALING THE KA-MEN RUBIES WHILE HELPING ME HERE-



HE REPLACED THEM BY IMITATIONS WHICH DEFY DETECTION... HE WAS ABOUT TO DISPOSE OF THE GEMS WHEN I DISCOVERED THEM. HE THEN SWORE TO LEAD AN UPRIGHT LIFE. I HID IN THAT MUMMY CASE AND WAS ABOUT TO RESTORE THE LAST TWO GEMS AS YOU INTERRUPTED ME.

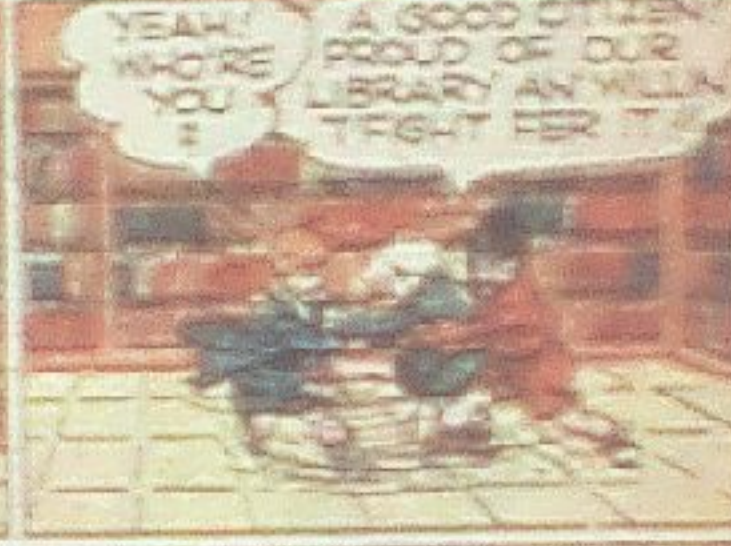
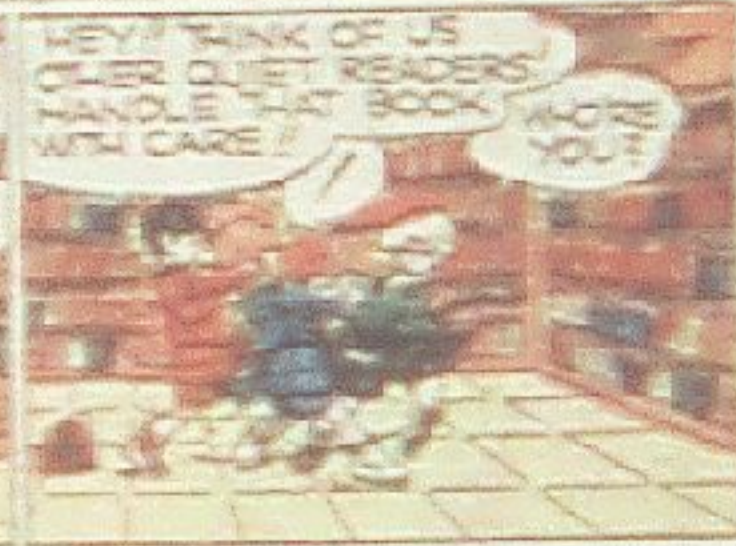
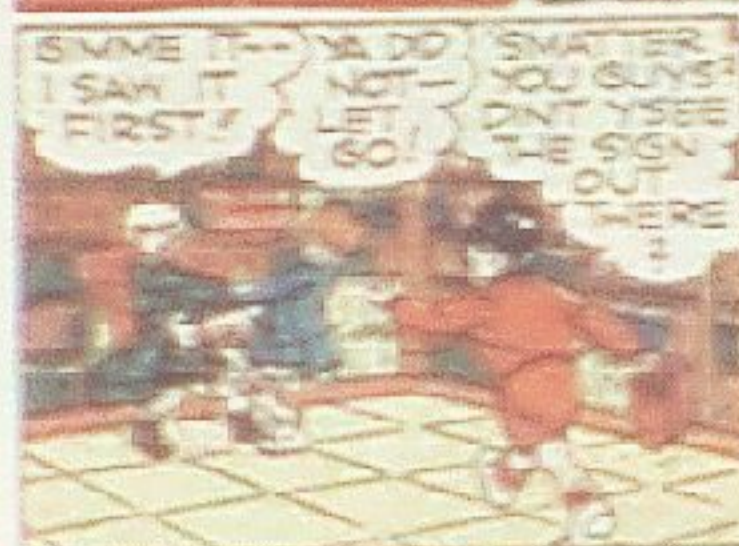


IN AN EARLY ISSUE CAPTAIN COOK WILL SOLVE THE PERFECT MURDER CASE

Reynolds of the Mounted, a picture story of the Canadian Mounted Police, starts in Nov. issue.

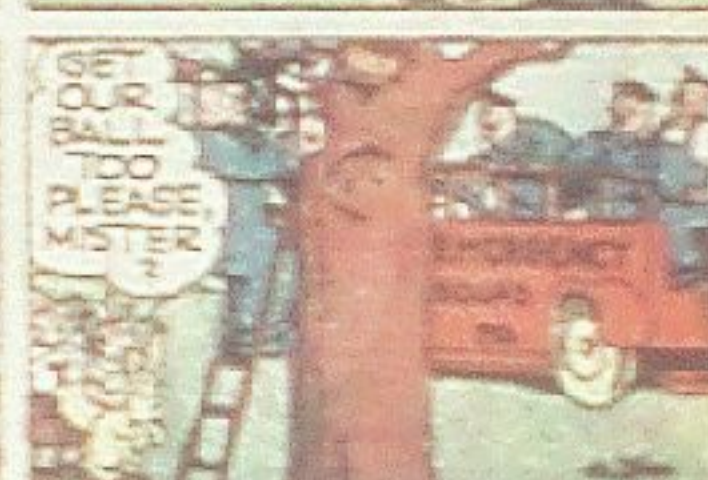
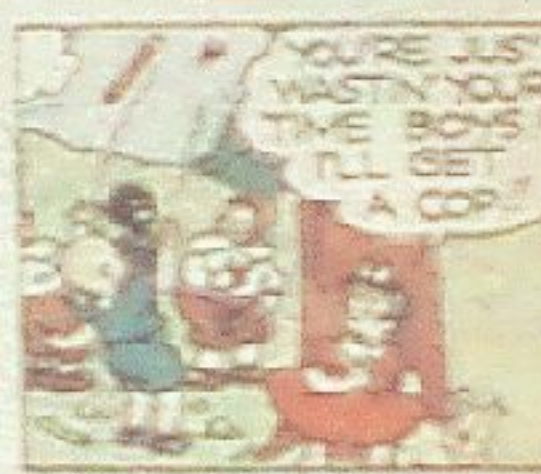
TODDY

ROBERT PARCOURT



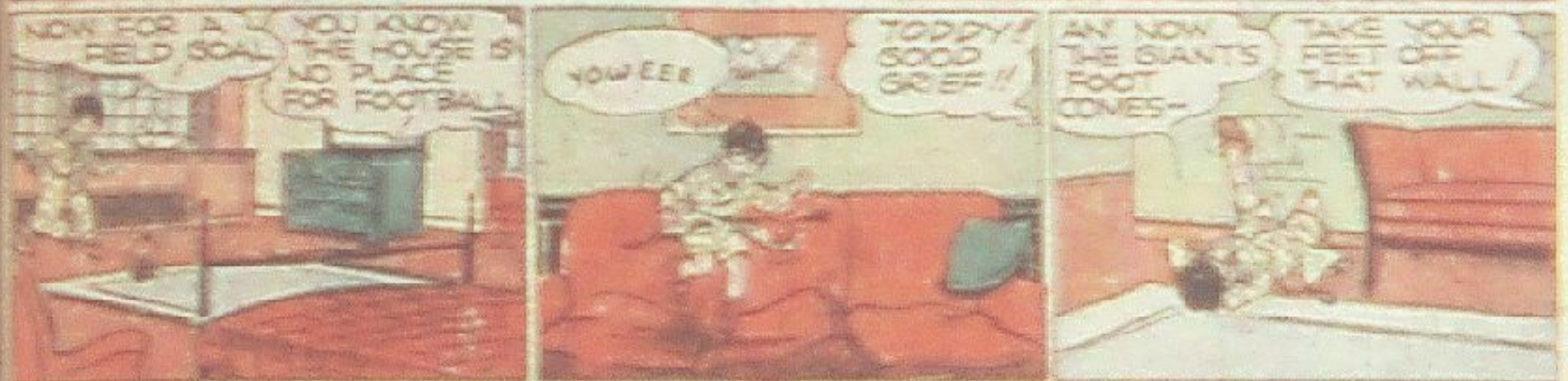
FLOSSIE

AL ZERE



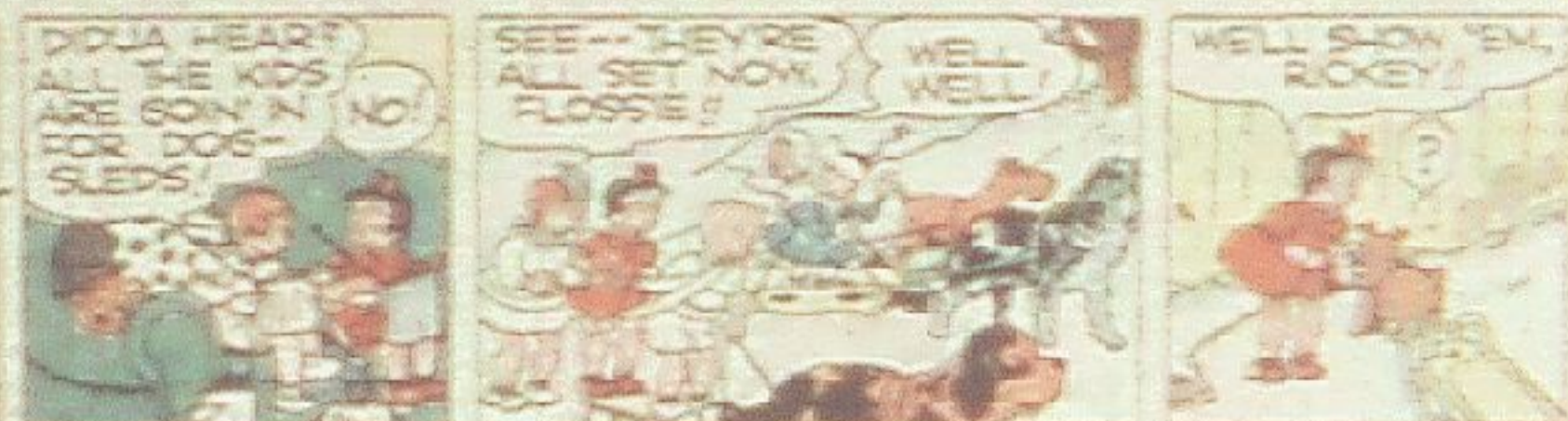
TODDY

GEORGE MARCOUX



Flossie

ZERE



More adventures of Toddy and Flossie in the November issue—on sale September 30th.

CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY
*SCOTT
SHERIDAN*

OHON, CLIP, WE DON'T WANT
TO BE LATE FOR THE
FIRST FOOTBALL PRACTICE!

OHAY, SUM-BE
RIGHT
WITH
YOU-



-I HEAR A TOUGH
BUNCH OF BOYS ARE
ON THE FRESHMAN
SQUAD THIS
YEAR!

THE BETTER FOR
US, THEY'LL KEEP
US ON
OUR
TOES-



THE OLD HARNESS
FEELS PRETTY
GOOD, EH, CLIP?

ALL OUT,
FELLOWS-

AND
HOW!



THE
LINEING-
UP
EXERCISES
OVER,
COACH
BARD
TELLS THE
QUARTERBACK
WHAT
PLAYS
TO
TRY-

THESE FRESHMEN ARE A
LUSKY BUNCH, BUD, TRY A
COUPLE OF DOWED PLAYS, IF
THEY DON'T WORK, KICK--
UNDERSTAND-

YES,
COACH!

COACH

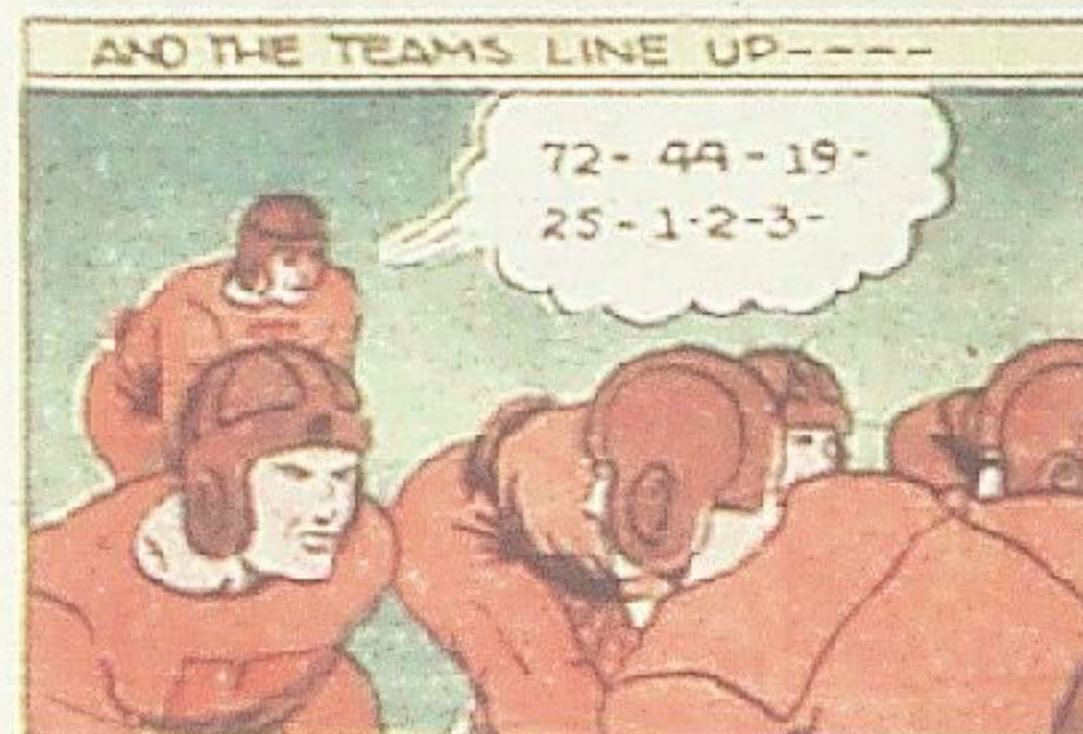


THE FIRST PLAY THROUGH LEFT GUARD
IS STOOPE-- COLD-



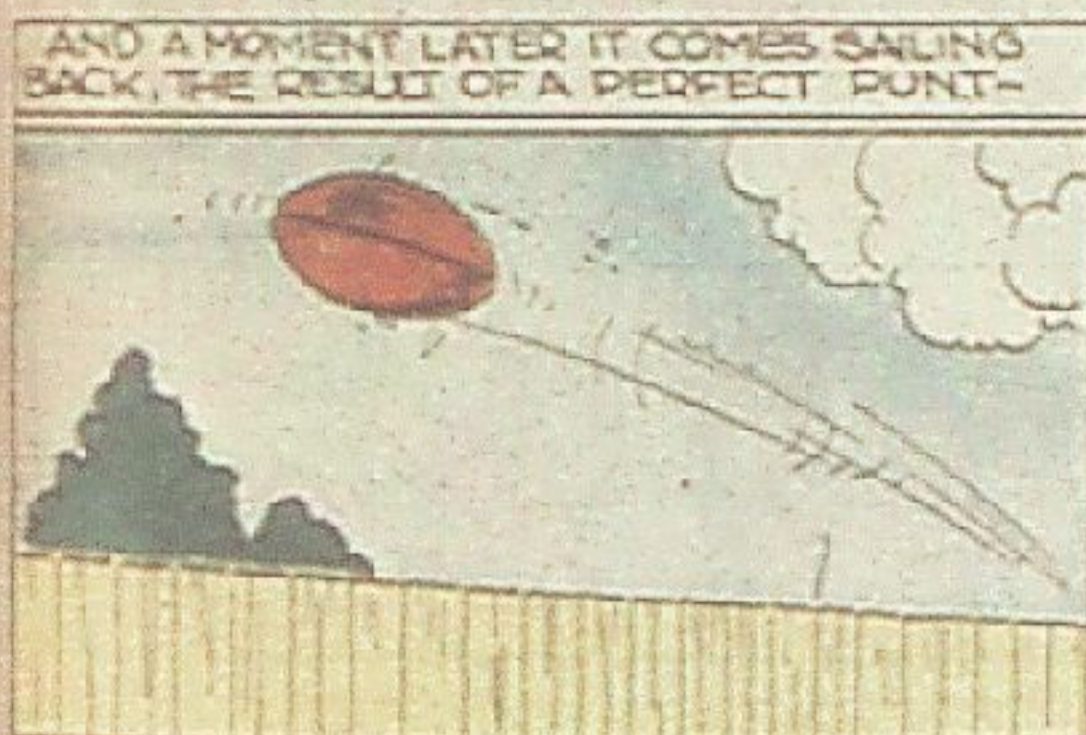
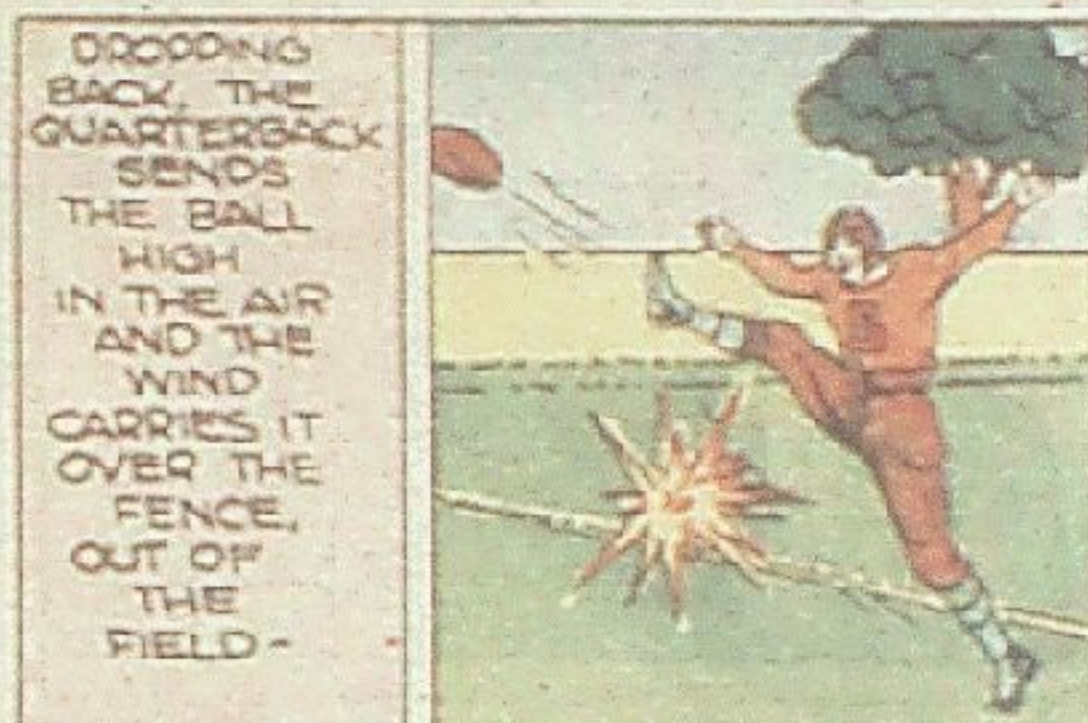
AND THE TEAMS LINE UP----

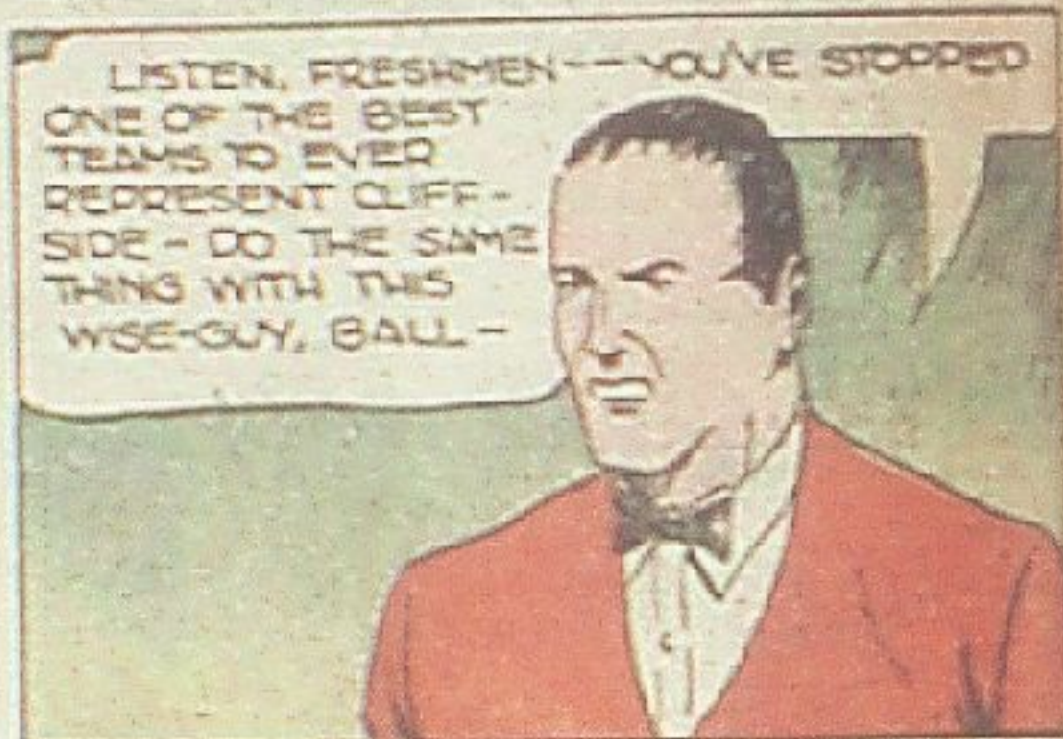
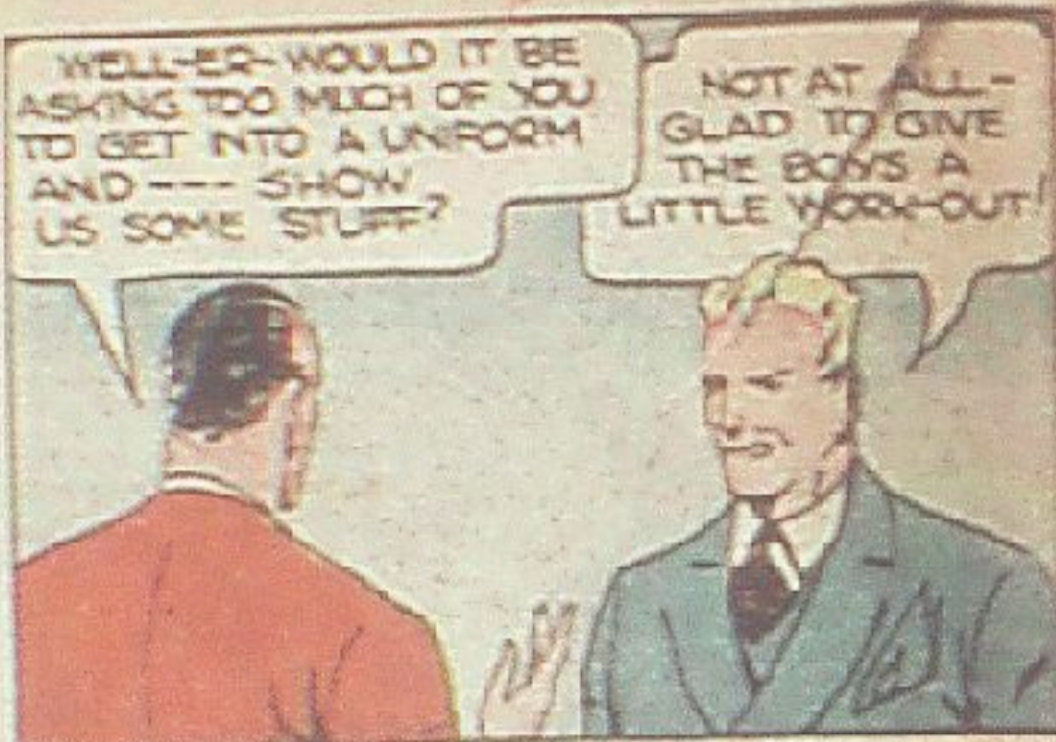
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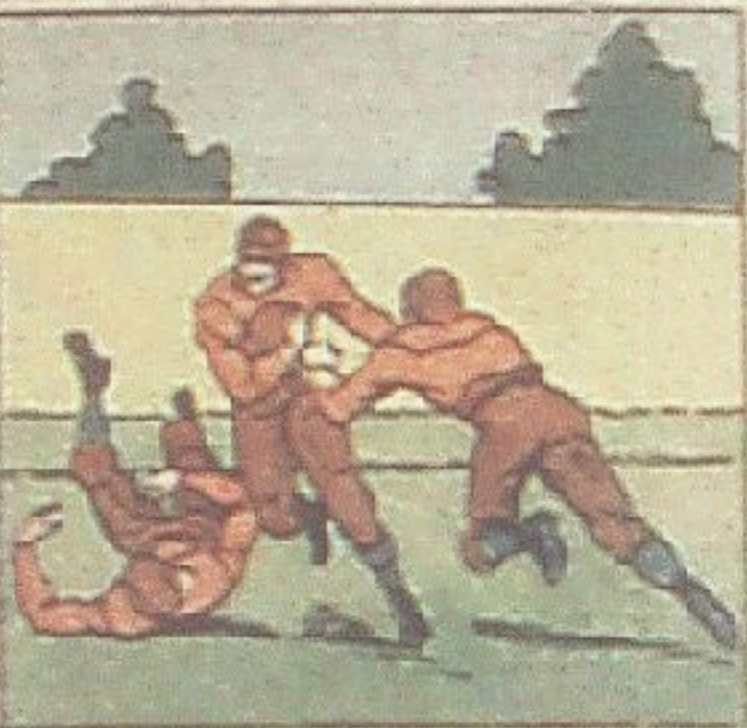
-AND LIKEWISE THE SECOND PLAY---







BERT GETS THE BALL ON THE KICK-OFF AND ELUDES THE LAST 2 TACKLERS BETWEEN HIM AND THE GOAL LINE -



ON THE NEXT PLAY HE STIFF ARMS HIS WAY EASILY THROUGH THE DEFENSE -

GIVE ME A LITTLE OPPOSITION, CUTIE!



-AND DOWN THE SIDE LINE HE STREAKS -

TAKE IT ALL IN AND LEARN SOMETHING, CHANCE!



HE'S GOOD, COACH!

YEAH, AND HE KNOWS IT -

COACH, PUT ME IN THE FRESHMAN LINE-UP, PLEASE -

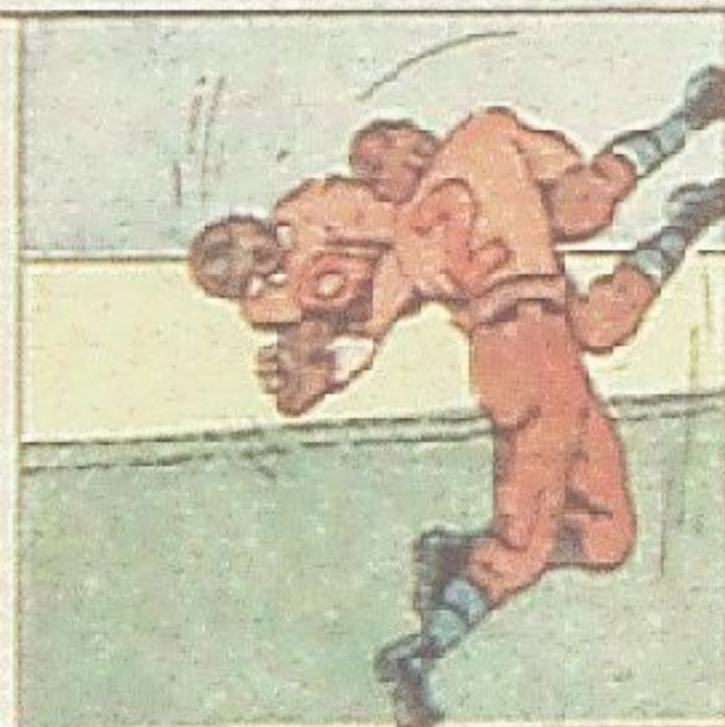


WHY, SLIM?

I'M GOING TO STOP THAT SWELLED-HEAD OR BUST A NECK TRYING -



AND SLIM, PLAYING SAFETY-MAN FOR THE FRESHMEN, TACKLES BERT, LIFTS HIM HIGH AND CRASHES HIM TO THE GROUND - STOPPED FOR THE FIRST TIME -



LUCKY, FELLOW, JUST LUCKY!

-BUT YOU CAN BE STOPPED!

NICE GOING SLIM -



CHANCE, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS OUT ON THE BENCH, THIS SEASON!

IF IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM BERT, IT'S OKAY!



CONTINUED

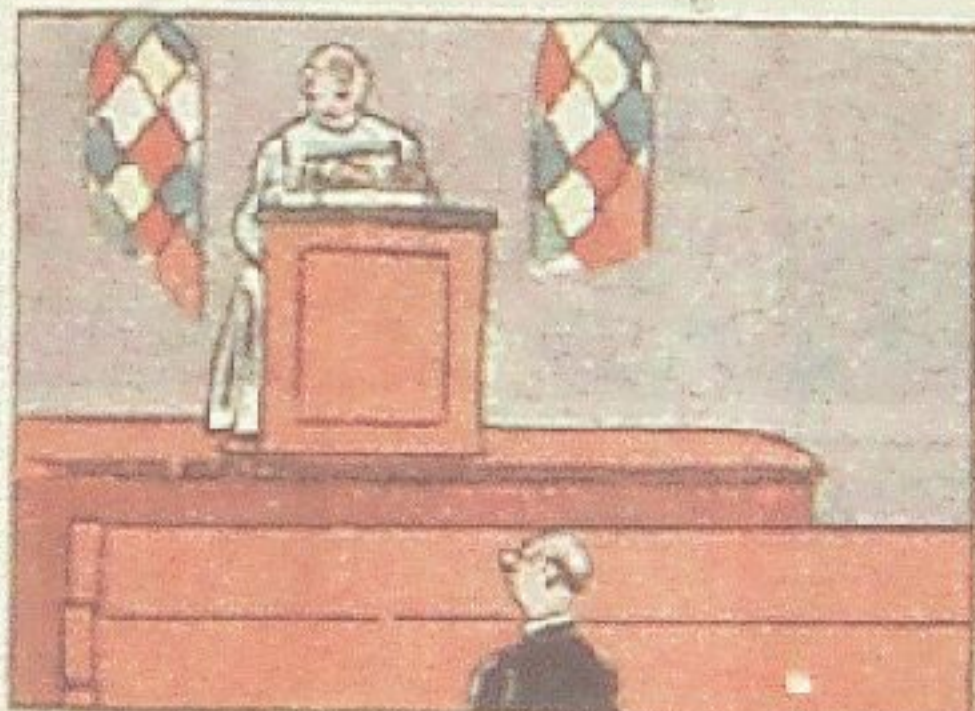
OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



"GOOD NIGHT SMITH--DON'T FORGET TO TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!"



"BEAT IT, WILL YA!! YOU'RE MAKIN' MY HELPER NERVOUS!"



"WE WILL NOT PASS THE COLLECTION BOX--AND I'D LIKE A BIG RESPONSE!"



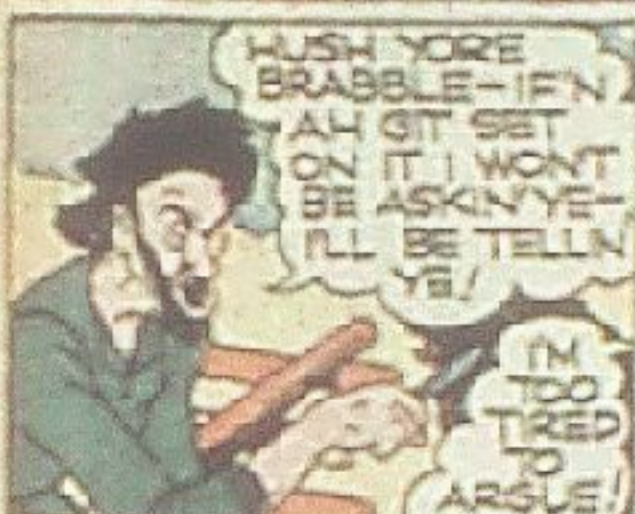
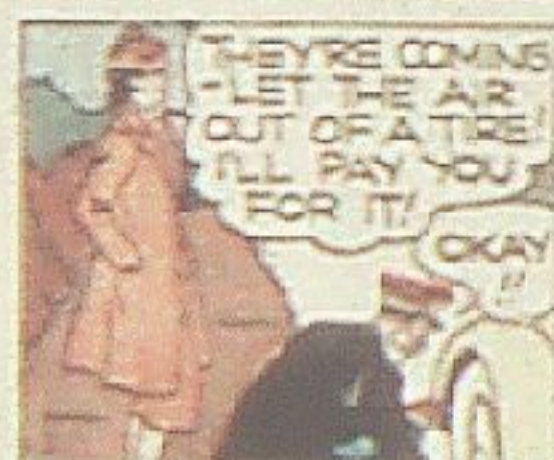
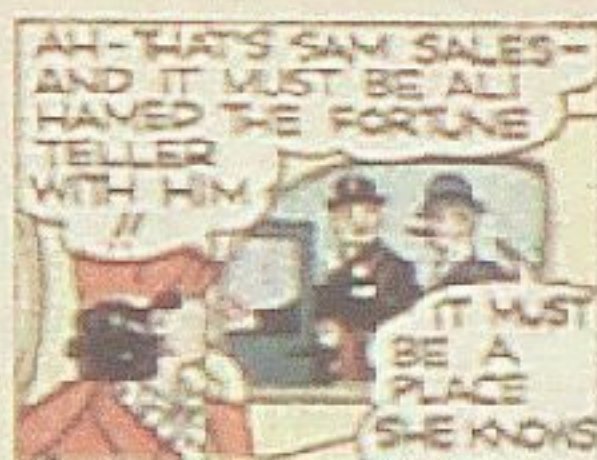
"LET CLANCY CHASE THIS ONE--HE WANTS TO REDUCE!"



"DOCTOR WHO?--TELL HIM I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE ANYONE TODAY!"



"NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU THAT INSIDE LOOP I STARTED T'SHOW YA!"



JANE ARDEN

by Maudie Harwell and Robert E. Ross

SAM SALES AND ALI HAYED ARE PLOTTING TO SANDLE ANNA PURDY. JANE IS ON HER TRAIL.



DON'T SHOW YOUR CARD ALI HAYED KNOWS NOTHING IN ADVANCE

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH ALI HAYED

I GOT HER PICTURE AND LIFE STORY



IF I CAN'T TELL HER FORTUNE NOW WE'LL GET A NEW RACKET

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY--SHE'S THE DICTAPHONE WORKING?



SHE'S TALKING NOW



I KNEW YOU WERE COMING--I SAW IT IN THE CRYSTAL



MERCY! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS



--AND I SEE YOUR HOME-- WHITE BRICK-- A CROLLAR DRIVEWAY, YOU LIVE THERE ALONE



YES--ALONE FOR 14 YEARS--I SEE YOUR BELOVED HUSBAND'S GRAVE--



MY STARS! THAT'S RIGHT!!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW SAM SALES GAVE HIM ALL THAT INFORMATION



YOU ARE VERY GENEROUS-- BUT YOUR BRILLIANT MIND IS VERY QUICK TO SENSE A DECEPTION



HE READS ME LIKE A BOOK! BUT-- I NOW PEER IN-- TO THE FUTURE!



I SEE A VAST TREASURE N STORE FOR YOU!



TREASURE? REALLY?



--BURIED UNDER AN OLD HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY-- I SEE 2 ELM TREES AND A PICKET FENCE-- YES-- YOU WILL FIND A TREASURE!!



WHA DRA

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?



WHY--SHUCKS EVERYBODY KNOWS IT'S A BEAR TRAP!



HOW YOUNG THIS FARM PUZZLES ME !!



WHY-- I INHERITED IT FROM UNCLE BEN SQUEERS !!



GUESS NOONE WANTED IT-- AROUND HERE THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED--



AW-- I AINT SCARED-- IF THERE WAS BANSHEES YOU'D BEY RUN AFORE NOW!



WHY--EE--EE P

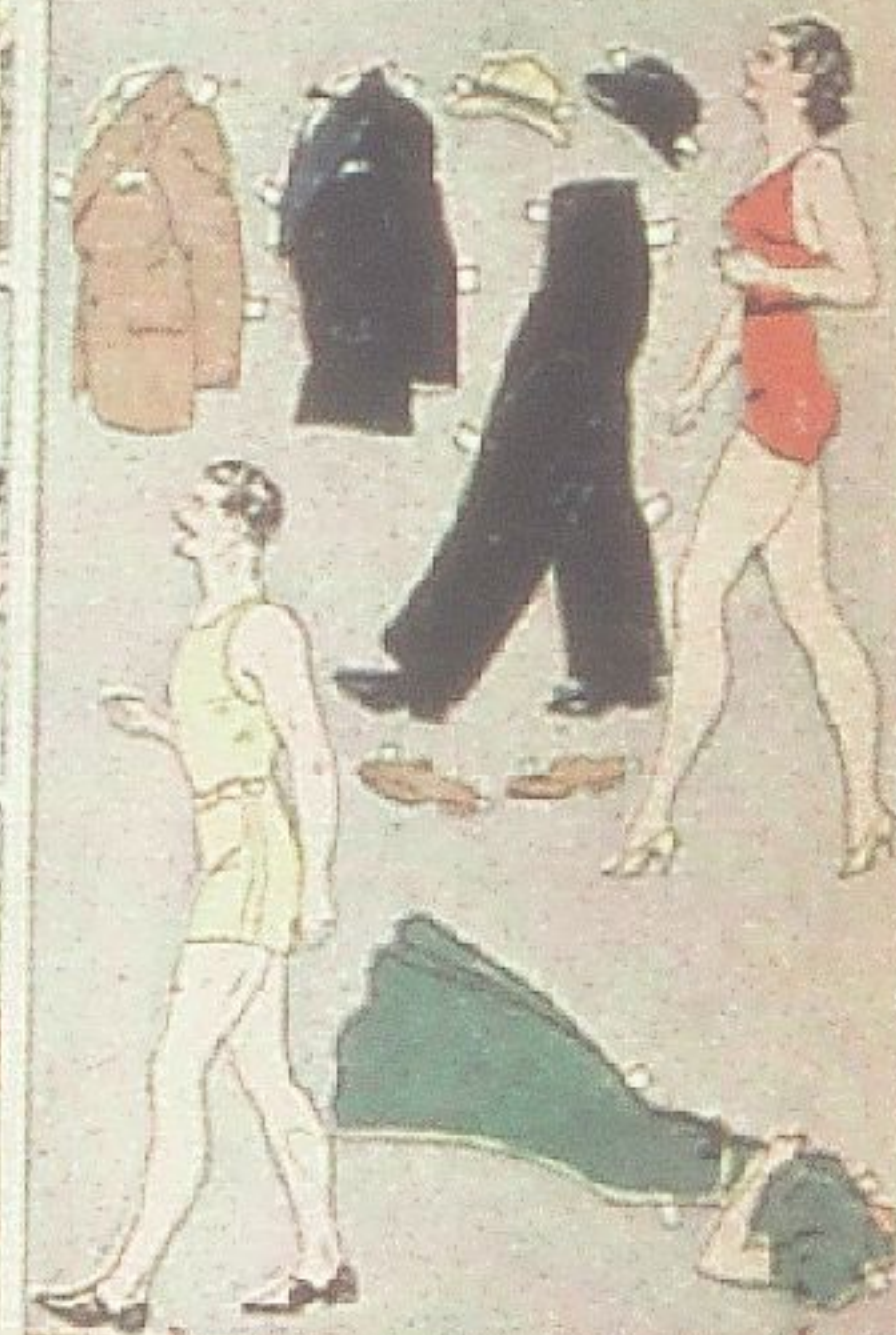


BANSHEES!! GIT OUTTA MY WAY-- KULE!



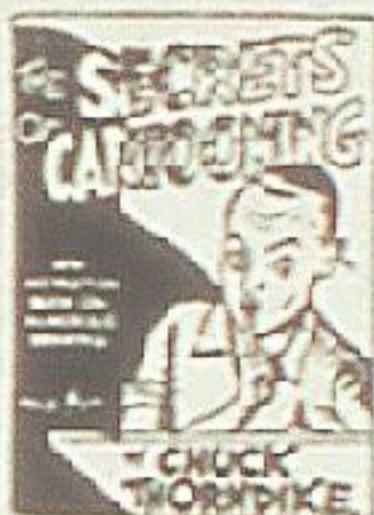
I'LL LEARN YE HOW TA RUN!!

JANE ARDEN'S STYLES



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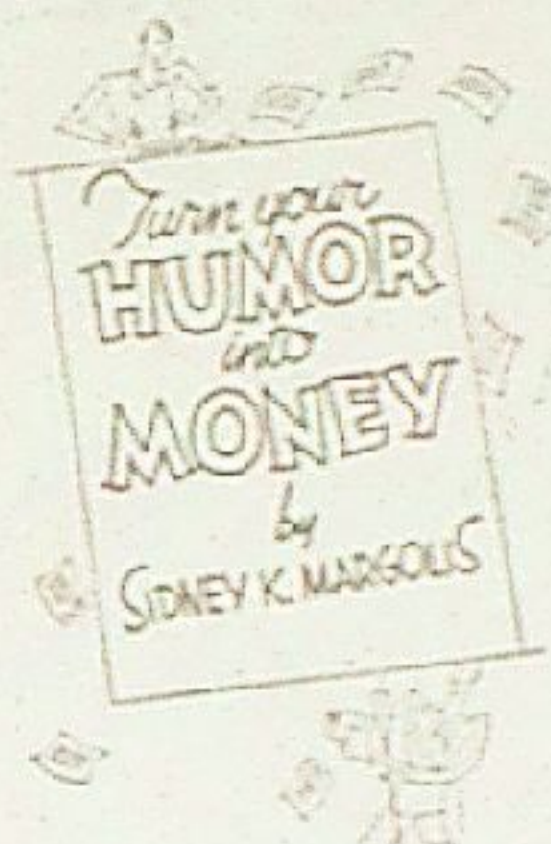
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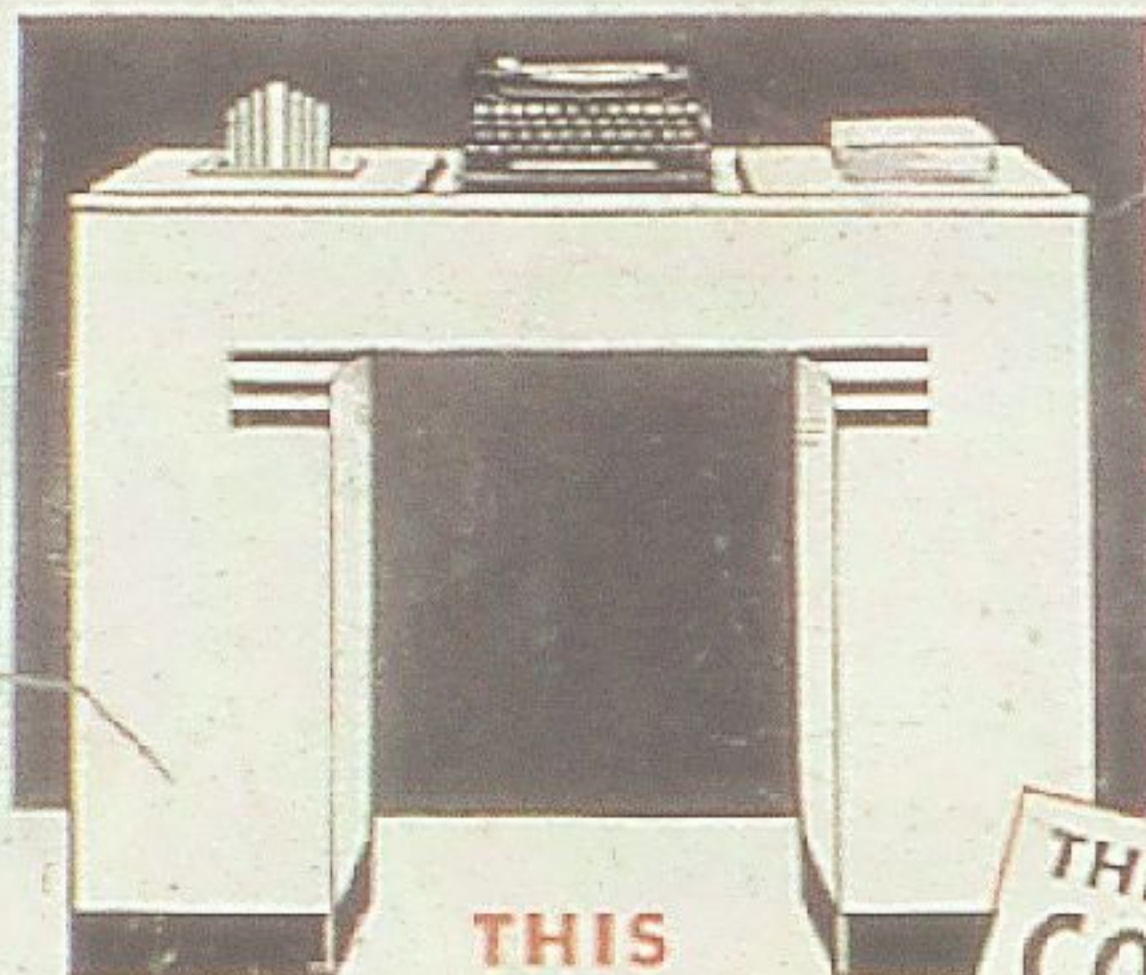
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